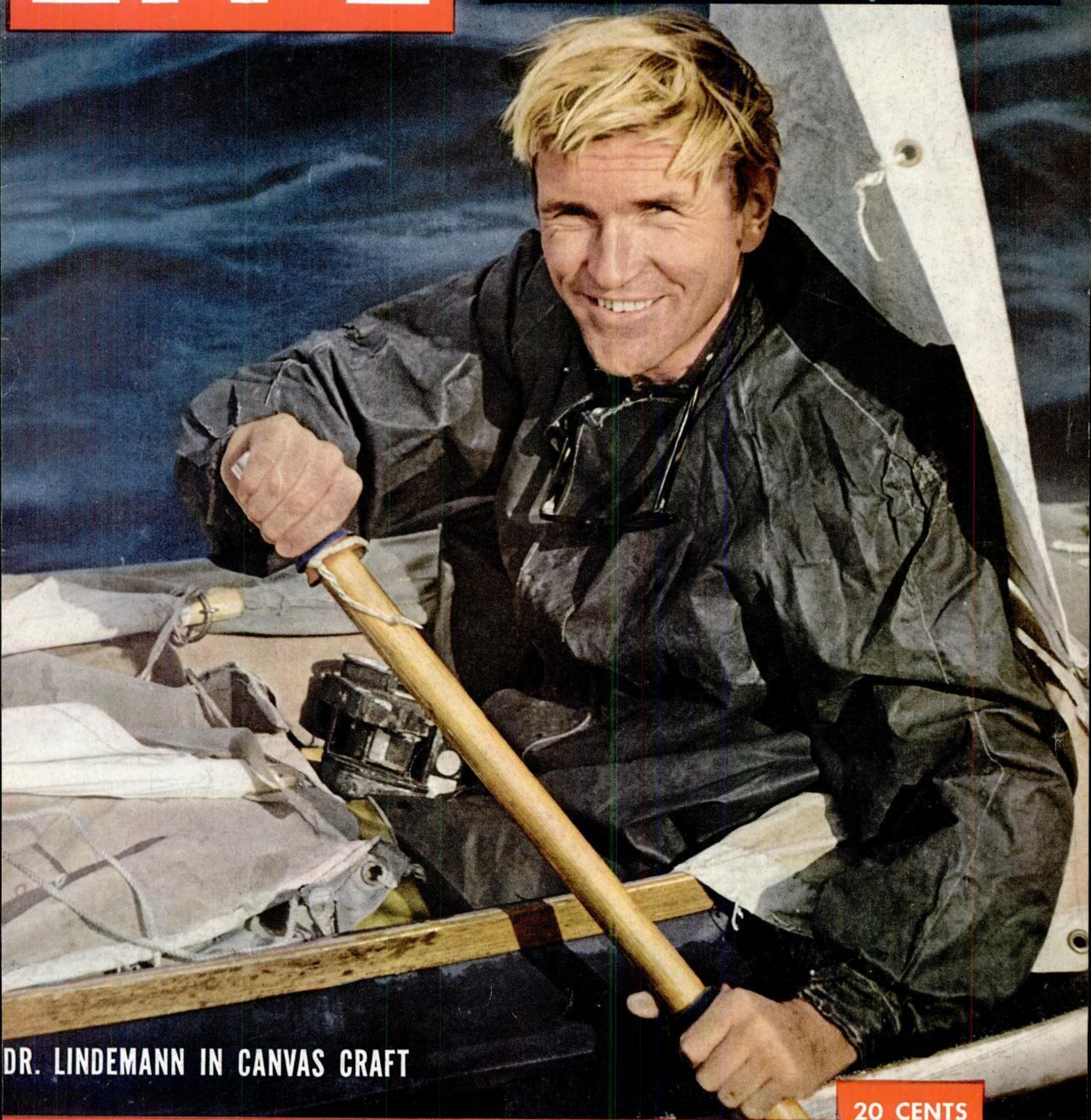


LIFE

GREAT ADVENTURES V
ACROSS ATLANTIC BY CANOE
THE HOTTEST PENNANT RACE IN YEARS



DR. LINDEMANN IN CANVAS CRAFT

20 CENTS

JULY 22, 1957



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without a spare
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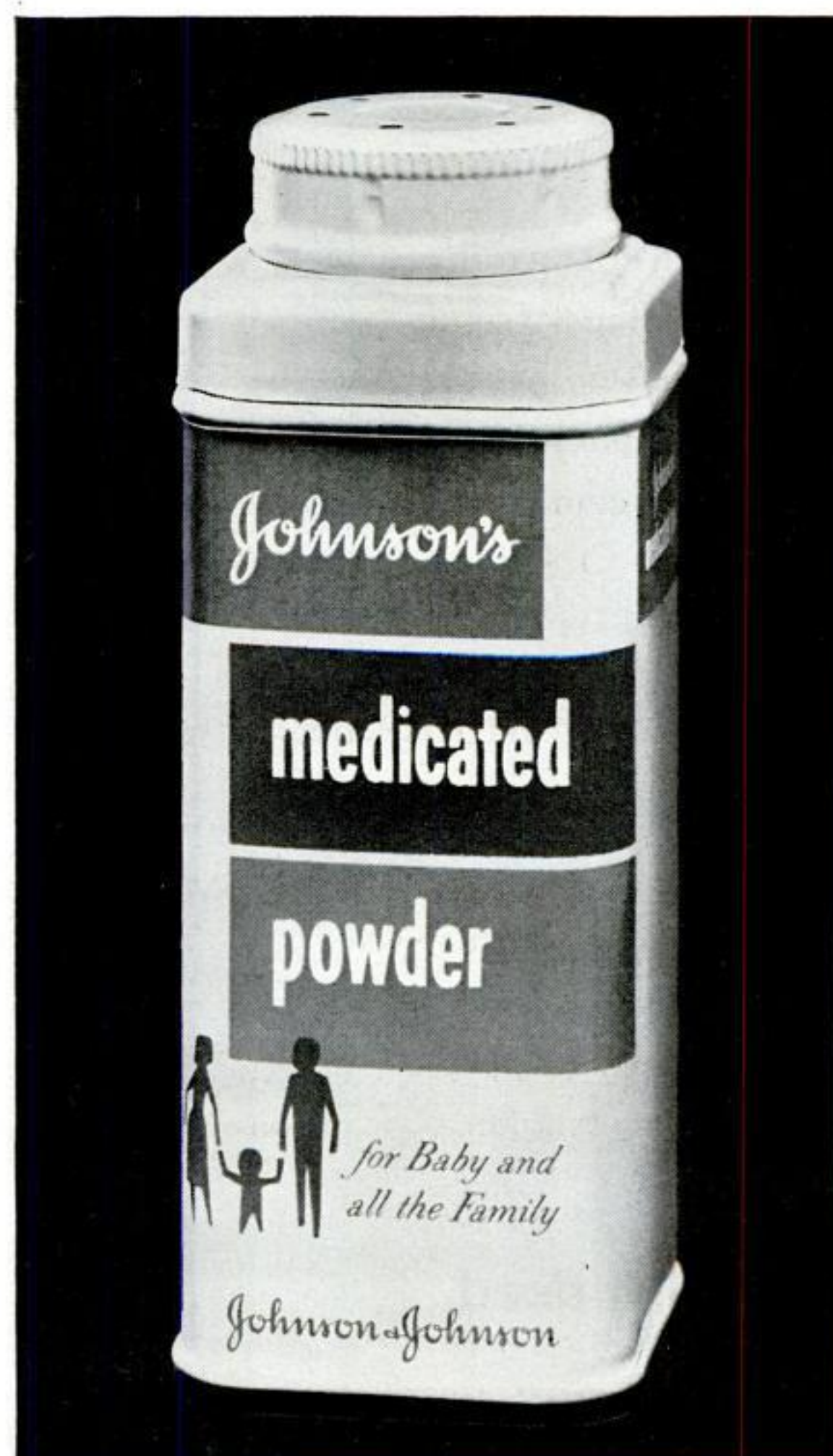
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NEW Johnson's Medicated Powder

This One



XYS2-FX3-XDE4

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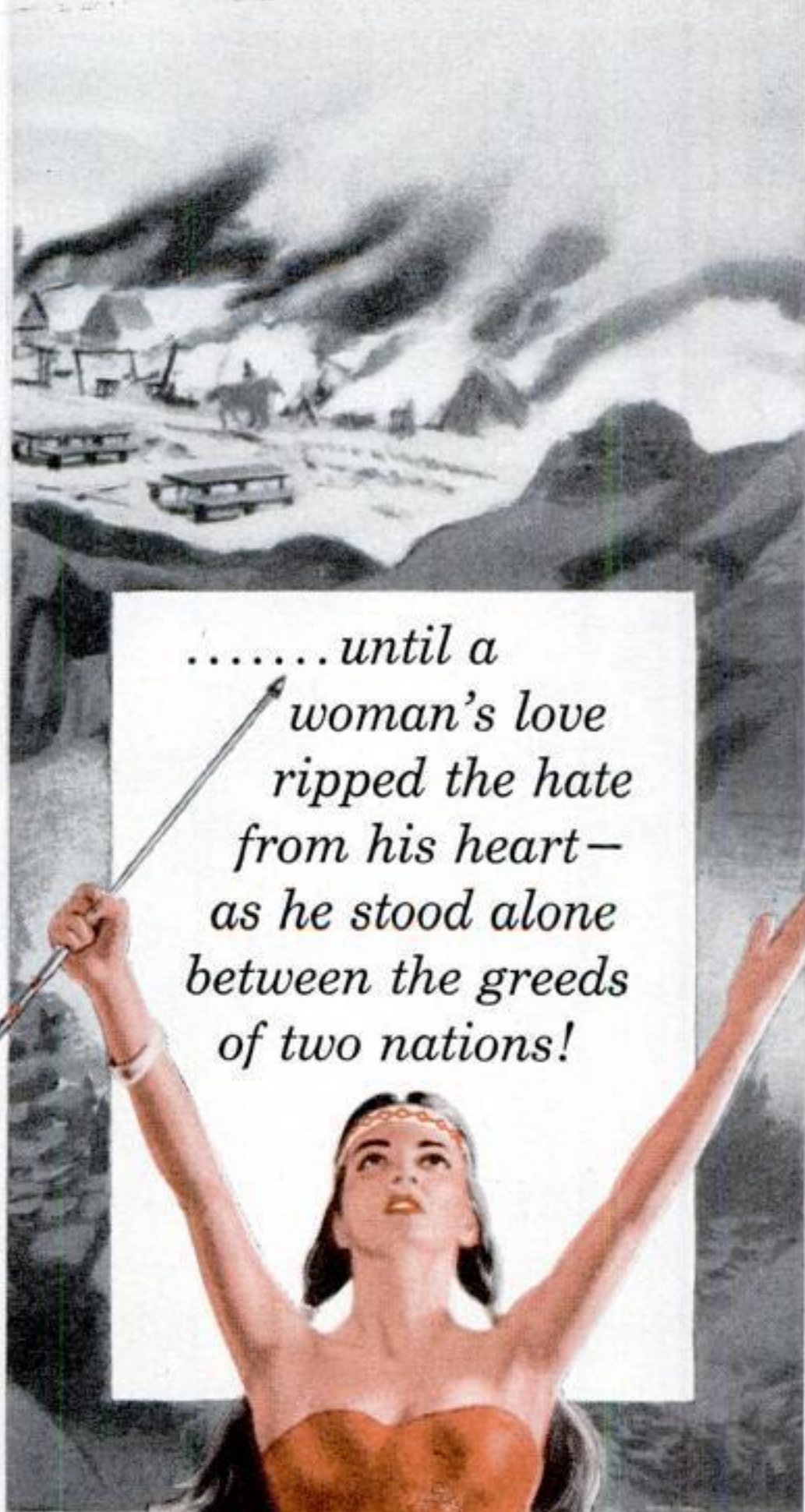
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ripped the hate
from his heart—
as he stood alone
between the greeds
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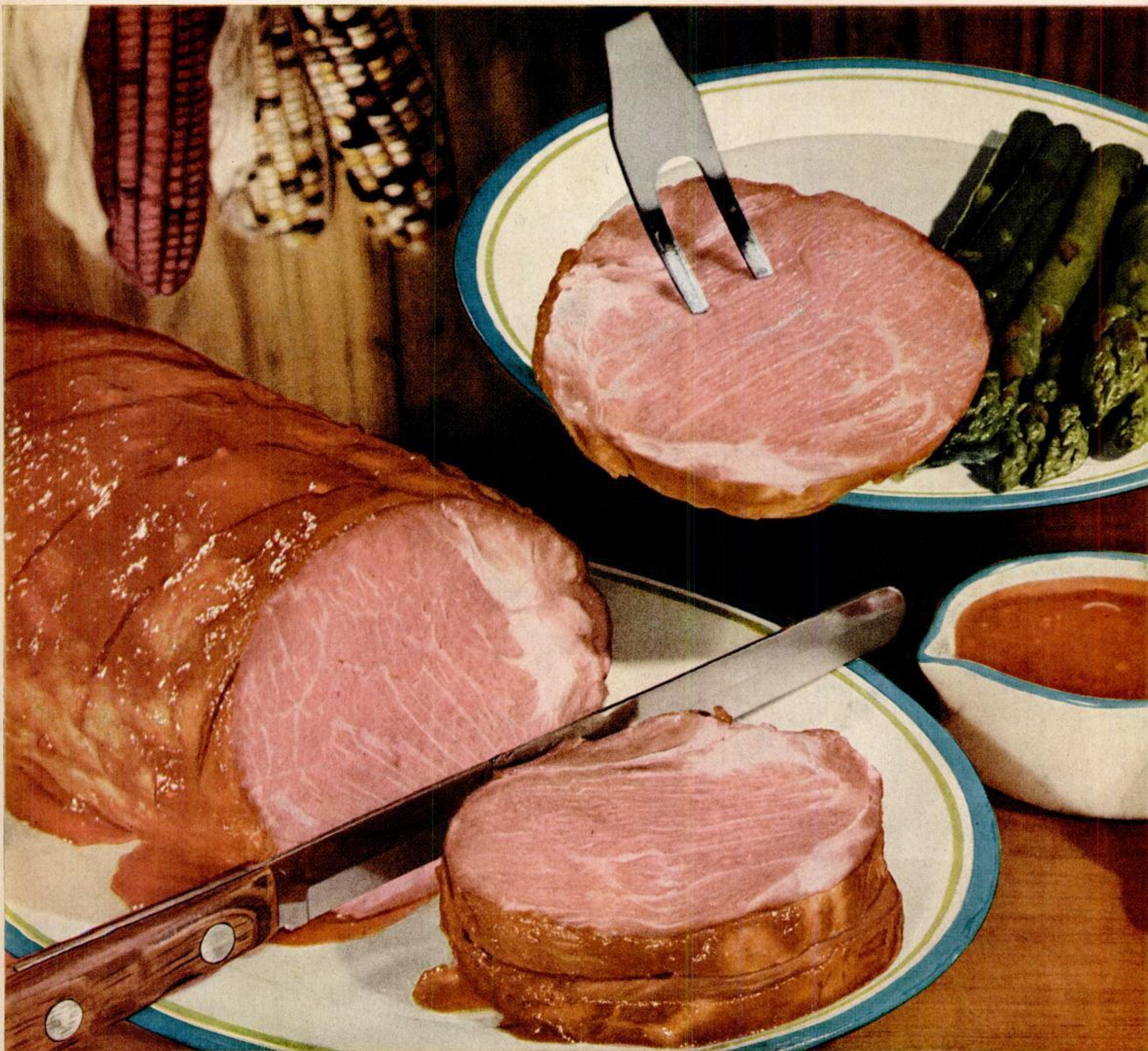


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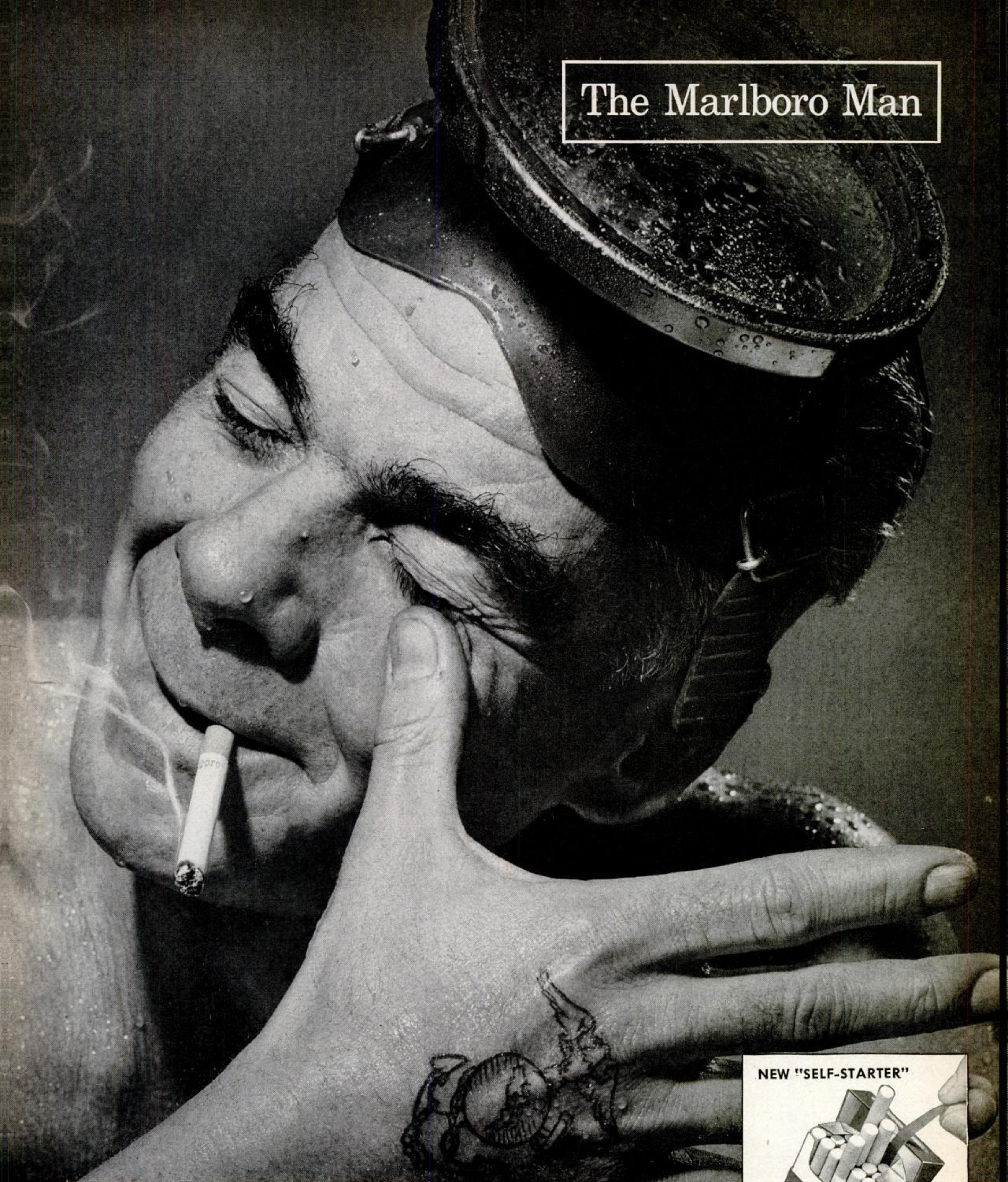
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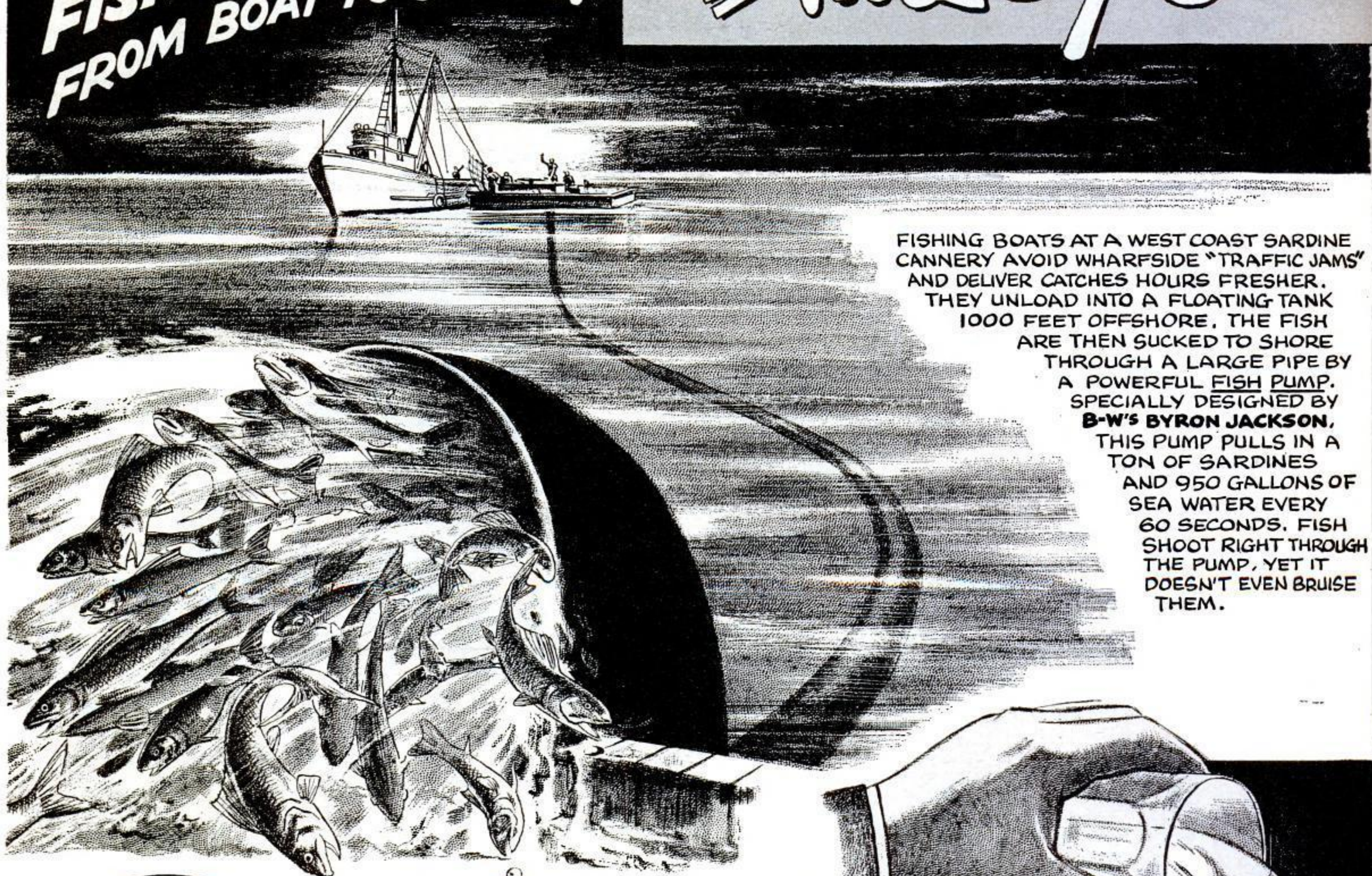
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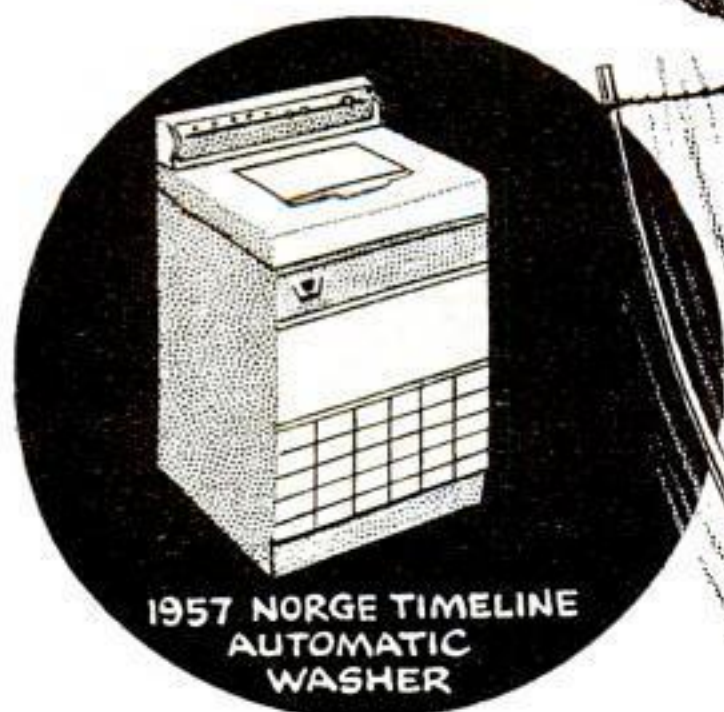
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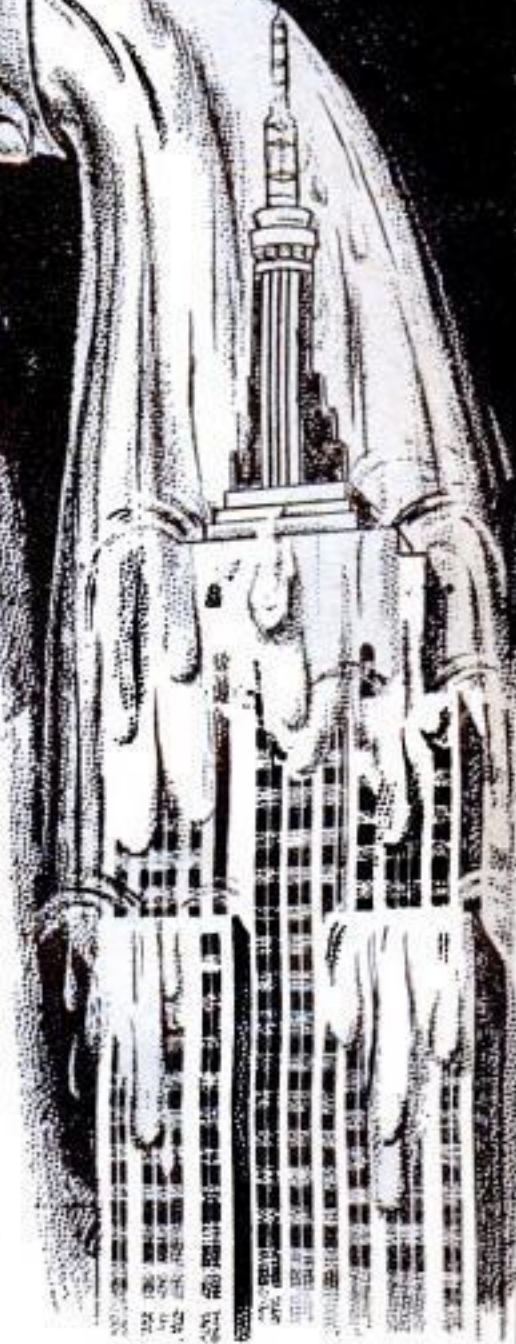
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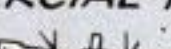
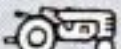

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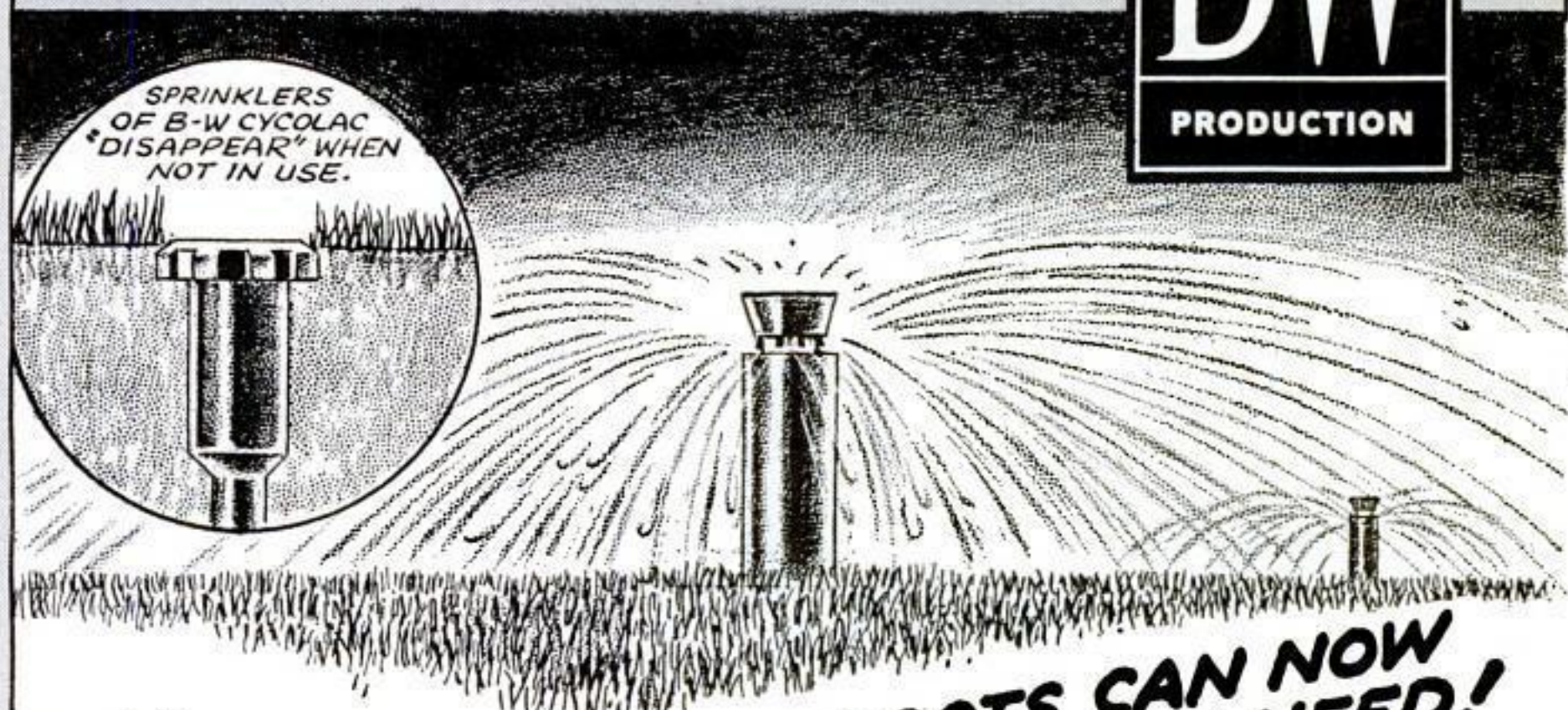
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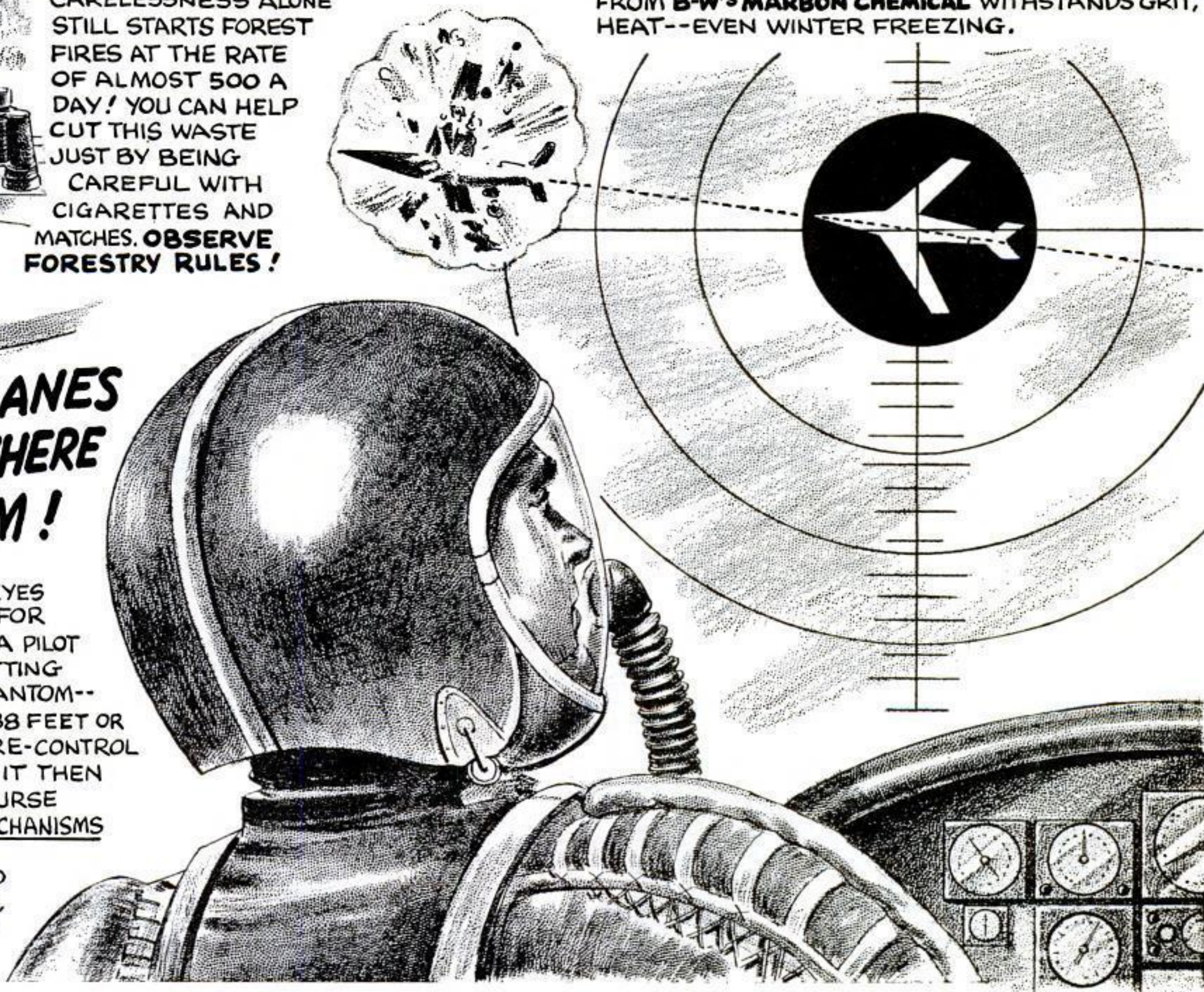
COOPERATION OF AMERICANS HAS HELPED REDUCE FOREST FIRE LOSSES BY TWO THIRDS DURING THE PAST DECADE. YET THE WOODLANDS BURNED LAST YEAR TOTALLED SOME 9,000,000 ACRES.

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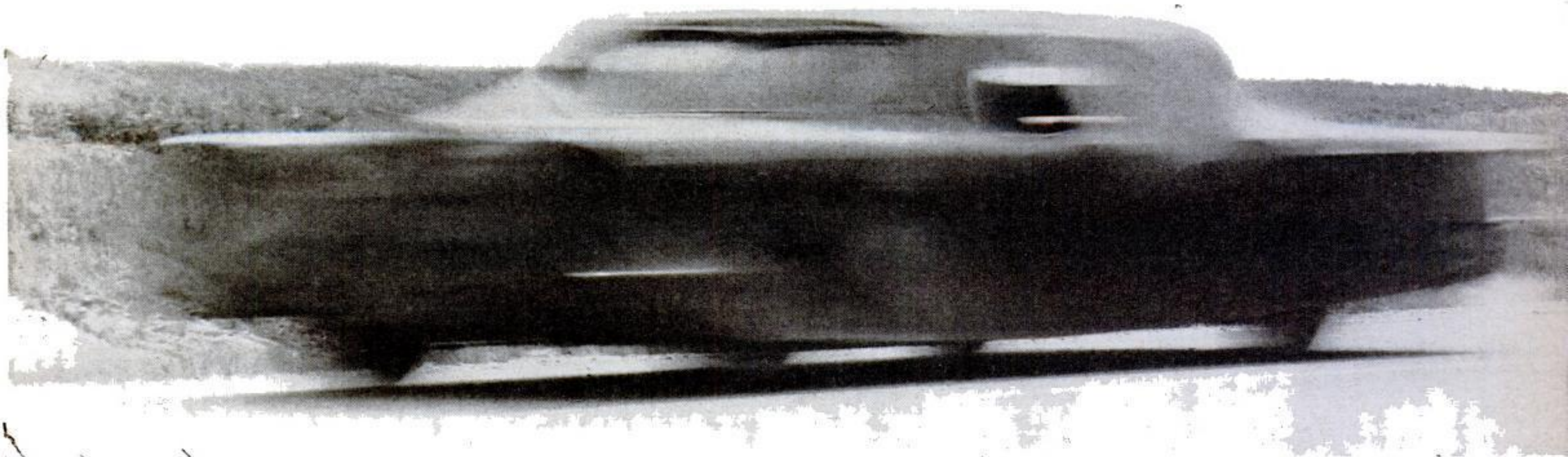
Seal Beats Heat While Sound Asleep



Under a glaring midsummer sun, Photographer Kurt Meier searched the zoo in Frankfurt, Germany for lively animals to make action pictures, but everywhere he looked torpid beasts snoozed unphotogenically in shady corners. Then he came upon a scene that set him instead of his

subject to work. In a pool of cool, fresh water a seal floated flat on his back, awash right up to his whiskers. He was enjoying depths of serenity known only to seals, who can swim on their backs as well as their bellies and, stabilized by their flippers, stay afloat while sound asleep.

Lately, some mysterious automobiles have



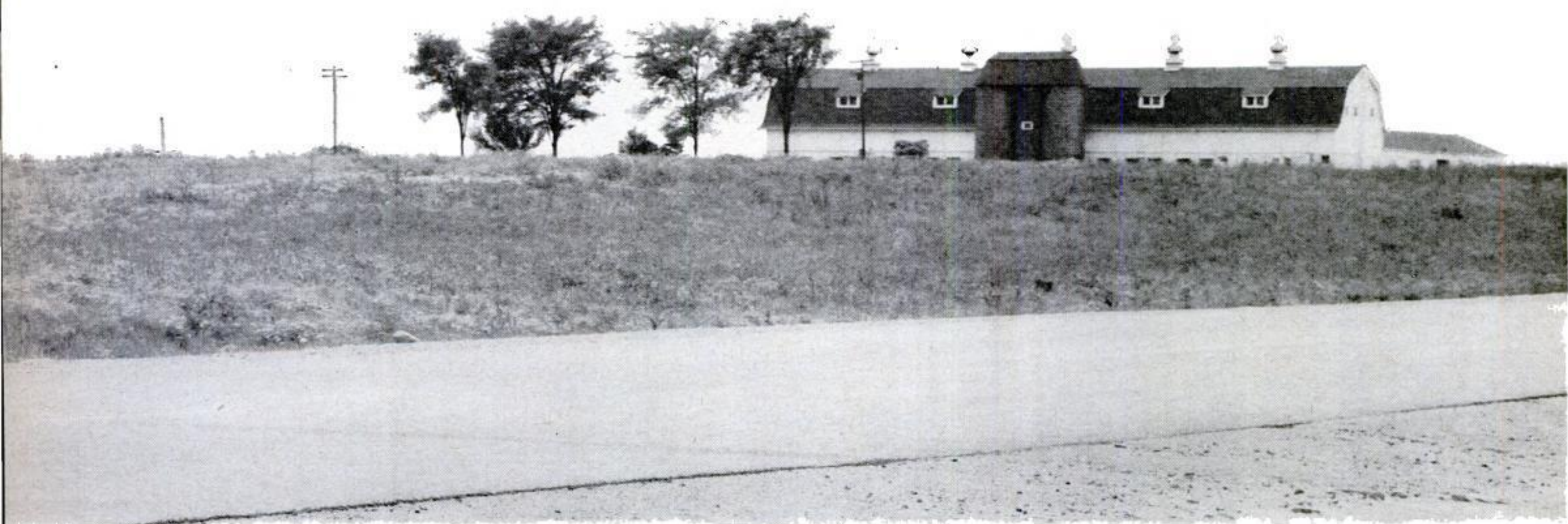
IF YOU happened to be up in northern Minnesota last year, it's just possible that you might have noticed a covered car cruising smoothly along out-of-the-way county roads.

You would know if you saw it, because this automobile didn't look much like the usual run of cars you find around Bemidji.

Or maybe you were one of the few who chanced to see such a car roaring wide-open through the sand and mesquite under the high, hot Arizona sky.

And recently, more than one filling station owner in the Cumberland has forgotten to say, "Fill 'er up?" in his

been seen on the roads



hurry to ask, "Hey, what kind of a car you got there?"

Edsel is the kind.

Maybe you thought none had been built yet.

But if you did, you were wrong. For almost a year, the first Edsels have been chalking up miles. Miles of pavement and of no pavement. Of mud and slush. Of mountain and flatland. Of sub-tropic heat and sub-zero cold.

Not thousands of miles. Hundreds of thousands.

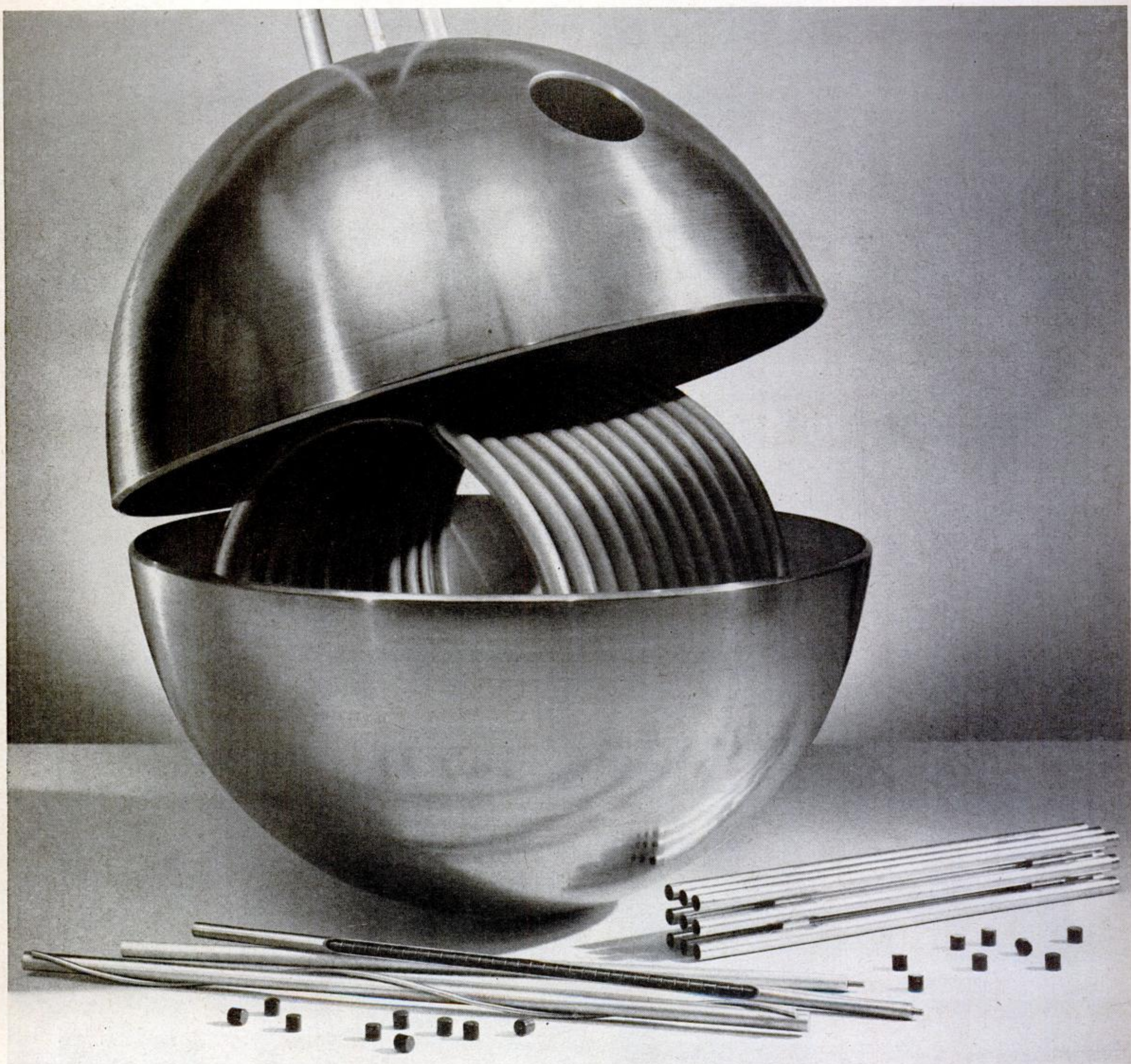
By the time it reaches your streets, the Edsel will be one of the best-tested, best-proved cars in automobiling history.

And that time is not far off.

The **EDSEL** is on its way

New member of the Ford family of fine cars

EDSEL DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY • DEARBORN, MICHIGAN



The sphere above is a "core" for one kind of research atomic reactor. The metal tubes in the foreground and at the right show various test designs for holding the small uranium fuel pellets in other kinds of atomic reactors.

Strange new "tools" of atomic-electric power

These are some of the strange new "tools" used to produce, test, or experiment with atomic-electric power. They are among the things that will help bring electricity from the atom.

"Tools" like these are being used in developing several atomic-electric plants now under way. A number of electric light and power

companies from many parts of the country are working with each other and with equipment manufacturers and the Atomic Energy Commission to develop the plants.

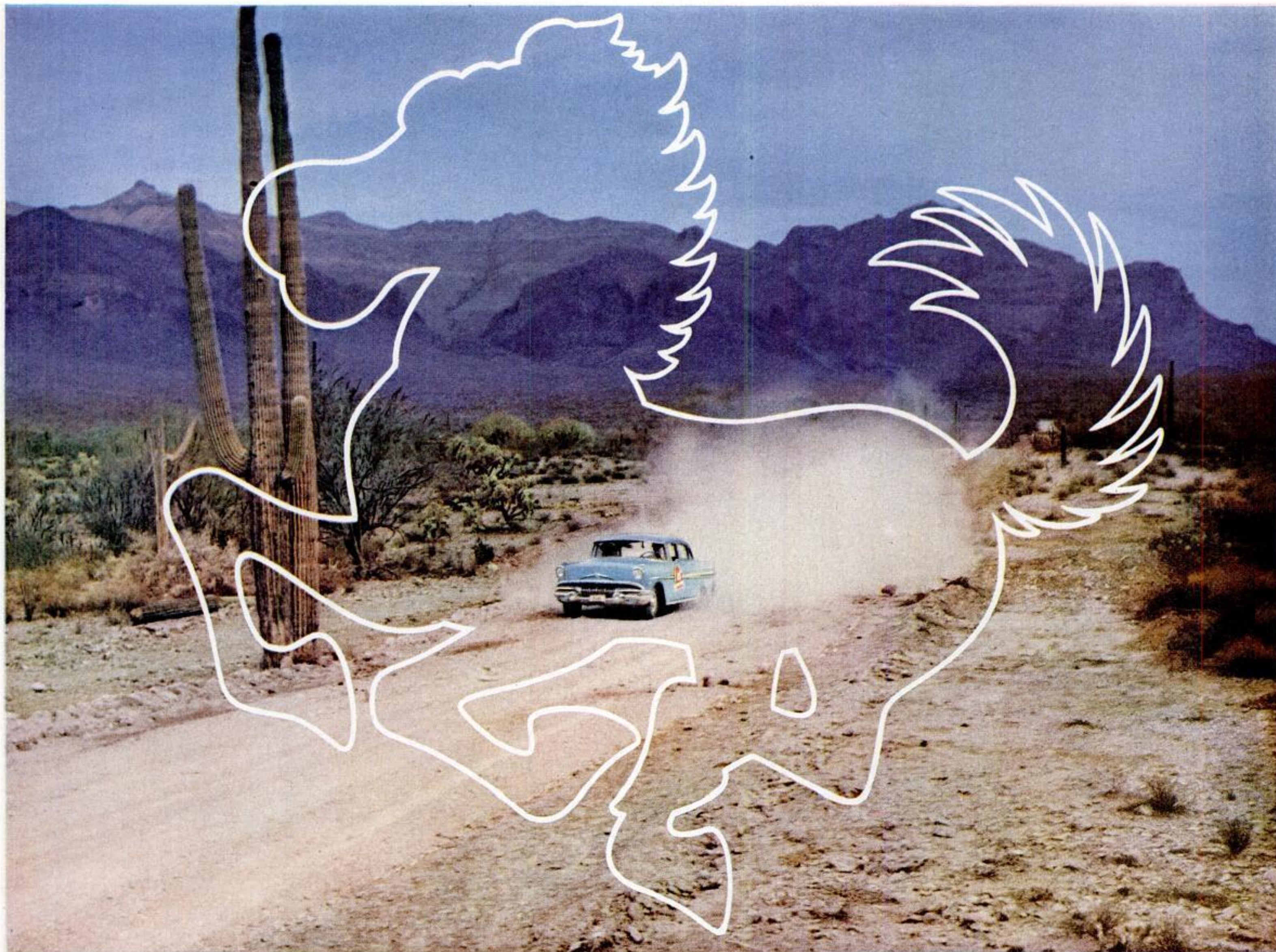
For more than 75 years, America's independent electric light and power companies have supplied more and more electricity to

this growing nation. Today they produce more than any other single nation in the world. And they have helped develop ways to produce it more efficiently year after year. That's why you can expect electric companies to continue to do their part to advance the new science of producing electricity from the atom.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

Desert Test!




Proof . . . AC Spark Plugs deliver full efficiency for recommended service life!

Location: thirty miles southeast of Phoenix, Arizona, somewhere among the Superstition Mountains. Weather: bright and clear. Temperature: a stifling 112 degrees.

This is a land of cactus, sun and swirling dust. In the heat of the summer, and in one of the most notorious heat belts within the continental limits, AC Spark Plug Division of General Motors sought out the hottest area and put AC Spark Plugs to the test . . . one of a series of tests under extreme climatic conditions to prove again that ACs are best for the kind of driving you do.

Hour after hour the desert tests went on—new ACs versus AC plugs after a normal lifetime of use. Acceleration tests. Economy checks. Tests run at slow speeds . . . medium speeds . . . and full throttle!

At last the tests are completed and final tabulations made. Here is one more proof that AC Spark Plugs, with normal servicing, will supply all the power you need, all the economy you could ask, right up to recommended lifetime limits.

AC SPARK PLUG  THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

CHANGE AT LEAST EVERY 10,000 MILES 

- ① **SHELL-AND-INSULATOR DESIGN**—Both insulator and shell are designed to assure rapid heat dissipation.
- ② **CONDUCTASEAL**—Only AC uses positive metal-ceramic seal to prevent compression leakage and power loss.
- ③ **HOT TIP**—AC Hot Tip design controls tip temperatures and cuts spark plug fouling to a minimum in all climates.



**hot tip
spark plugs**

Only **Ballantine Ale** brews

"Brewer's Gold"

into Genuine Golden Ale Flavor!



Enjoy the genuine—

Today's trend to Ballantine light Ale fits right in with the modern taste for the genuine in food and drink. One big reason for Ballantine Ale's deep, rich, genuine flavor is "Brewer's Gold"—a rare, choice hop. Ballantine alone uses its famous true-ale recipe to capture the precious, delicate flavor of "Brewer's Gold". No wonder Ballantine is today's favorite ale by 4 to 1.

It's the trend, friend! They all ask for

Ballantine LIGHT **Ale!**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

GRAHAM CRUSADE

Sirs:

Those of us who have been privileged to attend the Billy Graham meetings ("Dedicated Deciders in Billy Graham Crusade," *LIFE*, July 1) will never forget the decisions—the earnest souls who gathered around the podium.

The color photography is simply magnificent.

MARY ELIZABETH PETERS

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Billy Graham is a maudlin sentimentalist. He speaks often of making a "decision for Christ." The word "decision" involves an act of the mind, while Billy Graham's entire appeal is to the emotions.

KATHERINE ANDERSON

Springdale, Ark.

Sirs:

LIFE indicates that most of the people attending the Graham meetings at Madison Square Garden are not New Yorkers. Since this article appeared, we have asked the people in the Garden who live or work in New York City to stand. Each night, as best we can judge, 80% to 85% of the audience indicate that they either live or work in New York City.

The article implies that the crusade has made no real impact on New York, such as that made on Los Angeles. In Los Angeles there were 3,000 total decisions with a total attendance of 280,000. Here in New York decisions already exceed 28,000 and attendance is already well over 900,000.

ROGER HULL

Chairman, Executive Committee
Billy Graham New York Crusade
New York, N.Y.

● *LIFE* said "a large portion" of Graham's audience were not New Yorkers. This is borne out by the programs issued for each meeting, which list many groups attending from outside New York.—ED.

Sirs:

On page 91 there is a picture of Ingeborg Steyer being baptized.

Isn't Ingeborg the same attractive young lady who is hostess on a German variety TV show in New York on Sunday mornings?

EDWARD KEITH MILLER

Port Washington, N.Y.



MISS STEYER ON TELEVISION

● Yes. During the week Ingeborg has a job in the medical library of Ayerst Laboratories, a pharmaceutical research center. She was an actress in Germany before coming to America in 1954.—ED.

CONTINUED



A roadshow producer named Morris,
Short of pay for the girls in the chorus,
Wired home in a flash,
"Telegraph me some cash
For Lilly, Belle, Flo and Dolores!"



BOTHERED?

Not when you use
"6-12" Insect Repellent

Stop mosquitoes, chiggers, gnats,
sand flies, black flies from biting.
Odorless... get some today!

- in the handy stick, 59¢
- streamlined bottle, 59¢
- easy-to-use aerosol spray, \$1.39



WATERS PART...for the man who smokes

Dutch Masters®

Undeniably, waters part, motors start, and storms depart for the man who smokes The Fine Cigar! In short, all's well for the man who smokes Dutch Masters! Put a glow in your life with this richly mild, fine cigar. Seven smart shapes to suit your taste—from 2 for just 25c to 25c each. Will wonders never cease!



Copyright 1957, Consolidated Cigar Sales Co., Inc.



The **CORDIALS** that make a casual barbecue a dinner to remember

Cordials out of doors? Why not? Open-air entertaining, enjoyable in itself, becomes more so when a bottle of Hiram Walker's Cordials joins the party. Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy, for instance, has a just-picked freshness that goes well after charcoal-broiled steaks. Not expensive, either.

HIRAM WALKER'S **CORDIALS**



A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors

Creme de Cacao, Apricot Liqueur, Creme de Menthe, Orange Curacao, 60 proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Rock and Rye, 70 proof; Triple Sec, Kummel, 80 proof • Hiram Walker and Sons, Inc., Peoria, Illinois

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

—CONTINUED—

Sirs:

A learned theologian, Reinhold Niebuhr, insists that the gospel which Billy Graham preaches is unsuitable for a nuclear age. Perhaps he does not realize that many people know little and care less about the word "nuclear" or its connotations. Pray tell, just what is the difference in man's soul between the very complex nuclear age and the paleolithic?

RENA L. JOYNER

Wake Forest, N.C.

A GREAT CLIMB

Sirs:

The Mount Everest series of color pictures ("A Breathtaking Record of a Great Climb," LIFE, July 1) are without a doubt the finest you at LIFE have ever published.

D. M. URFER

New Philadelphia, Ohio

EDITORIAL

Sirs:

Your editorial view on the Supreme Court ("The Supreme Court and Liberty," LIFE, July 1) brings out the fact that the Court has at last done away with the idea that we have a government of laws and not of men. Definitely the law of the United States does not always rule.

A. J. COLNON

Pensacola, Fla.

Sirs:

In your editorial you refer to the "most lamentable virginity" the Supreme Court of the United States displays toward Communism and how it had better "ground its reasoning on a more knowledgeable appraisal... than that." But those who believe firmly and confidently in our way of life must fight Communism under the rules we ourselves have championed, lest we destroy the very thing for which we fight in our efforts to rout our antagonists.

The way to fight Communism is to work diligently within our own system, both political and economic, to make it ever a more effective, equitable and indestructible guardian of what the world has come to know as the "American way."

DANIEL BERGMAN

Cleveland, Ohio

CONTINUED

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SUNBURN

AGONY?

Get deep-down pain relief fast with

NEW Intracel

PENETRATING ANALGESIC

Greaseless INTRACEL quickly relieves the blaze, itching and pain of fresh sunburn. It feels so cool and soothing on hot skin and has a pleasant fragrance, too.

INTRACEL is also a revolutionary new treatment for muscular aches and pains. Unlike hot, irritating salves and liniments, cool, soothing INTRACEL penetrates through the skin to put pain to sleep deep inside the tissues where it hurts.

Use INTRACEL, too, for relief from burning feet, itching and pain due to insect bites and poison plants! If not completely satisfied, your druggist will refund your money!

\$1.49



INTRACEL also available in Canada

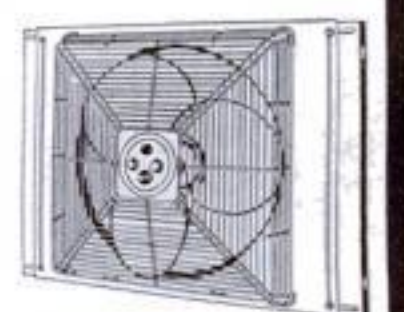
VCA LABORATORIES, LOS ANGELES AND NEW YORK

Sleep cool wake fresh with a

DIEHL Fan

A FULL LINE OF MODELS TO CHOOSE FROM

WINDOW VENTILATORS —the last word in efficient multi-room cooling. Available with pilot-light and automatic thermostat control.



HOME OR OFFICE FANS —safe, silent cooling—adaptable for table, desk, floor or wall. Dependable and economical.



ATTIC VENTILATORS —change the air in the whole house in minutes. Quiet, out-of-sight efficient cooling.



GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS

See your Dealer, today. He has a type and size of fan for every home need.



DIEHL MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Electrical Division of

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

Makers of the world-famous SINGER Sewing Machines
Findene Plant, SOMERVILLE, N. J.

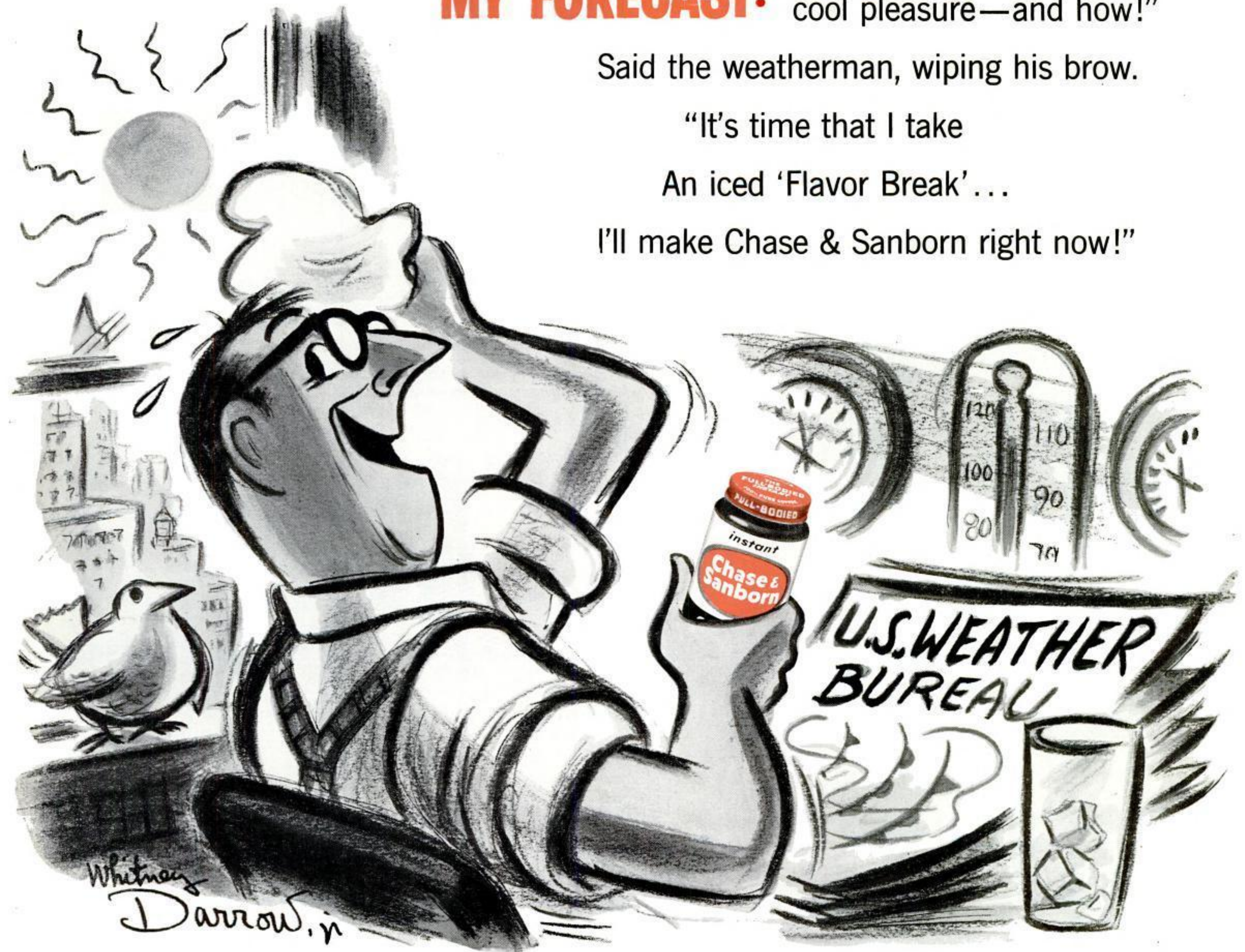
"MY FORECAST: cool pleasure—and how!"

Said the weatherman, wiping his brow.

"It's time that I take

An iced 'Flavor Break'...

I'll make Chase & Sanborn right now!"



Next time give yourself a... **FLAVOR BREAK**

Whenever you're in the mood for coffee... mealtime or any time... don't settle for just a coffee break. Give yourself a Flavor Break with Instant Chase & Sanborn.

This is the full-bodied coffee. Wonderful when it's steaming hot. Delicious when it's iced. Fully satisfying any way you make it.

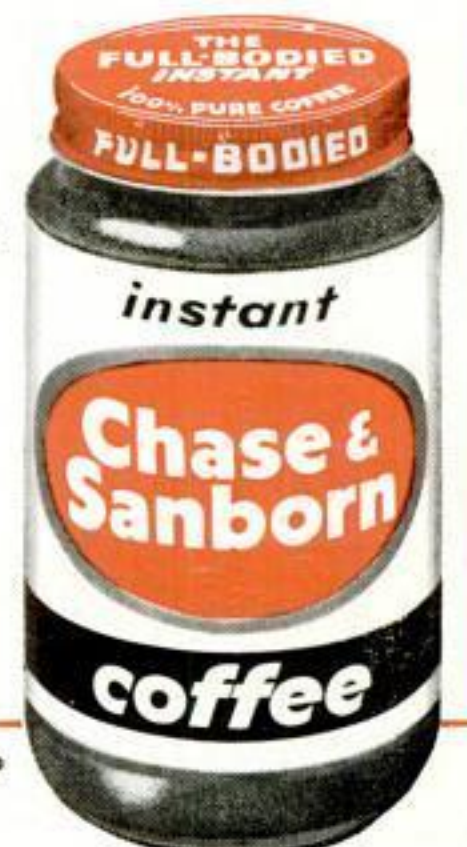
For the best instant in your day, stop for a Flavor Break with Instant Chase & Sanborn. You'll get a full cup of flavor every time!



Makes the kind of good coffee everyone loves!

"It sure made a hit with Dad!" says Mrs. M. Craig, Locust Valley, N. Y.

"Iced coffee is my father's favorite hot-weather drink. But it's got to have a lot of flavor. It took a while, but I finally found an instant coffee that did the trick. Instant Chase & Sanborn. He loves it. So do we!"

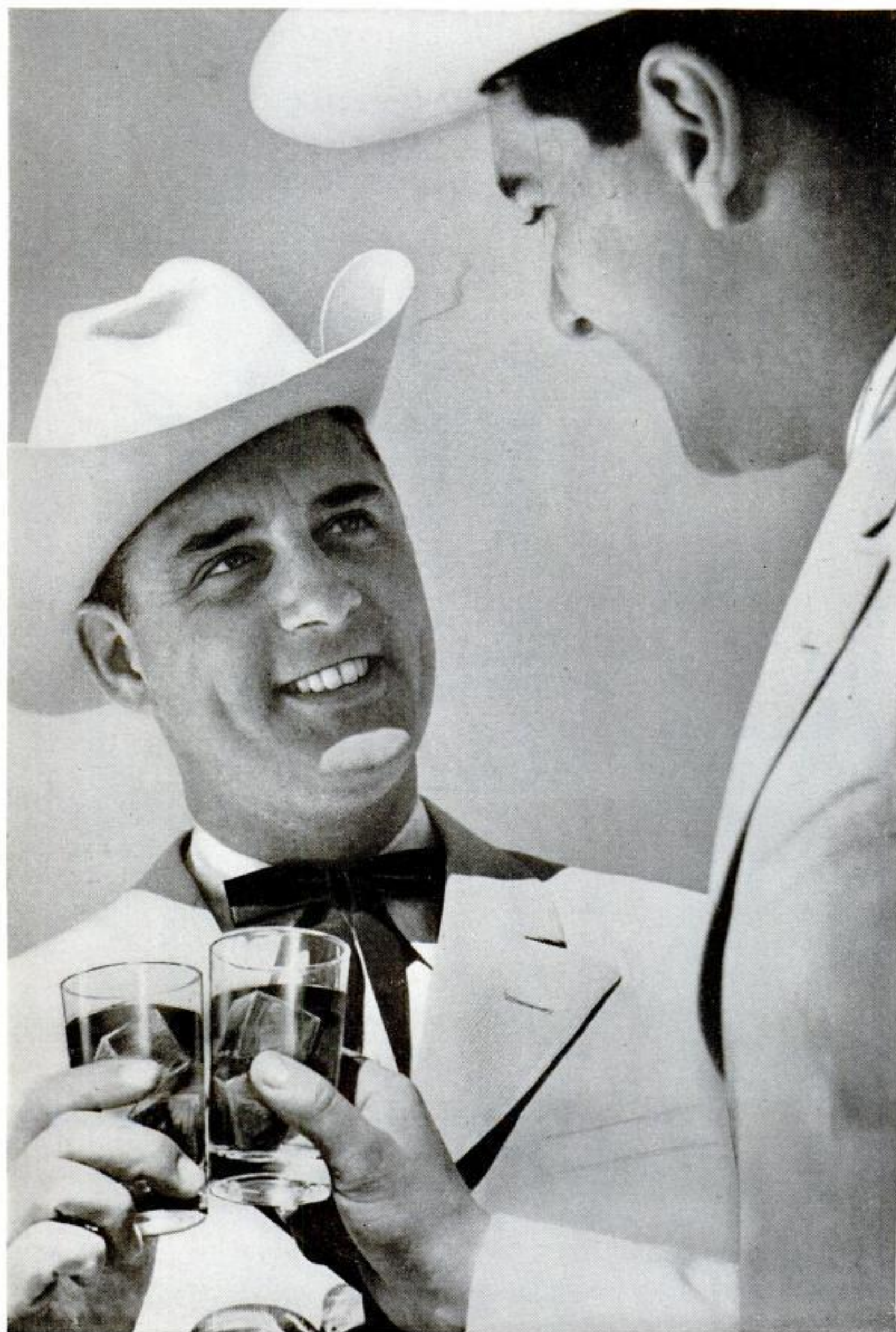


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INSTANT CHASE & SANBORN —the full-bodied coffee

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

Welcome, brother, if you're a Bourbon Man



To a Westerner, hospitality without Bourbon
is like a handshake without warmth.
Old Hickory shows you why.
Great Bourbon enriched by extra years.
The best friend ice ever had.
With it you rediscover Manhattans,
make Old Fashioneds new.

OBSERVED IN THE BEST CIRCLES

OLD HICKORY
Straight BOURBON Whisky
SIX YEARS OLD

86 PROOF • ALSO IN 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS COMPANY • PHILA., PA.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

THE WARREN COURT

Sirs:

Your article "The Warren Court" (LIFE, July 1) contains the critical comment that in a certain decision the Court's reasoning was "based not on law but on sociological considerations." This implies that law is not itself sociologically based. Just what other basis do you claim for the rule of law as a principle of government or for individual legal questions?

EDWARD N. FODELEY

Eugene, Ore.

• LIFE described the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling as a liberal interpretation of the Constitution, based not on any statutory enactment nor on prior case law but on sociological necessities.—ED.

Sirs:

Who is the distinguished looking gentleman in the portrait behind Justice Tom Clark?

He must be a mighty important guy (probably a Texan) because while all the other Justices have law books in the background Justice Clark has only the portrait.



MEL ELFIN

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

• It is Roger Brooke Taney of Maryland, who as Chief Justice in 1857 wrote the majority (7-2) decision in the Dred Scott case. He ruled that Negro slaves were not citizens and could not sue for their freedom. Horace Greeley in the N.Y. Tribune said the opinion deserved no more respect than if made by a "majority of those congregated in any Washington barroom."—ED.

ROADSIDE INNS

Sirs:

I'm so happy about the article on roadside inns ("Roadside Inns and Their Fine Food," LIFE, July 1). The beautiful picture of Snoqualmie Falls will at last prove to my friends there is such a place. I was born there.

ETTA J. WARREN

Los Angeles, Calif.

CONTINUED

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I settle
my stomach
in seconds...



with Milk of Magnesia

Gas, heartburn, stomach sourness—all symptoms of acid indigestion are eased away—*quickly!* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—one of the world's fastest antacids—actually *settles your stomach in seconds!* So when too much food, drink, tobacco upsets you, take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia and feel fine again—*fast!*

A NEW addition

Phillips' is now also available in Flavored Form at the same price as Regular



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
REGULAR • FLAVORED

VALCREAM

*isn't seen
or felt!*

NEW—This hair cream for men not only keeps hair neat 'n' natural

VALCREAM grooms without showing

Changes form on application . . . greaseless . . .

enriches hair's natural oils. New Valcream keeps your hair at its very best all day, and yet isn't seen or felt! This new grooming discovery changes form on application, never leaves a white film. Valcream actually enriches hair's natural oils. It's not greasy, or oily, or drying—contains no alcohol. Get new Valcream!



Now you see it!
Massage Valcream on
hair and scalp . . .



Now you don't!
Valcream grooms
without showing!

For "NO-SHOW" grooming . . .



Another fine product of Chesebrough-Pond's, Inc.

39¢ AND 59¢ PLUS TAX



From Research comes the **TRUTH** About Speed of Pain Relief— Without Stomach Upset

Medical Science reports important new findings on BAYER versus an aspirin with a 'buffer' added... based on major studies to determine speed of pain relief *without stomach upset*.

Yes, this research further verifies that BAYER Aspirin is still the *safest, gentlest, fastest-acting* pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH based on 3 years' research

In 1954, as part of a continuing research project, in the field of pain relief, BAYER sought the aid of one of America's foremost analgesic authorities, whose work is centered in several large New York clinics.

This specialist began a carefully controlled series of clinical tests in order to compare the action of BAYER Aspirin versus an

aspirin with a 'buffer' added.

Thousands of tests were made on patients actually suffering pain... the findings were analyzed and corroborated beyond any question or doubt. Throughout three years, the results verified that BAYER is the *safest, gentlest, fastest-acting* pain reliever you can buy.

TRUTH—confirmed...

BAYER called for further tests, further evidence. This new research was conducted by members of the staff of one of the East's prominent Medical Schools.

Again and again, BAYER and aspirin with a 'buffer' added were tested clinically to determine speed of pain relief *without*

stomach upset... tested on people suffering from many types and degrees of acute pain suffered daily by millions.

Again, the results were the same... adding further confirmation that ever-dependable BAYER Aspirin is still the *safest, fastest, gentlest* pain reliever you can get!

TRUTH—confirmed again!

To climax its relentless search for the truth about pain relief, BAYER requested an eminent professor of a renowned Mid-Western Medical School to undertake a new study of people in actual pain. The two pain relievers were again compared under true pain conditions. The findings

of this third study were indisputable!

Hundreds of pain-ridden patients in the three independent studies verified over and over again that BAYER is still the safest, most reliable antidote for pain in medical history. You can trust your body to BAYER to feel better fast.

THIS RESEARCH is based on the one final and absolute method for testing the value of pain relievers—by studying people suffering from real pain.



YES, FROM RESEARCH COMES TRUTH...

The safest, fastest-acting pain reliever
you can get... **BAYER® ASPIRIN**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

Sirs:

The Pipersville Inn was certainly honored to have been included in LIFE's list of fine American roadside inns. LIFE, however, lists Pennsylvania's Pipersville Inn as being located in Plumsteadville, Pa., which is actually three miles down "the road a piece." This probably doesn't mean anything to anybody except the good people of Pipersville, Pa., who have their own post office and are mighty proud of it.

Plumsteadville, our southern suburb, has only 198 people. We in Pipersville have 203 and by the time you get this it will certainly be 204. The Pipersville postmaster just took his missus to the hospital.

BOB BRUGGER

The Pipersville Inn
Pipersville, Pa.



BRADLEY SWARTZ GETS HIS BOTTLE

● LIFE apologizes to Pipersville. On July 2 Mrs. Wilmer Swartz, wife of the postmaster, gave birth to a 7-pound 15-ounce boy, Bradley Ralph Swartz. He is the Swartzes' first boy after five girls.—ED.

CHIANG'S POLICY

Sirs:

Thank you very much for printing the splendid report by Chiang Kai-shek ("Chiang's 'Positive Policy' To Roll Back Reds," LIFE, July 1).

CHARLES E. SHROPE

Phillipsburg, N.J.

Sirs:

Chiang Kai-shek's article certainly should be read by John Foster Dulles. This might persuade our devoted Secretary of State to cease his unrealistic efforts to seek another agreement with the Soviet liars (on disarmament, "open skies" inspection or anything else) until they begin to keep their broken past agreements with us.

The U.S. government should back Chiang in an invasion of the China mainland as the first logical step in destroying world Communism, helping him as needed, with air and sea cover and supplies, to bring down the Chinese mass murderers in defeat. And we had better do it before it is too late.

WALTER W. STRONG

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

How long are we willing to pay all those taxes and support a government policy just to nourish the dreams of an old man to regain his forfeited position?

KURT HEILBUT

Seattle, Wash.

have a breath of
Paris about you...
every day!



Enjoy Paris glamour in your deodorant! Evening in Paris stick glides on smooth and dry, keeps underarms dry and delicately fragrant. Rely on it for 24-hour protection. New convenient push-up tube.

**EVENING IN PARIS
DEODORANT STICK**

BOURJOIS • CREATED IN FRANCE • MADE IN U.S.A.



"Cool off with Borden's Buttermilk"...says Elsie, the Borden Cow

ELSIE: What a lovely playpen, Elmer! Now our little Larabee and Lobelia will get plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

ELMER: I've had plenty already! I'm about to melt.

ELSIE: Have some country-fresh Borden's Buttermilk. It's cooling and non-fattening, because it's *low in calories* — only about 85 in a big glassful! I'm going to have an Orange Buttermilk Cooler.

ELMER: Woman, are you suggesting I'm overweight? I happen to *like* my buttermilk straight.

ELSIE: Of course, dear, and it's very good for you. You know Borden's Buttermilk contains all the important proteins and minerals of milk, *plus an extra something that tones up the digestive system.*

ORANGE BUTTERMILK COOLER

1 cup chilled Borden's Buttermilk
1 large scoop Borden's orange sherbet

Combine buttermilk and sherbet; beat until smooth and creamy. Garnish with orange slice and maraschino cherry. Serve with colorful straw.

Get Borden's Buttermilk at your food store, or from your Borden man. And watch for the Borden twin values at your food store.

See Borden's TV shows, "The People's Choice," and "Fury."



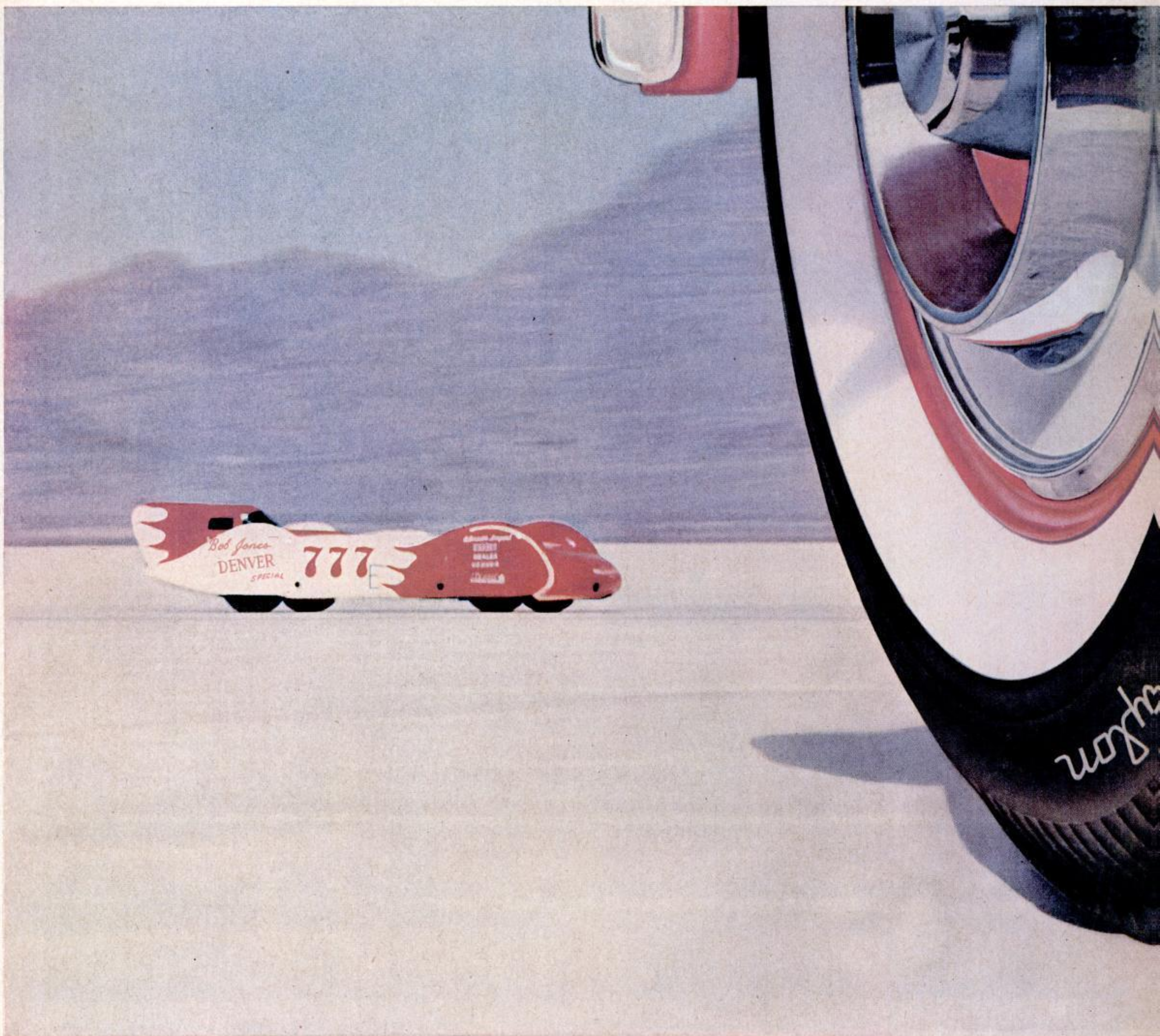
Borden's

Milk • Fine Cheeses
Ice Cream • Starlac

©1957, The Borden Company



For 100 years folks have been saying,
"If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!"



The Kenz & Leslie Streamliner, sponsored by Denver sportsman Bob Jones.

At 261 M.P.H. only Firestones

The speed record for American-built cars stands at nearly 4½ miles a minute. On Firestones, of course. For in all America, only Firestone can build a tire to withstand such incredible centrifugal force.

When the fantastic Kenz & Leslie Streamliner howled across Bonneville Salt Flats last August at 261.81 m.p.h. it became the fastest American car ever built. The designers chose three "flathead" V8 engines to hurl their special chassis at this blinding speed. But when they came to pick the tires they had no real choice. They had to run on Firestones.

Why? Because no one else can match Firestone's years of experience in experimental tire development and testing in this harsh

"laboratory" where the price of failure is tragedy. Firestone Tires are absolutely dominant in every form of automotive competition, in every open racing test, that this country provides.

All tire manufacturers start with basically the same raw materials to create tire rubber compounds. But in the processing and blending of each ingredient lies the difference between Firestone rubber and all others. Firestone engineers know more about rubber compounding, cord design and tread pro-



Firestone's FIRST with record-setting drivers who refuse to take a chance on tire performance. And now, Firestone offers a new kind of safety-first tire for your car, too . . .

New **Firestone** **Nylon "500"**

**WITH NUCLEAR-CONTROLLED
NYLON CORD BODY**

Tires today have two big enemies—the tremendous heat that's generated in superhighway driving, and the hard knocks that curbs, chuckholes, and washboard city streets can dish out. But now Firestone engineers have beaten them both with a new kind of nylon tire—the Firestone Nylon "500."

Into this tire have gone two vital ingredients: the super-strength of nylon, and the priceless knowledge Firestone has gained from tire-torturing events such as the Kenz & Leslie speed run. The result is a tougher tire, a tire that puts cooler running rubber on the road and backs it up with a nylon cord body measured with nuclear accuracy, to build a new kind of strength and safety, and longer mileage, into a smart-looking new tire for you.

Here's the best part. There's *no* big premium price tag on these premium-performance Firestone Nylon "500" tires that carry Firestone's famous lifetime guarantee. Find out for yourself by going to your Firestone Dealer or Store today, and start driving with *built-in peace of mind.*



are good enough!

files because they have always *had* to know more . . . automotive competition demands nothing less than the ultimate in safety, stability, and tread wear.

This priceless fund of skill and technique is on tap for every tire Firestone builds. That explains why the famous Manufacturer's Trophy at Daytona Beach was won on Firestone Tires, just as the Indianapolis "500" is won, year after year, on Firestones. It also explains why Firestones, on your family car, are the best insurance you can buy!

Firestone
BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

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The yacht may have to wait... but you can own the Lincoln now

Few of us will ever own the yacht of our dreams. But happily, more and more fine car families are making a pleasant discovery. They're finding that they can own the finest in motor cars now . . . in Lincoln for 1957.

In both you see crisp, meaningful lines . . . thrilling response to your commands . . . the finer things in life. But, there's one important difference . . . you can own the Lincoln now.

And what a car! No other automobile can match the fresh, clean-lined beauty that makes Lincoln the most distinctive car on the road. From Quadra-Lite Grille to canted rear blades, you see one long sweep of meaningful beauty.

When you *drive* Lincoln, you find a new kind of handling pleasure . . . for this is the most effortless-driving car on the road. *Everything you touch turns to power*—even vent windows

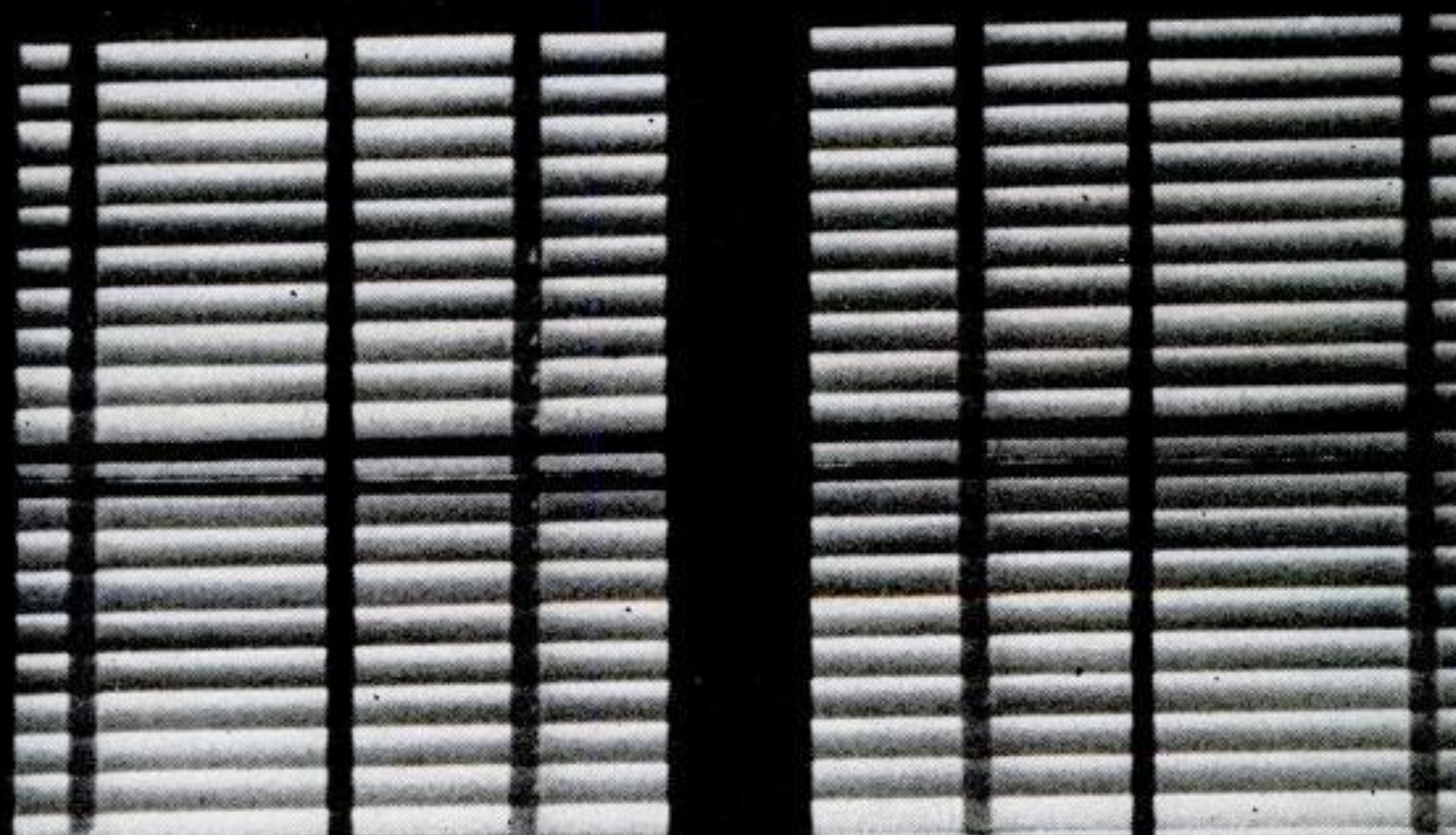
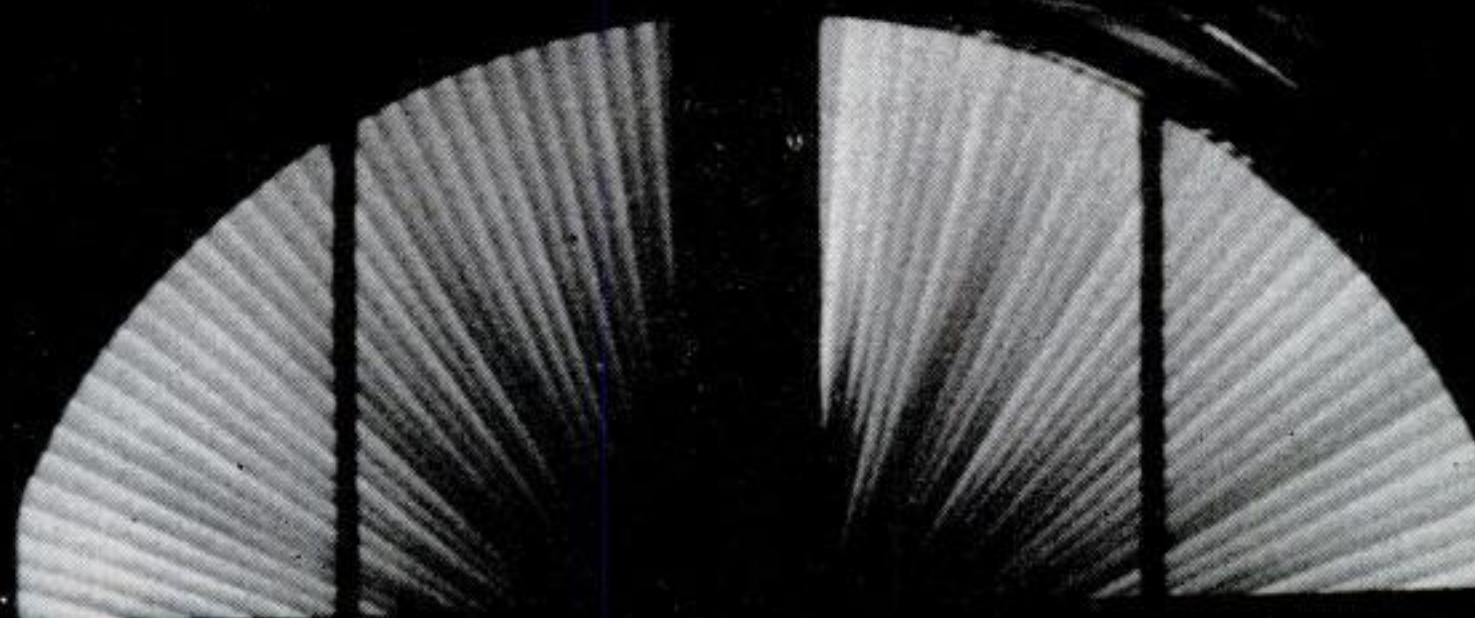
and all door locks can be electrically operated.

And Lincoln reflects your taste so faithfully. Not only in styling and luxury, but in practical aspects, too. For Lincoln's traditional quality and lasting newness continue to protect your investment after lesser cars have been forgotten.

Isn't it time we talked about *your* Lincoln?

YOUR LINCOLN DEALER

LINCOLN
Unmistakably . . . the finest in the fine car field



LEGISLATIVE AND JUDICIAL FRONTS FOR CIVIL RIGHTS

EMBATTLED WHITE SOUTH DIGS IN

Southern senators, led by Richard Russell of Georgia, John Stennis of Mississippi and Sam Ervin of North Carolina (*above in Russell's office*), worked into the night in the opening skirmishes of what might develop into an all-out battle over civil rights. The legislation was the Administration's bill directed primarily at protecting voting rights. It would authorize federal prosecutors to obtain injunctions where an individual's rights

were threatened—including the inflammatory school segregation disputes. Violators of the injunctions would be cited for contempt. The Southerners belabored the bill with furious dignity, claiming its "crafty" provisions would abrogate the right to a jury trial. But the bill's supporters were quick to point out that it was in no way punitive, that it is customary for defendants in civil contempt proceedings to be tried by a judge alone.

The main weapon of the Southerners was, of course, the threat of a filibuster. But at week's end, as the Senate agreed to vote on a motion which would finally bring the disputed bill to the floor, it looked as if the civil rights forces might offer compromise amendments preserving the heart of the act but heading off a prolonged southern debate. In the meantime civil rights battles were being hotly fought on other fronts (*pp. 28-31*).

HIGH-LEVEL STRATEGY, A LONG SPEECH AND A SENATOR'S COT



SENATE LEADERS meet with Vice President Nixon. Republican Knowland (*left*) leads fight for bill. Lyndon Johnson's majority is split over the issue.



THE BILL'S SUPPORTERS discuss their strategy in Capitol room. Seated from left are northern Democratic Senators Pastore, Douglas and Humphrey.



FILIBUSTER SPEECH 750 pages long is viewed by author Olin Johnston of South Carolina. If the bill reaches the floor, Johnston can talk for 30 hours.



RESPIRE FROM DEBATE is tried out by Senator Irving Ives of New York, who had cot moved to office for possible use during any prolonged sessions.



CLINTON DEFENDANTS gather for portrait on steps outside the Knoxville court during trial recess. Six of the accused, including John Kasper, are not

A FEDERAL TRIAL

The threatened filibuster in Washington indicated that the legislative battles on civil rights were just beginning. But in a federal courtroom in Knoxville, Tenn. a sharp legal fight was already well under way. There segregationist John Kasper and 15 others were on trial on charges of criminal contempt. The government's case arises out of the Clinton High School disturbances of last fall (*LIFE*, Sept. 10 and 17, Dec. 17, 1956), when Kasper and his codefendants are accused of ignoring an injunction against violence and interfering with



THE JURY and their alternates are posed by a motion picture cameraman (*right*). In spite of the delay caused by questioning, both by Kasper's attorney



shown. Defendants are said to have threatened Negro students in Clinton, and to have attacked white minister who had escorted them to the high school.

OF A VITAL CASE

Negro pupils attending classes. Though at that time Kasper appeared to lead the demonstration, the other defendants have repudiated him and have hired their own battery of lawyers.

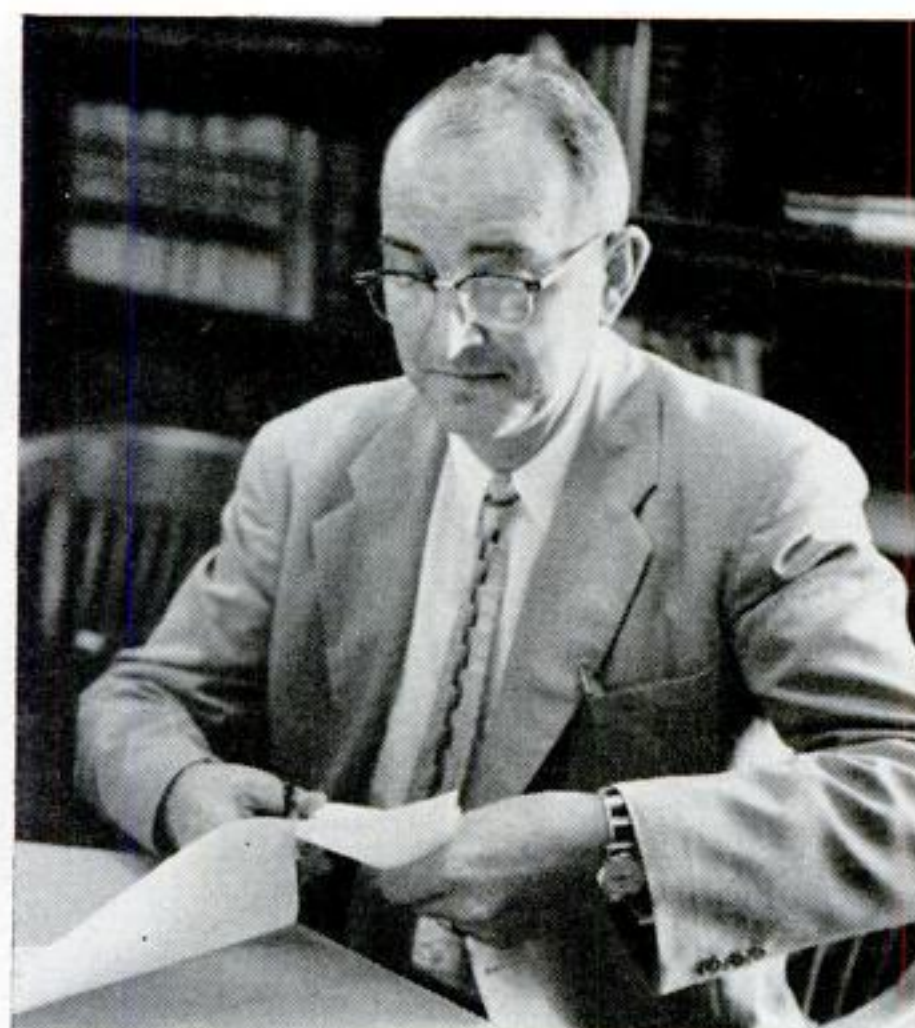
Many people in the South consider the trial of Kasper and the "Clinton 15" to be the most vital legal test since the historic Supreme Court decision of 1954. If a verdict of guilty is returned in Knoxville, a pattern for future integration fights could well be established. Negroes might then seek to enforce integration by means of injunctions from federal courts.



and an attorney representing the other defendants, the jury was picked from 31 candidates in only two days. Four Negroes were rejected during selection.



SEGREGATIONIST Jack Kershaw discusses case during recess. Kershaw is raising money for all defendants but Kasper, whom he calls "an interloper."



U.S. ATTORNEY John Crawford re-enacts the cutting off of hearsay segment of FBI report after defense won plea to see signed, firsthand statements.



ACCUSED AGITATOR John Kasper (in dark suit, third from left) talks to reporters outside court as bystanders, including Negro (right), listen. A year

ago Kasper was convicted for earlier activities in Clinton. Sentenced to a year in jail, he has lost an appeal and awaits hearing by Supreme Court.



FEDERAL WITNESS, Photographer A. Y. Owen (right), subpoenaed by U.S. after pictures appeared in LIFE, talks with Defense Lawyer Robert Dobbs.

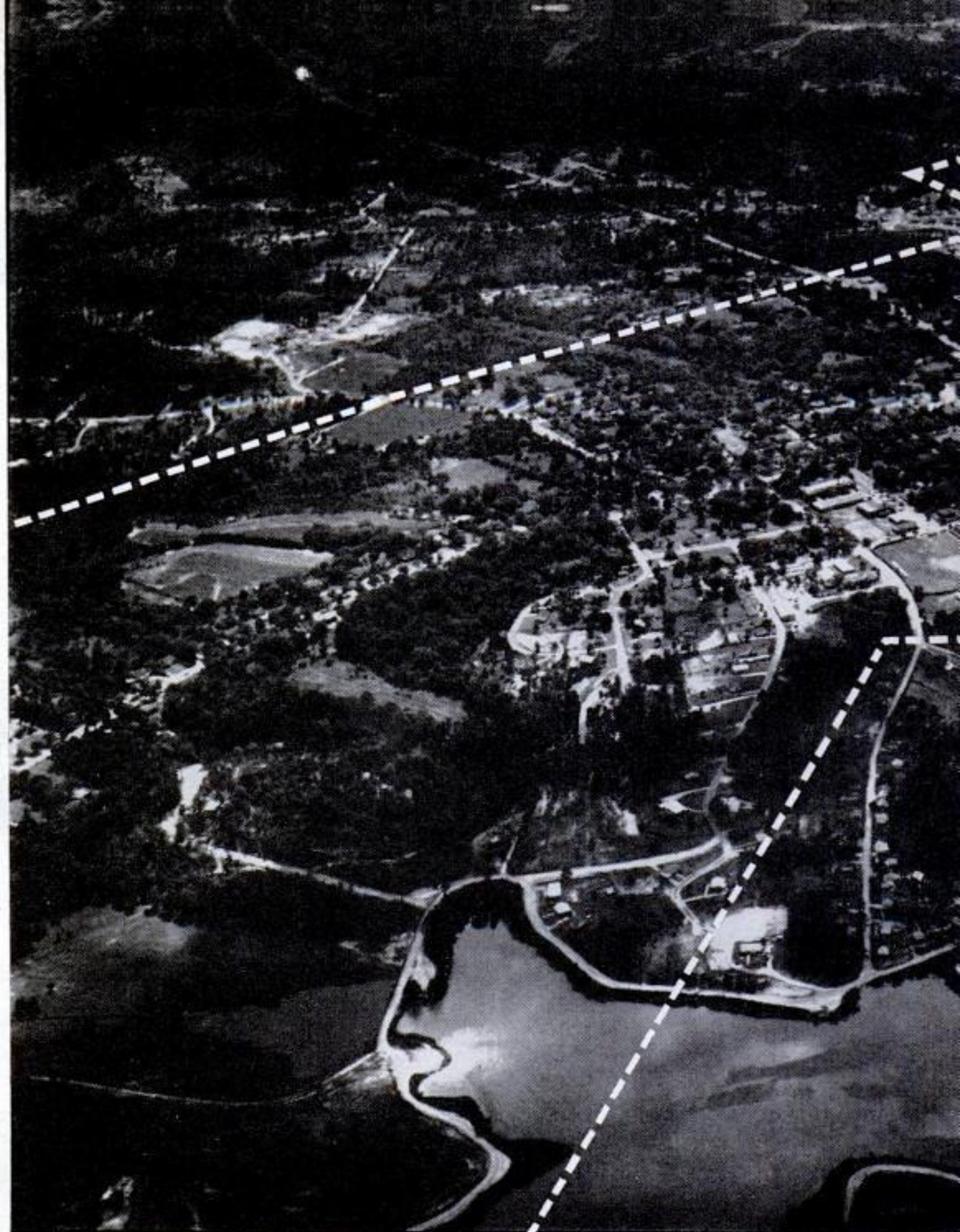


THE JUDGE, Robert L. Taylor, refused Negro plea for admission to Clinton school in 1952, later had to reverse himself after Supreme Court decision.

CONTINUED



NEAR-EMPTY CHAIN STORE, owned by whites, was still losing business second week of the boycott. But since then a few Negro customers have come back.

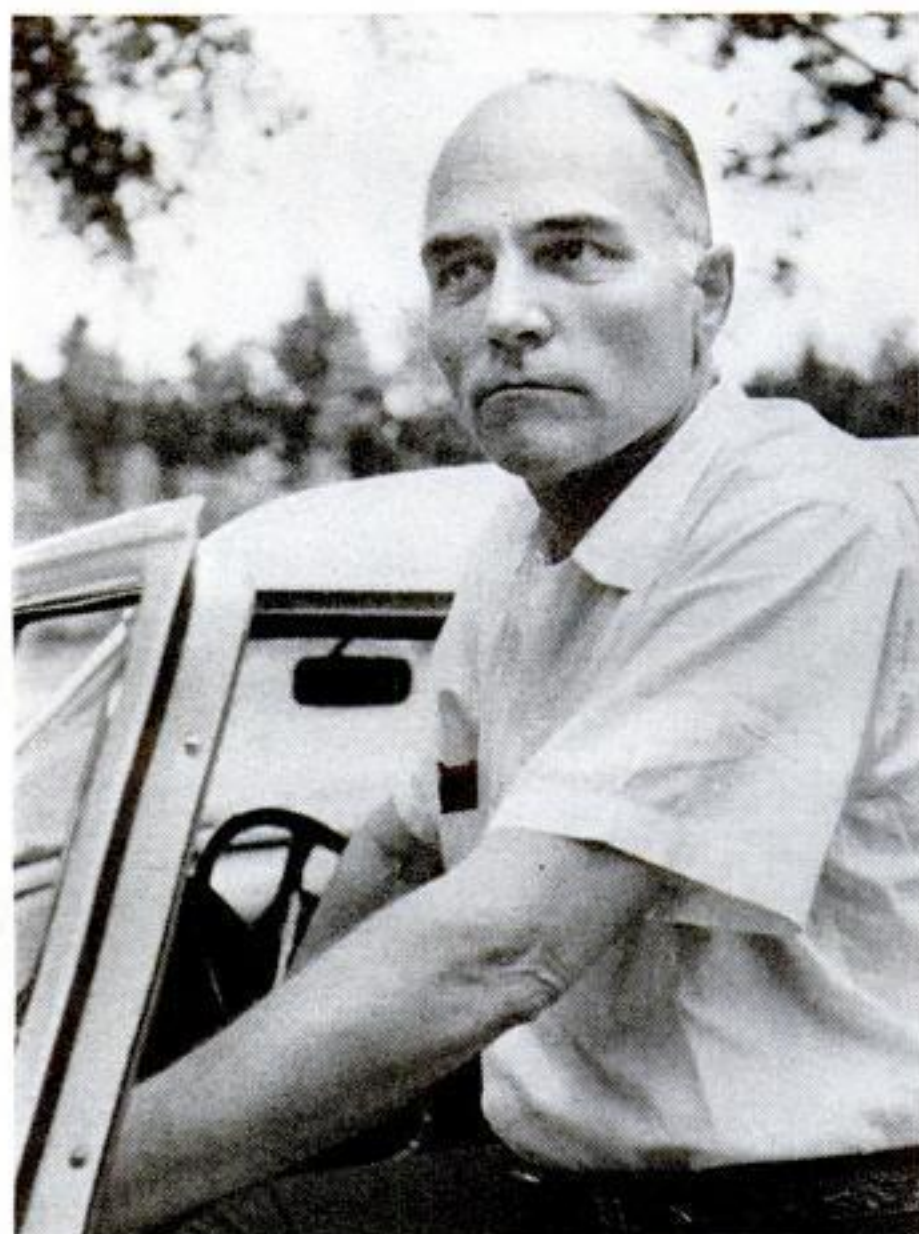


RIGHT TO VOTE vs. A GERRYMANDER

As the Senate debated, a dramatic demonstration of one of the controversial bill's major issues—the right to vote—occurred in Tuskegee, Ala. For years Tuskegee's 4,600 Negroes, who represent 70% of the population, have tried to register to vote. Each time the board of registrars made up excuses for not accepting them. But last month State Senator Sam Englehardt Jr., a White Citizens' Council leader, steered through the state legislature a bill which temporarily at least solved the registrars' problems. Under it, Tuskegee's city limits were neatly redrawn (*above, center*). The

city proper would now contain only 400 Negroes, and out of 419 former Negro voters only 12 would remain. Tuskegee's Negro districts would belong not to the city but to Macon County. Then Englehardt announced plans to draft a bill abolishing Macon County itself and dividing it among five neighboring counties.

The Negroes reacted bitterly, boycotting stores owned by pro-Englehardt businessmen (*above*). After three weeks the boycott slackened somewhat. Some Negroes again shopped with white merchants, but both sides looked uneasily to Washington for the final verdict.

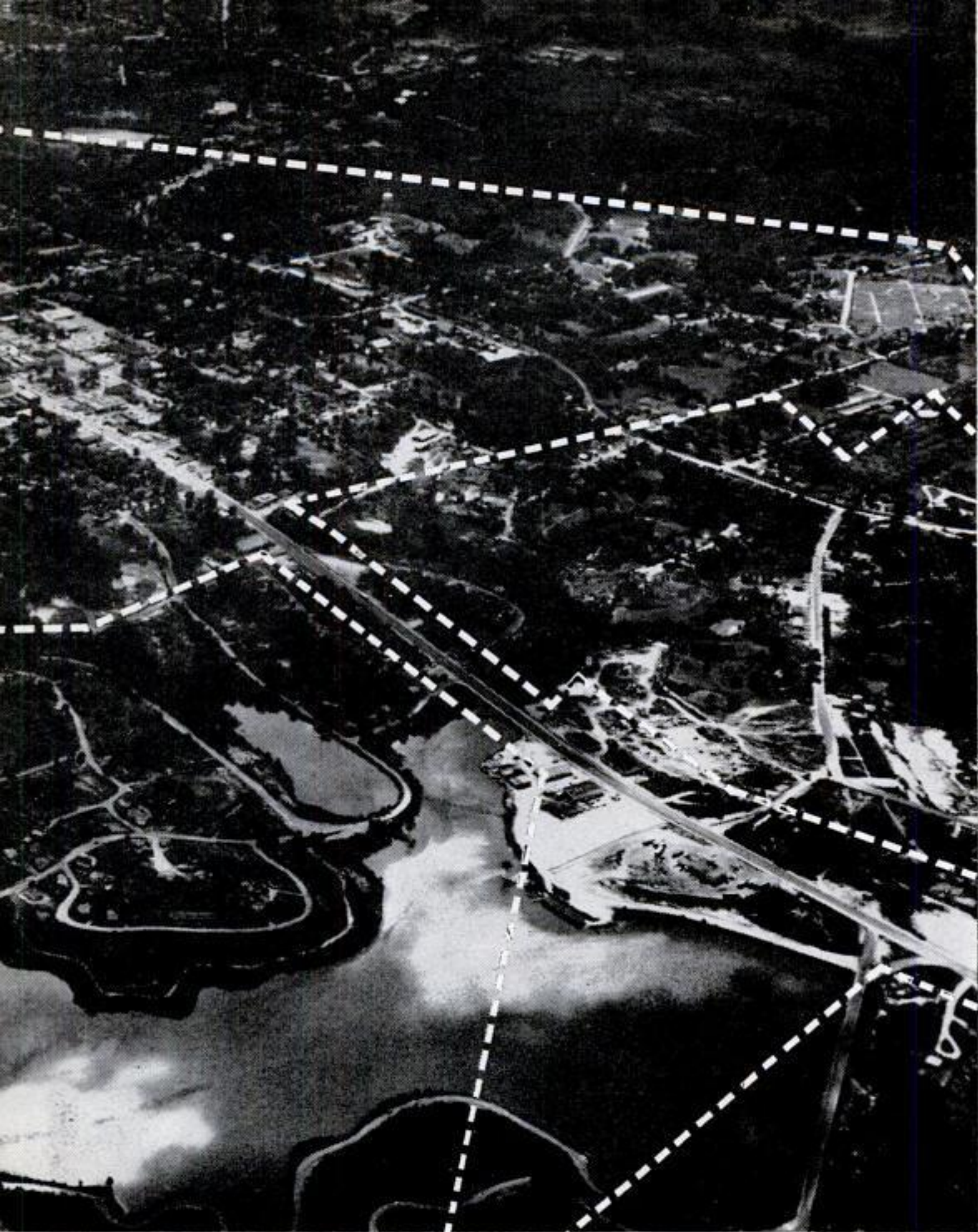


WHITE SUPREMACIST, Sam Englehardt, says, "Without [the bill] there would be bloodshed."



NEGRO LEADER, Tuskegee dean Charles Gomillion, asks, "Why should Tuskegee move backward?"





STEADY STREAM of buyers lines up at Negro-owned store. Negroes boycotted white groceries, five-and-dime stores, a theater and cleaning establishments.

← **THE "NEW TUSKEGEE"** consists of area within dotted lines in aerial view. It includes the main business district (*center*), white residential areas at left and upper right center and a business strip at lower right. Newly excluded from the city because it is Negro is Tuskegee Institute (*cluster of buildings, top right*).



A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



FIVE-STAR STATUE

In Seoul, Korean sculptors are modeling a big 13-foot statue of General Douglas MacArthur. With funds raised by South Koreans, it will be cast in bronze and stand at Inchon Harbor, where MacArthur's troops had landed in 1950.

A MAN WHO LIKES FIRES →

When Buffalo's Lakeshore Playhouse burned last April, volunteer fireman Albert Zimmer (third from left) fought the blaze. Last week police arrested a firebug who admitted that he started the fire and nine others. It was Zimmer.



INSTEAD OF B & K IT'S K & B

Russia's two traveling salesmen, Bulganin and Khrushchev, used to be billed as B & K. But last week, as they passed the statue of Saint Wenceslas in Prague on a barnstorming tour of Czechoslovakia, the billing had changed to

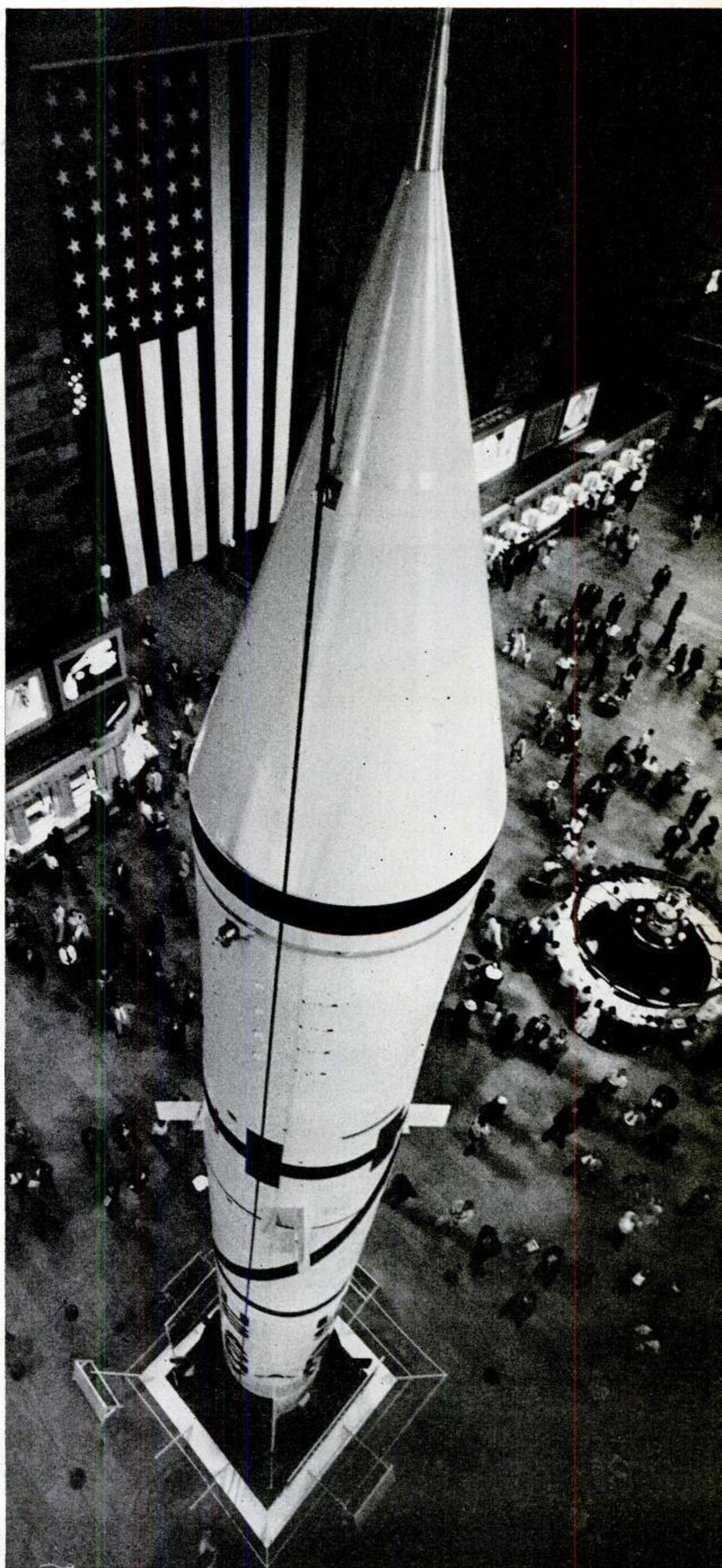
K & B. Khrushchev, firmly entrenched as the U.S.S.R.'s top boss after the purge of his rivals (LIFE, July 15), waved from the front car. Czech President Antonin Zapotocky sat behind him, while Bulganin brought up the rear.





A MOTHER AND DAUGHTER REUNION

Happily reunited for the first time in six years, Ingrid Bergman and her daughter Jenny Ann Lindstrom, 18, enjoyed an evening at Paris' famous Lido nightclub. The first three days of their reunion were spent in seeing the sights of Paris. Then mother and daughter, who had been separated by Ingrid's marriage to Roberto Rossellini, were off for a month in Italy.



A MIGHTY MISSILE SHOWING

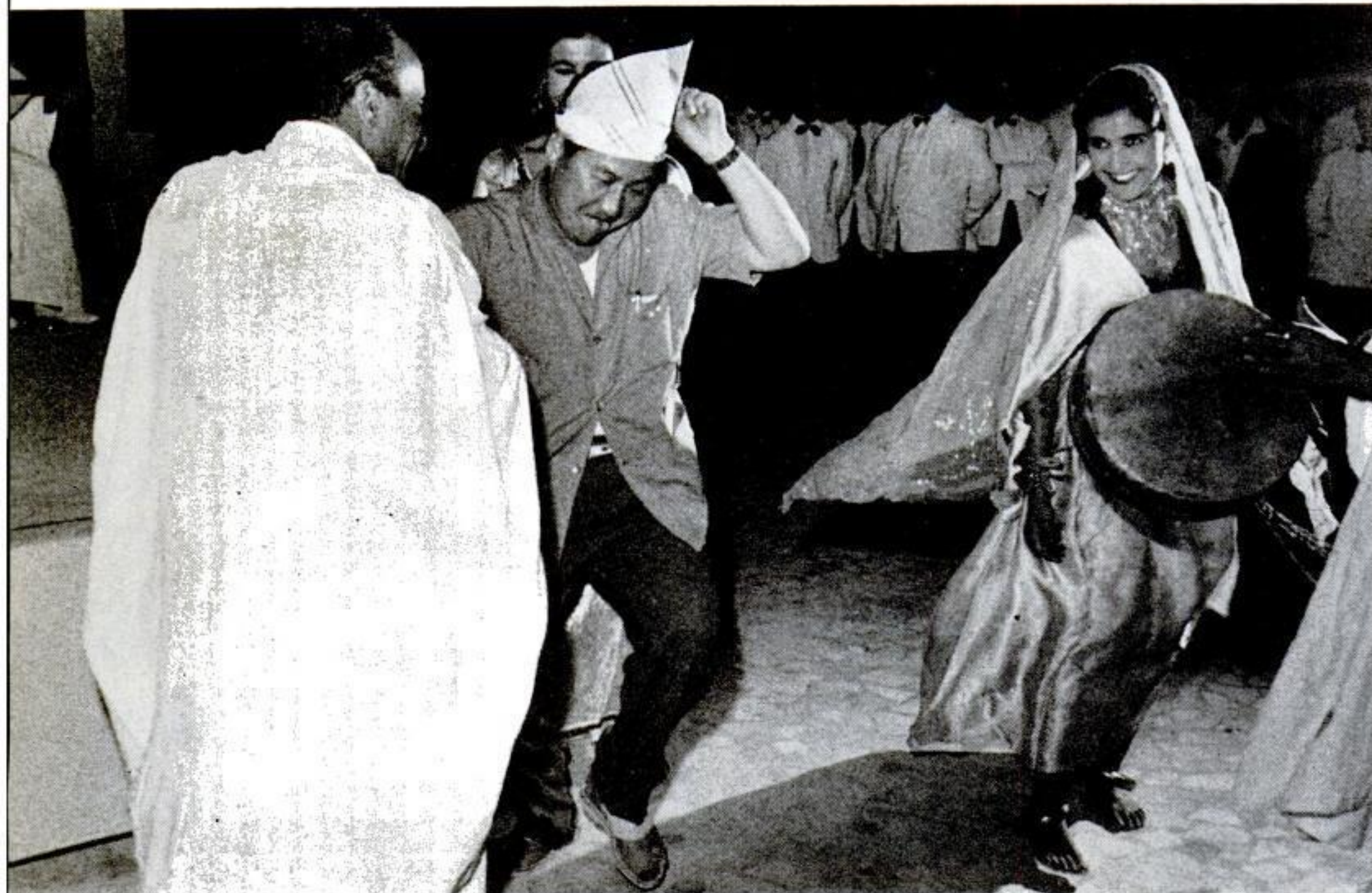
In New York the Redstone missile of the U.S. Army and the largest operational weapon of its kind in the free world poked its shiny nose up toward the ceiling of Grand Central Terminal. It was being displayed for three weeks as a salute to International Geophysical Year. It weighs five tons, is 63 feet tall and required two days' work by 14 men to set it up.



HOST, Tunisian Premier Habib Bourguiba, greets widow of Tunisian labor leader assassinated in 1952.



NATURAL ENEMIES, Algeria's Rachid Abdel Aziz (left), France's Robert Bothereau, chat peaceably.



NIMBLE FOOTWORK is exhibited by Korean delegate Kim Joo Hung at a party between sessions. The

dinner and entertainment by the oriental dancers (right) were furnished by the Tunisian host union.



FRANK AMERICAN, William Schnitzler, denies official I.C.F.T.U. sanction of Algerian propaganda.



IRRITATED ALGERIAN, Abdel Aziz, protests decision, asks conference to circulate rebel pamphlets.



NIGERIA'S LEWIS AGONSI SURVEYS MEETING HALL

LABOR GRABS A

World meeting offends France

To win the workers of Africa and Asia, the world's organized anti-Communist labor last week deliberately dealt itself in on the explosive issue of colonialism. The occasion was the conference of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, representing 55 million workers from the U.S. to Indonesia. Making a frank appeal to the pride of nations also being wooed by Communism, the I.C.F.T.U. braved the blazing Tunisian heat to meet in the newly independent North African city of Tunis. And in a bow to nationalism it took up as its



TO LOCATE HIS SEAT FOR THE OPENING SESSION

HOT NEW ISSUE

with vote for Algerian rebels

main topic Algeria's rebellion against France.

The conference brought together delegates from 130 unions and 93 countries and presented some strange and potentially disruptive contrasts. On hand were delegates of both France and Algeria and Irving Brown, the ebullient, peripatetic European ambassador of America's A.F.L.-C.I.O. Brown, barred from Algeria for supporting the rebels, worked hard for passage of a resolution calling on France to grant self-determination to her insurgent colony. The motion passed, with only France abstaining.

LIVELIEST FIGURE AT THE MEETING—AMERICA'S IRVING BROWN



ENJOYING JOKE during a lull in conference, shirt-sleeved Brown guffaws at remark by fellow delegate.



ORATING, Brown urges conference to raise "an effective voice" in winning independence for Algeria.



COOLING OFF, Brown (second from left) takes a dip and a sip in a hotel pool. With him (from left)

are Thorleif Andersen of Norway, Morris Novik of A.F.L.-C.I.O., Pat Somerset of Screen Actors Guild.

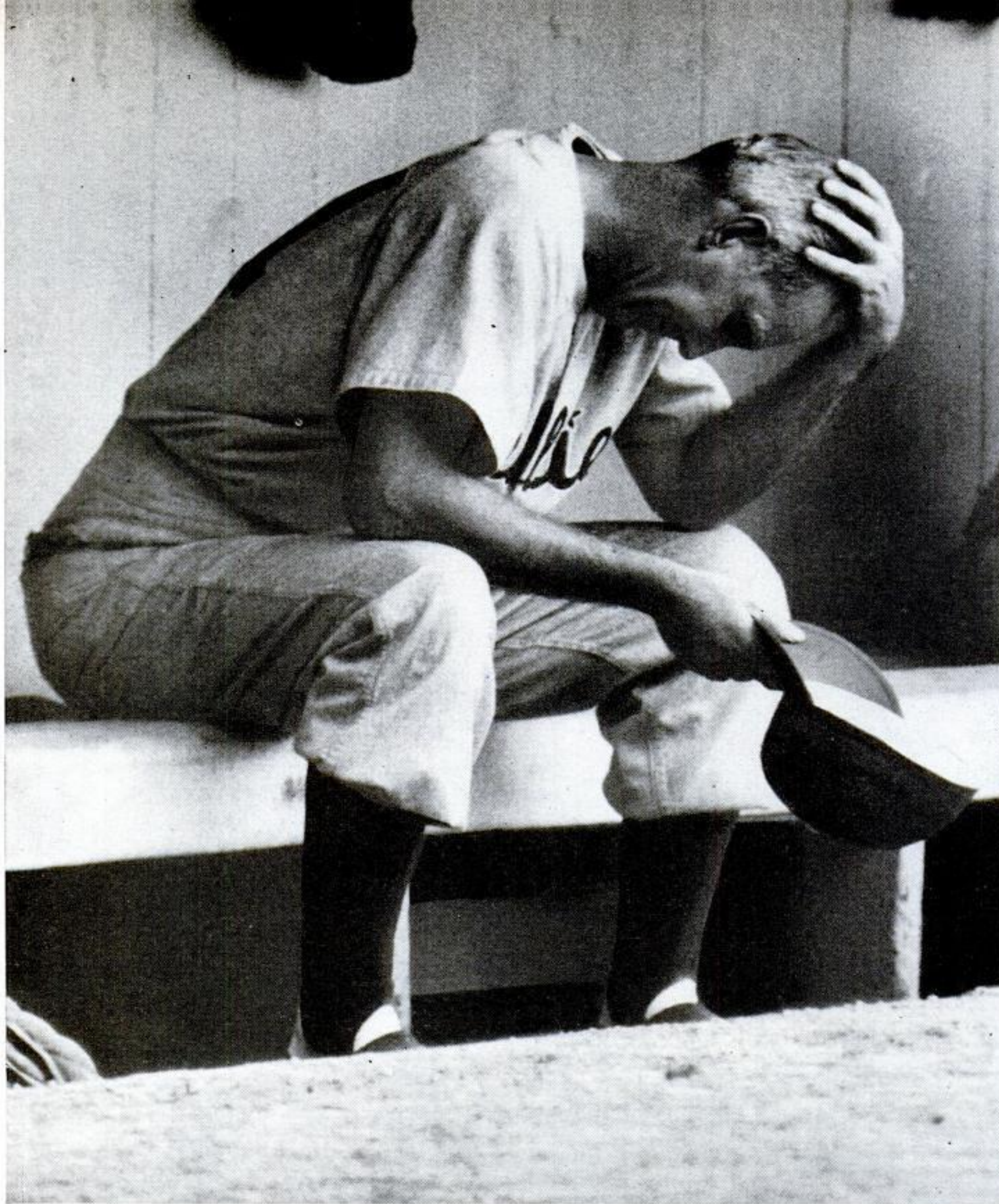


UNRULY FRACAS in the National League is shown in all its rousing intensity by Cartoonist Willard Mullin. With a lowly Cub and Pirate peering in from the

door and the often troublesome Giant staring from the end of bar, "proprietor" Warren Giles, National League president, gleefully watches the five contenders

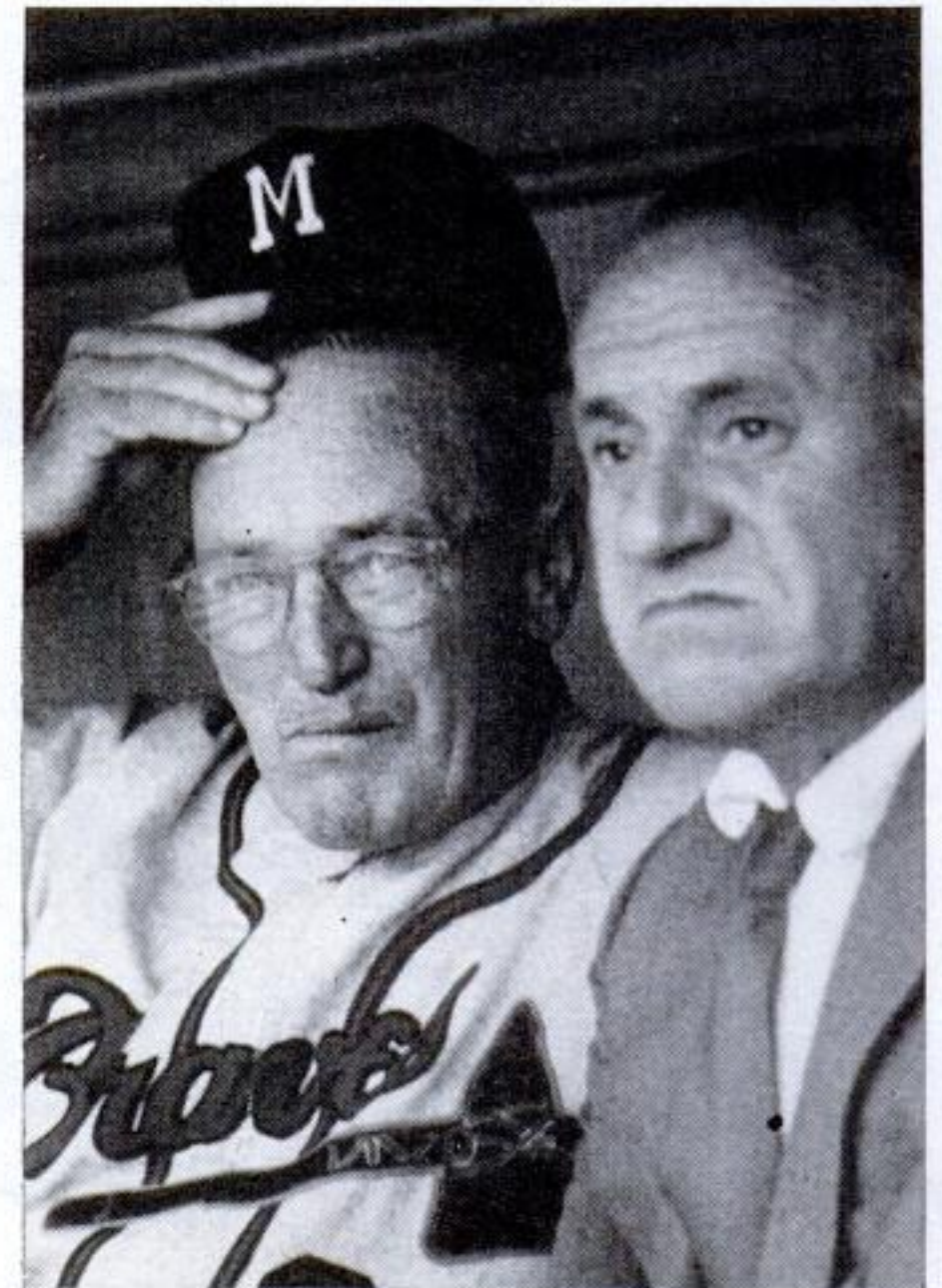
THE BIGGEST BRAWL OF ALL RAGES IN NATIONAL LEAGUE

Although the National League specializes in down-to-the-wire races, never had so many teams excited so much genuine baseball pennant fever so early in the summer. Almost since opening day five clubs—Milwaukee, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Cincinnati and Philadelphia—have been embroiled in a seething battle for the lead, and baseball fans watching the raucous free-for-all have been both exhilarated and



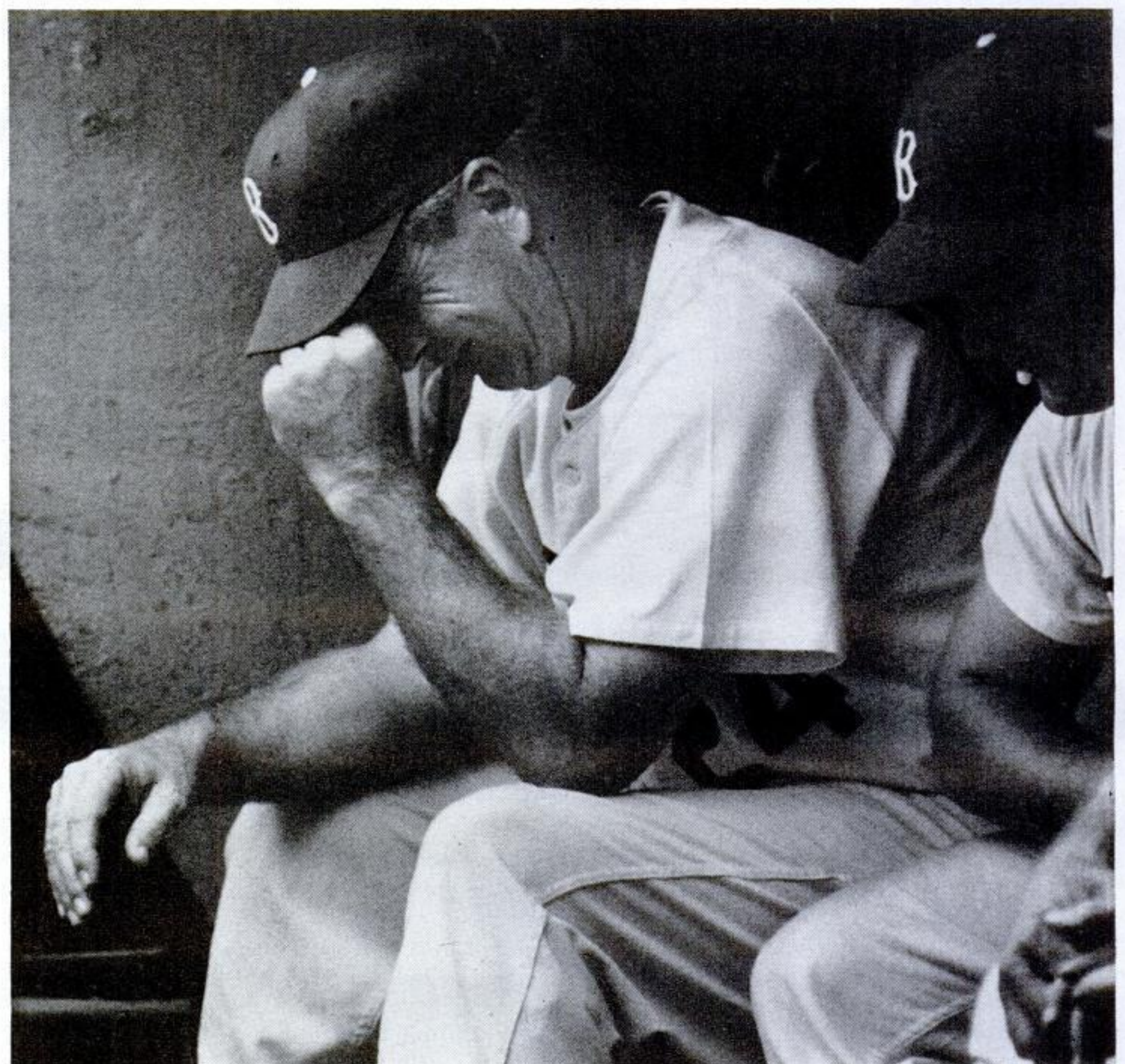
Biggest Brawl CONTINUED

A TIME OF TORMENT FOR FIVE MANAGERS



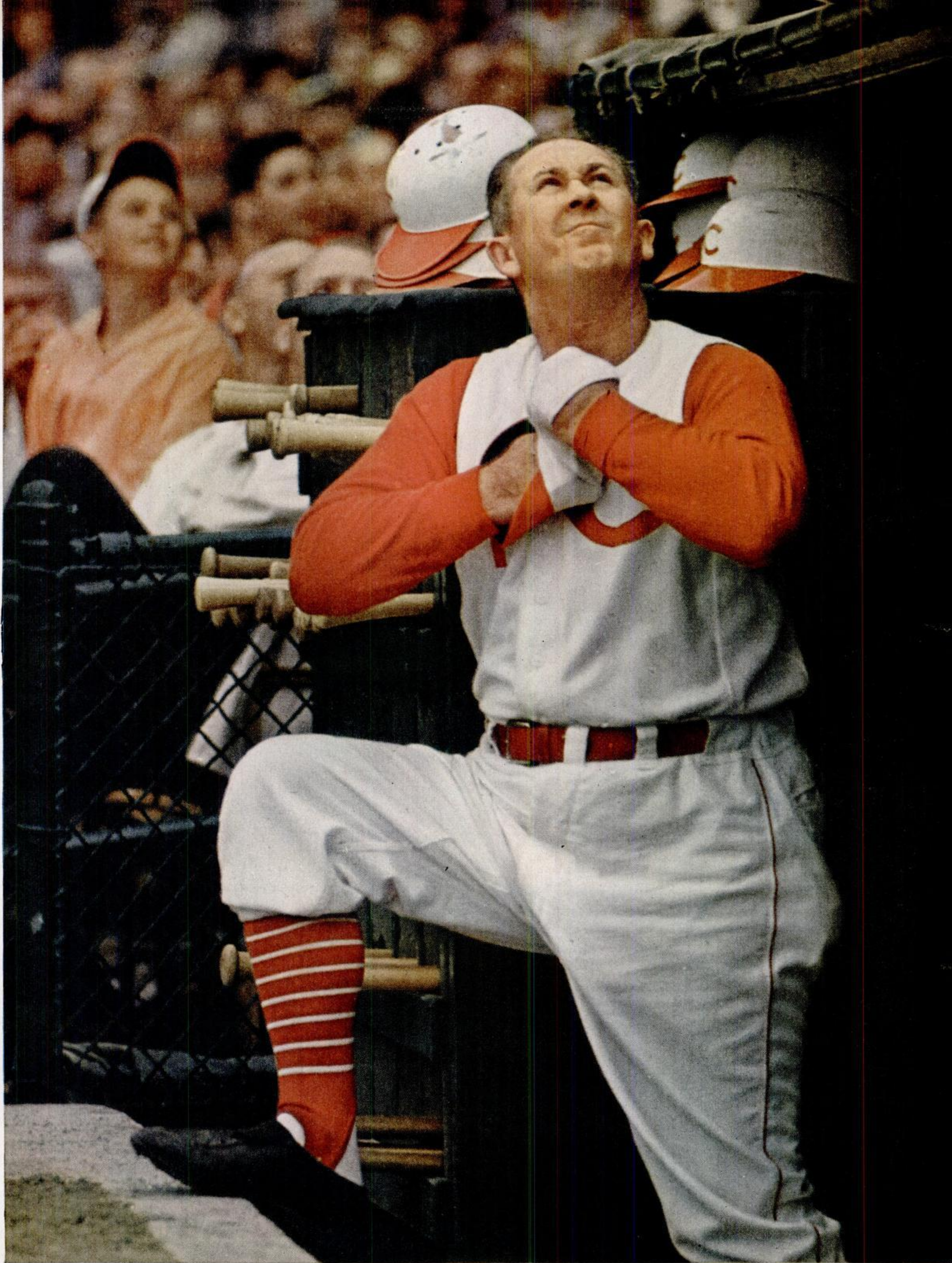
PUZZLED BRAVE Manager Fred Haney discusses team's chances with Owner Lou Perini before game.

← **DISGUSTED PHILLIE** Mayo Smith holds his head as team fails to break late-inning tie with Dodgers.



HOPEFUL CARDINAL Fred Hutchinson stands up as base hit brightens St. Louis chances in 1-0 game.

SUFFERING DODGER Walter Alston sits dejectedly during afternoon when the Dodgers lost, 9-4.



FIDGETING REDLEG, Manager Birdie Tebbetts twists his cap as he watches a foul ball sail into the grandstand. Tebbetts, whose team has spent most of the

season exchanging first place with the Milwaukee Braves, says, "There's nothing very difficult about managing a first-place club. But it's hard to manage a loser."

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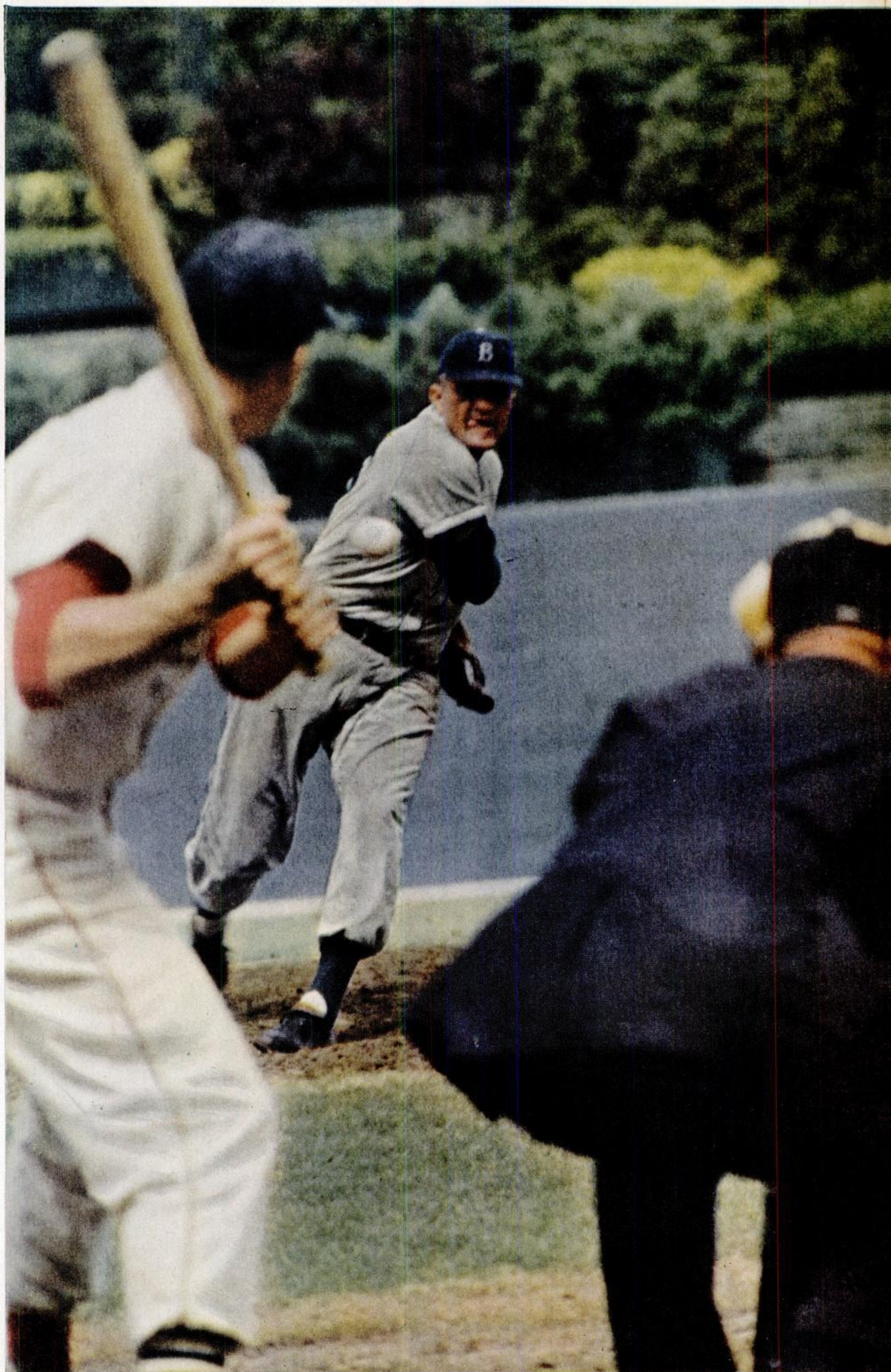




BUSY BASE PATHS in a Redlegs-Phillies game are cluttered as Don Hoak stretches for first and Phillies' First Baseman Ed Bouchee stretches for high throw from Shortstop Fernandez (*background*) who has forced Burgess (7).

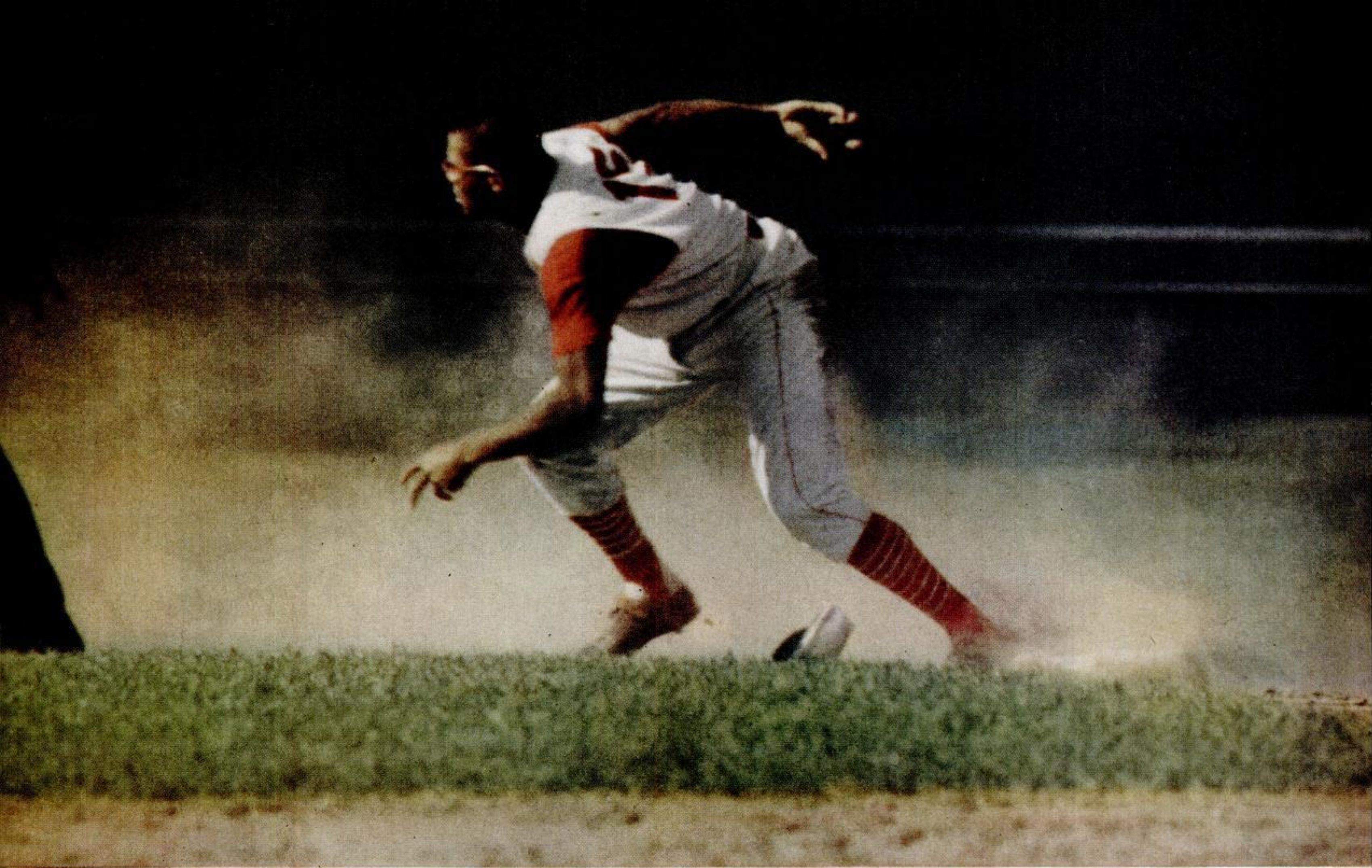
BEARING DOWN, Don Newcombe of the Dodgers bites tongue as he throws strike to Cards' Ken Boyer. At 31, Newcombe is the hard-luck work horse of the crack Brooklyn staff.

← **ROOKIE ON SPOT,** 18-year-old Von McDaniel of the Cards' pitching brothers (*LIFE*, July 8), whips the ball from the mound. He won first four games, permitting only 14 hits.



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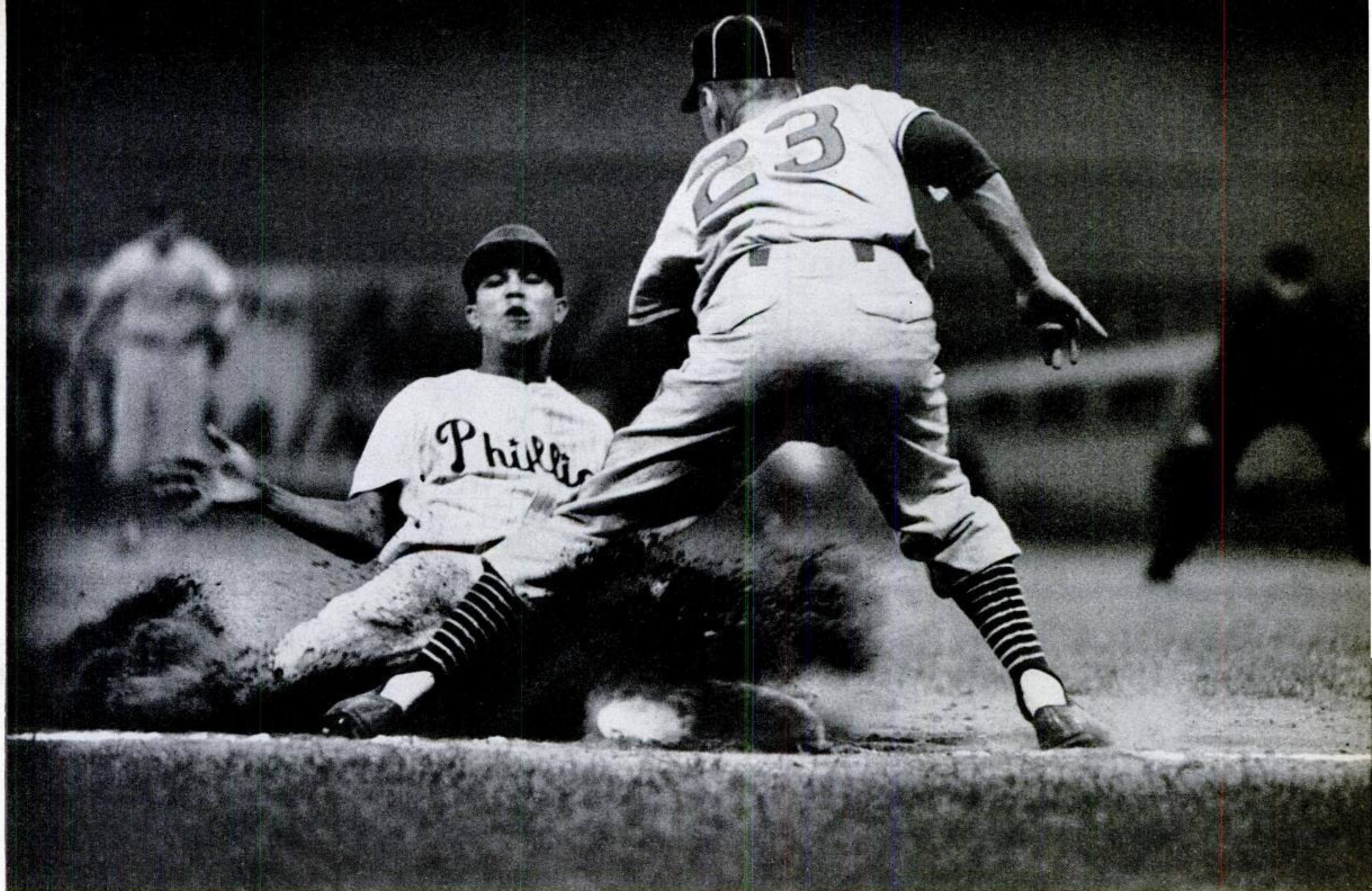
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SCRAMBLING for third, Reds' George Crowe takes extra base on error after hitting double. A sub for Ted Kluszewski, Crowe has fielded and hit so well that the team has hardly missed its slugging first baseman.



DIGGING for first, Redleg Bob Thurman watches the ball as he drives down the base line. A 34-year-old handyman, Thurman plays in the outfield and pinch-hits. Four of his first seven pinch hits were homers.



PHILLIE THIEF, Chico Fernandez, goes boldly into third ahead of throw to Cubs' Jerry Kindall. Fernandez' speed—he stole three bases that day—helps make Phils a scrappy, hard-running club.

BRAVE STAR, Henry Aaron, keeps eye glued on the ball as he gets set to swing. A beautifully coordinated hitter, Aaron had hit 27 home runs at All-Star game break. He also led in average and RBIs.



INFIELD MIX-UP develops as Giant Coach Henrich (*center*) protests Card infielder (not shown) missed tag on Valmy Thomas (*left*) in starting double play.

But while Umpire Gorman calls batter out at first, Umpire Burkhart waves Thomas out for running off base line and Stan Musial and Al Dark (11) leave field.

AS RACE TIGHTENS, OLD FEUDS ARE FANNED INTO BITTER FIGHTS

The temper of the pennant race showed up most spectacularly in the petty quarrels that incessantly developed into fist-flying brawls. Players were quicker than ever to use their favorite weapons—spikes and the bean ball—to settle old feuds and provoke new ones. Last week a season-long wrangle between Brooklyn and Cincinnati erupted into a bruising fight

(*below and opposite page*). The Dodgers have accused Redleg Pitcher Raul Sanchez of throwing at them. The Reds replied that Brooklyn pitchers had been ordered to do the same. When Jim Gilliam lured Sanchez into a private duel the battle was on. In the turmoil Cincinnati firebrand Don Hoak, who has taken delight in tormenting old Dodger teammates,

was flattened by Charlie Neal. Hoak's threats of revenge were so strong League President Giles had to warn him into silence.

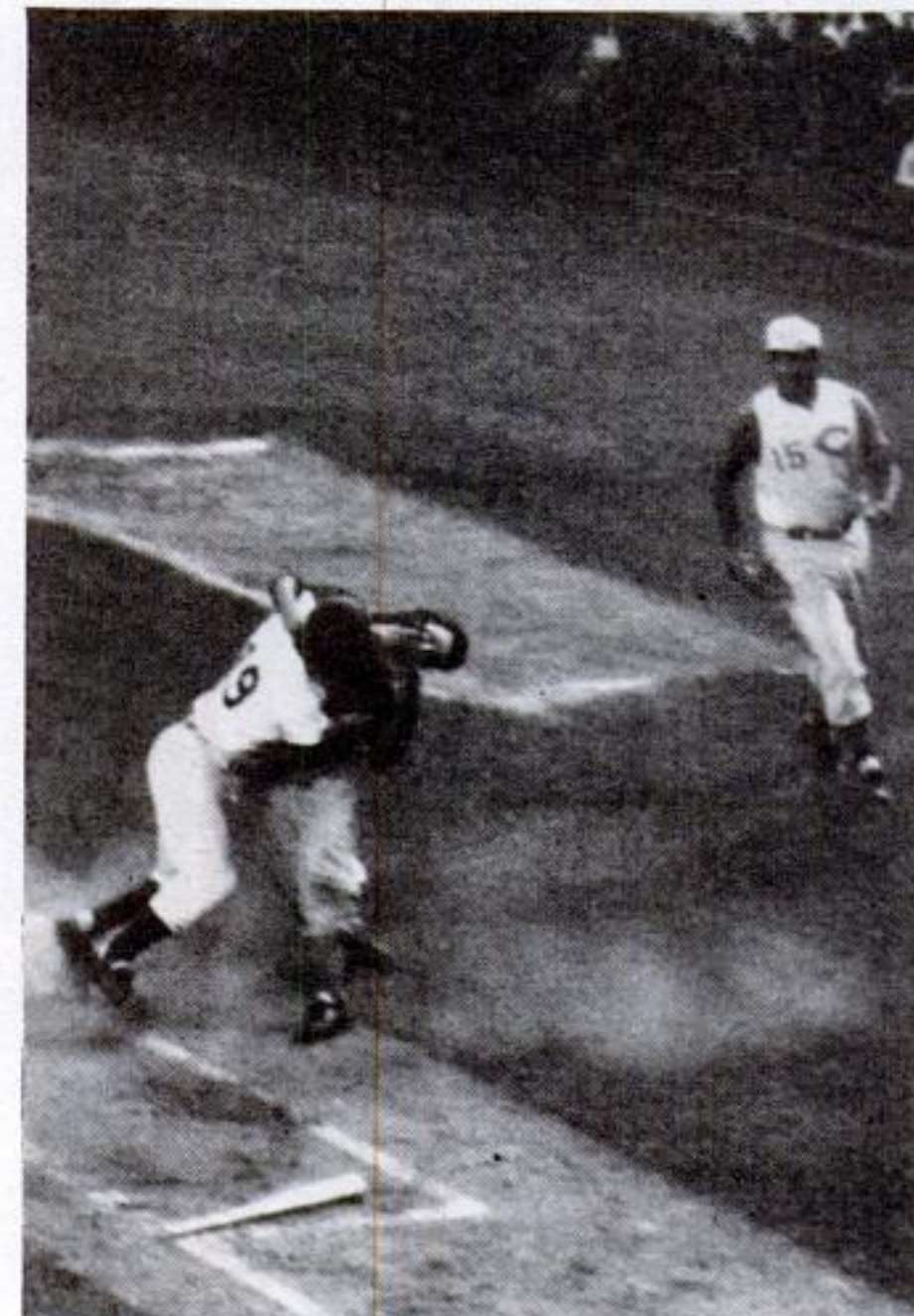
Cincinnati Manager Birdie Tebbetts, looking to more hot-tempered days later in the season, offered a simple suggestion for settling red-necked disputes: "The other players ought to form a circle and let them fight it out," he said.



PROVOKING FIGHT, Dodger Jim Gilliam (19), who earlier had been dusted off by a pitch, deliberately slams into Redleg Pitcher Raul Sanchez who has



raced over to field bunt (*left*). Ignoring ball, Sanchez spins around and struggles with Gilliam as Cincinnati First Baseman George Crowe approaches the pair.





BATTLE BROILS as Redleg Crowe (15) and Roy Campanella (39) of Dodgers grapple with Gilliam and Sanchez (*see opposite page*). Meanwhile Dodger Charlie

Neal (43) leaps on the back of Don Hoak. Hoak, who claimed he was trying to break up fight when Neal hit him, later pursued Neal toward the Brooklyn dugout.

GIRARD AND THE LARGER PROBLEM

The case of Specialist Girard raises issues which the Supreme Court did not go into in its decision last week. They are not only old issues of the rights of citizens under our Constitution but newer and tougher ones: how we adapt our domestic institutions to our increasing involvement with the rest of the world.

Girard now faces a trial for manslaughter in a Japanese court. His plight has aroused so much sympathy that a few congressmen wish to run an investigation. If they do, here is what we think they would discover:

- ▶ That Girard is very lucky to be in the hands of a Japanese court instead of a U.S. court-martial.
- ▶ That the status-of-forces treaties, under which the Girard case arose, are highly advantageous to the U.S. and all who wear its uniform.
- ▶ That to change or denounce these treaties, as aimed at by the Bow resolution in the House, would impair our foreign relations and set back the cause of international law and order by a good several years.

When Girard accidentally killed a Japanese shell scavenger during maneuvers in Japan, the case fell in that borderline area of our treaty where either the U.S. or Japan could claim jurisdiction and either could waive it. The Japanese claimed it partly in response to Communist agitation and we waived it, also for dubious reasons. Thus the case got off on two left feet, but Girard himself stood it on its head by claiming a constitutional right to a court-martial.

This is a strange right for anyone of sound mind to claim. The purpose of a court-martial is to enforce military laws whose primary object is military discipline. But justice itself is the object of the civil law in any civilized country, including Japan. Moreover, the general experience of our servicemen in foreign courts, at least since the basic status-of-forces treaty was negotiated in 1951, is that foreign justice is heavily dosed with leniency towards Americans. In 4,437 such trials last year, only 286 accused Americans got jail sentences, and 178 of these were suspended. By the terms of the treaty, every one of these accused, including Girard, is guaranteed a fair and speedy trial, the right to counsel and interpreters, the right to subpoena his own witnesses and confront his accusers, and the right to maintain communication with his government, which invariably has an observer at the trial. These are more rights than civilian American tourists

are normally assured, let alone the natives of some of the countries in question.

In 1900 the Democrats made an election issue of their claim that "the Constitution follows the flag"—meaning into the Philippines and Puerto Rico. After that election (which the Democrats lost), the Supreme Court made a series of decisions on the question. For example it ruled that although the flag protects the natural rights of all Americans, procedural rights (such as trial by jury) are something else again. It was after one of these cases that Mr. Dooley made his famous crack, "No matter whether th' Constitution follows th' flag or not, th' Supreme Court follows th' election returns." The present court, normally so much more sensitive to civil liberties than to election returns, could find no constitutional issue in the Girard case. It is a case where the election returns—i.e., popular sentiment—ought to follow the Supreme Court.

Quartering troops on friendly soil has always raised tough problems in international relations. The fact that George III's troops were out of reach of our colonial courts on serious charges, and given "mock trials" by the British army instead, was one of the grievances listed in our Declaration of Independence. Nor would we tolerate it today if foreign soldiers quartered here, however friendly, were immune from our laws. We have 700,000 servicemen stationed in some 49 countries. To immunize them against the laws of these countries would be imperialism as bare-faced as George III's.

"Renegotiate the treaties or withdraw the troops," cries Congressman Bow of Ohio. This is to confront U.S. policy with a false choice of evils: imperialism or isolationism. A major problem of U.S. foreign policy today is precisely to avoid this false option; to prove that the power of a free democracy can flow throughout the world without taking imperial form.

Unlike the Declaration of Independence, the U.S. Constitution is not an article intended for export. But its spirit can be exported and its spirit is the reign of law and reverence for law. These are scarcely made more popular abroad by pretending that the U.S. has a monopoly of justice. They are extended rather by just such achievements as the status-of-forces treaties, which while holding our allies to the most rigorous standards of justice that diplomacy can negotiate, observe the oldest of human laws, those governing the relationship of guest and host.

MORE STEPS TOWARD EUROPEAN UNITY

It is a pleasure to be able to salute the French for a political achievement. The National Assembly has voted French adherence to the Common Market and Euratom treaties, thus making virtually certain two long steps toward European unity.

Only three years ago these same French killed the European Defense Community, the big unity plan of 1952-54. What made them change? France itself has changed somewhat; its internal prosperity, as evidenced by new record production statistics last week, has made French industry a little more willing to face a competitive market. But what has not changed is the irresistible logic of the unity movement itself, and the rightness of those prophet-leaders—Churchill, Adenauer, Spaak, Schuman, the late de Gasperi and the rest—who have kept working and talking, with the tide or against it, toward this goal. Said Sir Winston Churchill as the French vote was taken, "My message today to Europe is the same as it was 10 years ago—unity."

Like a slow flood over uneven land, the unity movement has spread by curling around obstacles and filling the valleys

first. The British, whose Commonwealth ties long kept them in two minds about joining Europe, have at last decided there is no real conflict; they will associate themselves with the European Common Market by way of a larger Free Trade Area. And as the obstacles, whether technicalities or timorities, dwindle and vanish one by one, the scope of the vision grows. Said Prime Minister Macmillan last week, "Twice in a generation Europe has torn itself apart in bitter, internecine struggle. In those fierce conflicts the nations have not hesitated to use every ounce of power that could be dragged into the battle, and by this means they have largely destroyed or at any rate threatened the supremacy of the Western civilization. Many of our present troubles really flow from the loss of authority which followed the demonstrations to less advanced peoples of the civilized areas of the world destroying each other." It is in this spirit of penance, and of hope for the revival of Europe's political vigor, that the Europeans are hacking away at their national trade restrictions. Every stroke is a sign of rebirth.

NEW! ITALIAN STYLE SPAGHETTI WITH 6 MEATBALLS



SALUTE! 6 beefy meatballs (count 'em) . . . new thin-strand spaghetti . . . and a saucy, seasoned sauce that speaks Italian fluently. Plan to serve seconds. It's that good.

FRANCO- AMERICAN



New Styleside bodies—standard at no extra cost! Biggest in the half-ton field. New wider body makes side-loading far easier! Available in 6½- and 8-foot sizes.

FORD...America's biggest pickup body at no extra cost!

Here's styling with a purpose! The sides of Ford's new Styleside bodies are built out even with the sides of the cab to give you up to 23% more loadspace! Ford's Styleside is the biggest half-tonner built and it's standard at no extra cost!

But low first cost is only the beginning of the savings you get with '57 Ford Trucks. Modern Short Stroke engines, with new higher compression, are designed for low running costs. Rugged new durability features everywhere contribute to longer truck life. And the resale value of Ford Trucks is traditionally high.

For a truck that's modern through and through . . . for a truck that costs you less . . . see your Ford Dealer!

NEW Cab—new inboard cab-step, Hi-Dri ventilation! Roomier, stronger!

NEW Super Filter Air Cleaner—Stops 90% of dirt other cleaners miss!

NEW Ride—all-new suspension with new rubber-cushioned springs!

NEW Choice of five half-ton pickups, including the new Ranchero!

NEW Power Advances—New higher compression! Only Ford offers modern Short Stroke V-8 and Six!

NEW Stronger Body—welded, all-steel construction plus husky box-section corner reinforcements!



Popular Flareside body style is also available in 6½- and 8-foot sizes. New clear through: new cab, new chassis, new power advances!

THE BIG FLEETS BUY MORE FORD TRUCKS THAN ANY OTHER MAKE BECAUSE...

FORD TRUCKS COST LESS

... LESS TO OWN
... LESS TO RUN
... LAST LONGER, TOO!



IN 1947 THE HEARTY, 240-POUND AGA KHAN, THEN 69, JOKED AS THE DUTCH ARTIST VAN DONGEN PAINTED HIM IN COSTUME OF THE MOSLEM SPIRITUAL LEADER

A FABULOUS LIFE ENDS WITH A SURPRISE WILL

Aga Khan names Harvard man as his successor

The Aga Khan was everything an oriental potentate should be: a prodigious good liver who in 79 years enjoyed the best of all possible in two worlds—East and West. In the East he was spiritual leader, or Imam, of 10 million Moslems of the Ismaili sect, claiming descent from Mohammed's daughter Fatima and the Eighth Century prophet Ismail. He was also president of the All-India Moslem League which led to the creation of Pakistan. In the West he was a mysterious figure whose statesmanship was obscured by the gossip created by his racing stable, which won five English Derbies, and his fashionable life at 50-odd villas and estates in three continents. But the statesmanship was real: he dined with Queen Victoria; he got off a sickbed in Zanzibar in 1914 to rally Arab support to the Allies; and he served as president of the League of Nations Assembly.

The Aga Khan was indeed one of the wealthiest of men. As a potentate he inherited an enormous fortune and annual duties from his people. Ismaili Moslems in Bombay and Mombasa heaped anniversary gifts of gold, diamonds and platinum on scales to balance the Aga's great weight. He turned back the proceeds, along with 90% of his annual tribute, to establish universities and hospitals for his people. As a Moslem he was entitled to four wives and he took them—one at a time.


Last week, shrunken to 132 pounds, the Aga Khan died in Geneva. The choice of a successor apparently lay between his sons, Prince Aly, 46-year-old playboy and onetime husband of Rita Hayworth, and Prince Sadrudin, 24. But when the Aga's will was opened it contained a surprise. It named as 49th Imam of the Ismailis Aly's son Karim, 20, a junior at Harvard and member of the Hasty Pudding Club as well as the Moslem League.



THE NEW AGA KHAN, a shy six-footer who maintains a straight A average in oriental studies at Harvard, chats with Jill Weldon at a party in London this year.

LET'S EAT OUTSIDE

*Barbecue Hint:
Turn meat only
once while grilling.
Score edges of meat
so it won't cup.*



The
Finest
Orange
Soft
Drink
Ever
Made!

MADE FROM REAL ORANGES

Aga Khan CONTINUED

RELIGIOUS LEADER, FAMILY



YOUTHFULLY SLIM at 33, the Aga Khan attended a British sports event in India in 1910 as the president of All-India Moslem League.



WITH GANDHI in London, the Aga planned strategy for attempt to win Indian self-government at British round-table conference in 1931.



SPORTSMAN, Aga Khan paraded horse, Mahmoud, the third of his five Derby winners at Epsom Downs after 1936 win against 100 to 8 odds.



ROYAL GUEST, the bejeweled Aga Khan left London hotel with the third begum for 1936 coronation of George VI in Westminster Abbey.

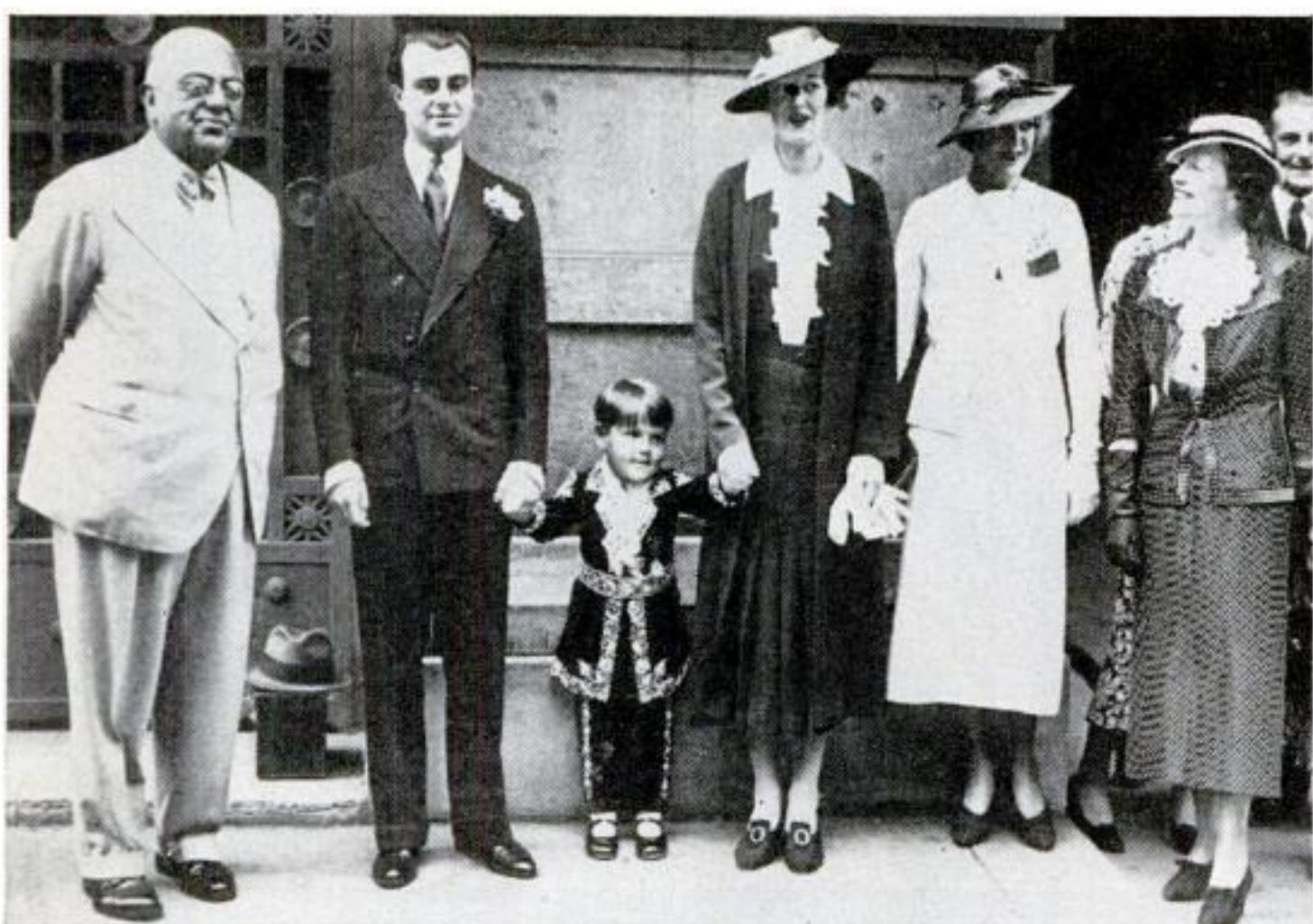


GIFT FROM SUBJECTS, his own weight in diamonds, balanced the Aga on Bombay scales in 1946. His 243½ pounds brought \$2.2 million.



FOURTH WIFE, "Miss France of 1932," wore an Eastern sari, which she preferred to dresses. His favorite costume was a light Western suit.

MAN, STATESMAN, SPORTSMAN



AT SON'S MARRIAGE in 1935, wedding party outside Mosque of Paris included (from left) Aga Khan; bridegroom Prince Aly; 2-year-old Prince Sadruddin; the English bride Joan Barbara Yarde-Buller; bridesmaid and Aga Khan's third wife. The marriage produced Prince Karim, the new Aga Khan.



STATESMAN in 1937, as president of the League of Nations Assembly, the Aga Khan and third begum received Indian delegates in Geneva.



MOSLEM TRAPPED during World War II in Switzerland, Aga Khan mounted hotel balcony in public at Geneva, to face Mecca for prayer.



GRANDDAUGHTER Yasmin, age 6 months, daughter of Actress Rita Hayworth (right) and Prince Aly, is cuddled by delighted Aga in 1950.



BIRTHDAY DANCE was performed by Yasmin for the Aga in 1955 as he turned 78. She visited him this year, but he was too ill to recognize her.

CONTINUED



You get 25 times the skin-soothing properties of plain lanolin in **williams** GOLDEN YELLOW Shaving Creams. For they have **not** just lanolin but rich **Cream** of Lanolin

Remarkable Shaving Discovery GOLDEN YELLOW shaving creams

Why Golden Yellow?

because they have Williams' unique Cream of Lanolin. It has 25 times the skin-soothing properties of plain lanolin.

Here's a great *new* advance in shaving comfort—*Cream of Lanolin*. This concentrated lanolin has 25 times the skin-soothing properties of plain lanolin. It keeps the lather moist much longer. And it keeps your razor from direct contact with your skin. Williams' lanolin-rich creams won't soap away natural skin oils . . . actually help keep them from being shaved away. Get Williams today.

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Instant Lather 79¢
Lather Cream 60¢
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When you spray **NEW REAL-KILL Bug Killer**

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New and improved REAL-KILL Bug Killer kills roaches, ants, spiders, silverfish, scorpions, flying moths, flies, mosquitoes, and hundreds of other insects.

LONG-LASTING... REAL-KILL kills the bugs you have now...kills others that hatch out or come into your home even weeks later!

STAINLESS... Won't stain wallpaper or finest furnishings. No lingering odor!

Get REAL-KILL in handy Push-Button can or economical bottle NOW.



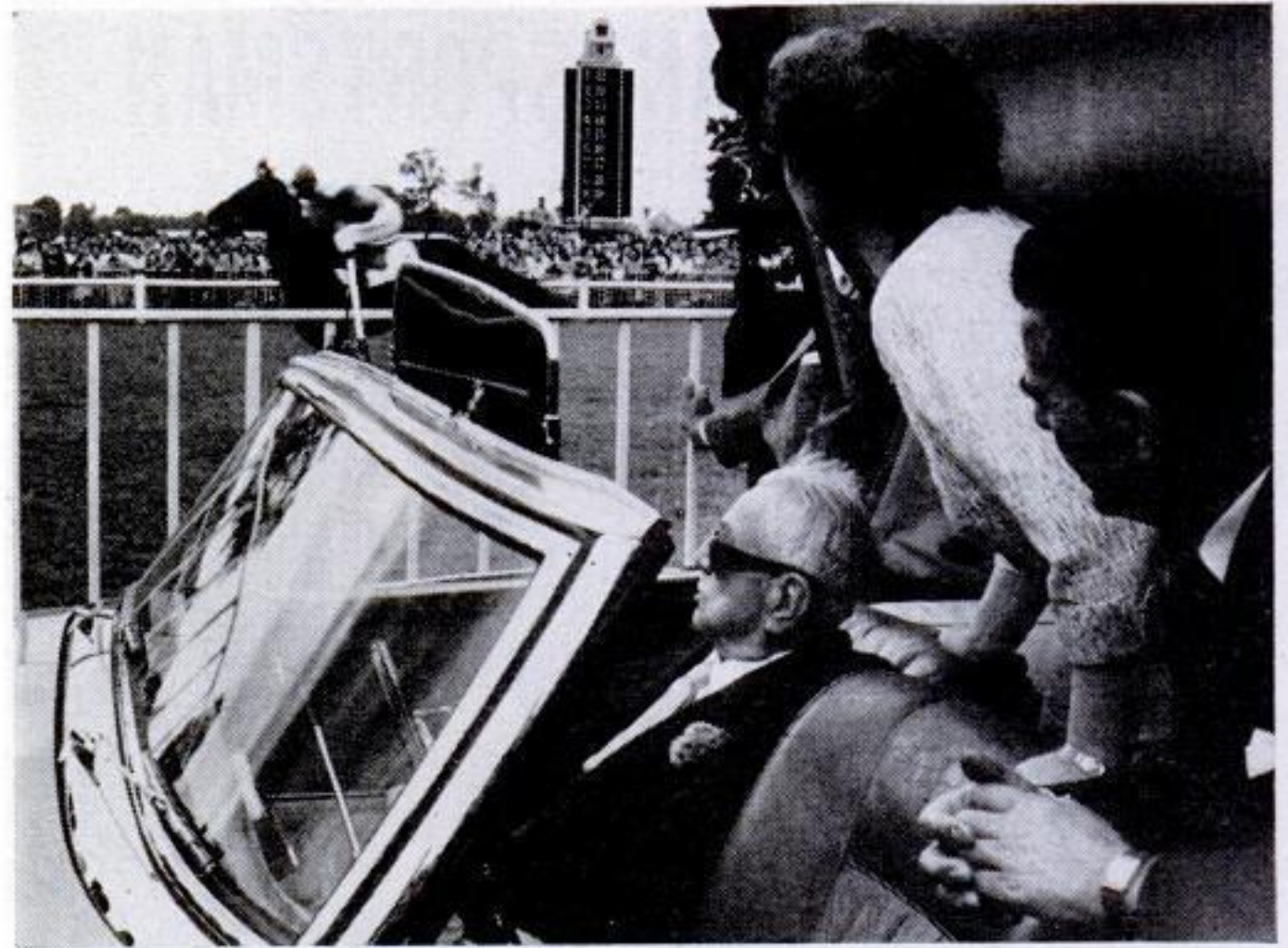
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There's a REAL-KILL Product for Every Bug Problem

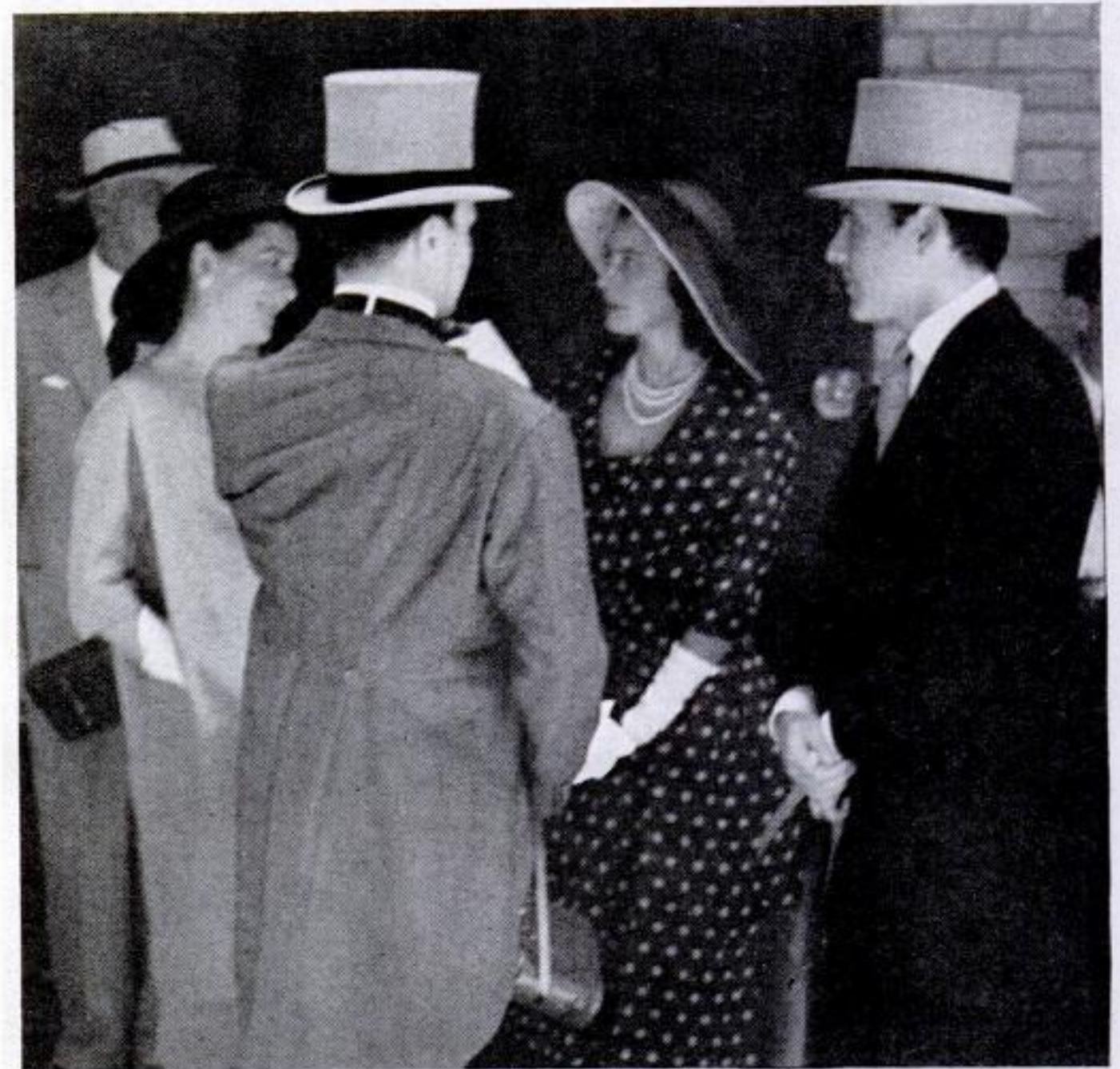
FREE! Informative 24-page booklet "Bugs and How to Kill 'Em".

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Aga Khan CONTINUED



THE LAST RACE the Aga Khan was to see his horses run, the 1957 Prix de Diane at Chantilly, is watched by him from car. His horse Toro Tun ran third.



AGA'S TWO SONS, Aly (left) and Sadruddin, attend Paris races this year with their new brides-to-be, both models: Aly's Bettina (left), and Nina Dyer.



HEIR AND ALY, Karim (left) and his father, leave old Aga's villa in Versoix near Geneva, hours before his death on day before Karim was named Imam.



Brownie Movie Camera, $f/2.7$ —world's most popular movie maker!

From Kodak! A precision-built Brownie Movie Camera for only \$29⁹⁵

Now you can take color movies at
snapshot cost—and with snapshot ease!



And here's another great movie maker—the Kodak Brownie Movie Camera, Turret $f/1.9$. It takes all three movie views—regular, wide-angle, and telephoto—at a twist of the turret. Three-lens range at a one-lens price. Complete, \$79.50—or as little as \$7.95 down. No extra lenses to buy or attach!

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"Let's Make Movies" gives simple facts about home movie making and equipment. See your Kodak dealer, or mail coupon to:
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SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET

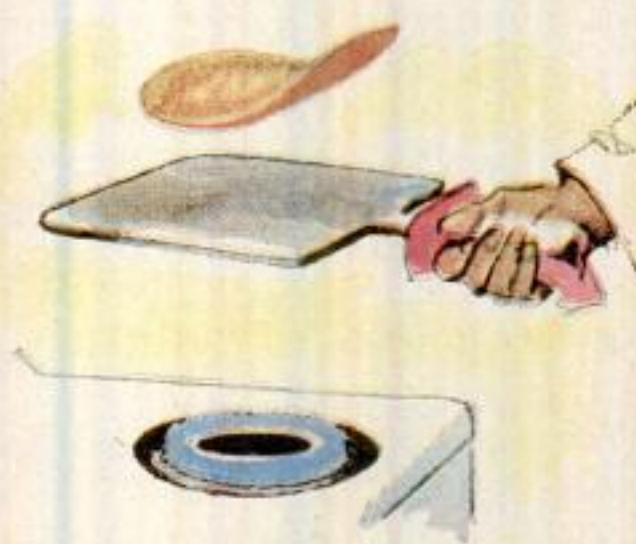
F is for

Father Fixit! And Daddy does. Today's Dads, freed from yesterday's 12-hour day, have time to be with their kids—to lead, to share, to comfort, to fix. One reason: machines powered by oil have cut man's work week in half.



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Tell somebody he's "cooking with gas" and he'll beam. Ask any cook and she'll tell you why. Baking, boiling, roasting, frying—you name it. It's quicker, easier with gas, natural or bottled (if bottled—Shellane, we hope).



Flower

If, like Ferdinand, you like to sit and sme-l-l-l the flowers—you detest the pests that get to your plants first. Smart gardeners beat 'em to it with one of the new insecticides using Shell dieldrin or aldrin. (Smart gardeners like *you*.)



OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

Foram These tiny animals, dead and buried millions of years, are brought to the surface while drilling for oil. They have a story to tell, if you can understand their language. These *foraminifera* (full name) tell the geologist how close he may be to finding oil.



Fuel



Our world moves on oil-based fuels—fuels that are constantly improved. Take today's regular grade of gasoline: it's as good as the premium of 7 years ago. Although even a one-octane jump means a huge refinery expense, your gasoline (excluding taxes) has gone up only two cents since 1950.

Foundation

This year Shell Companies Foundation, Inc. will provide 52 fellowships and 20 research grants to 43 colleges and universities. *Plus* 90 summer fellowships for high school teachers. For more than twenty years, grants from the Foundation and the Shell companies have helped contribute to basic scientific knowledge, helped to develop vitally needed teaching talent.



Fun Spotted all over the vastness of North America are the loveliest lakes and most verdant valleys you've ever seen. But you can't breathe that piney air from a chair. Get out—take the family camping. By car—by Shell, too, we hope.

Four corners

It's the spot where Utah, Arizona, Colorado and New Mexico meet. Here, Shell, after many years of costly exploration, made one of the most important oil finds in a decade. It's changing the desolate face of the desert and improving living standards of its Navajo owners.



Four needs

Food, clothing, shelter, health. For the first time in history, we seem able to supply our families with these necessities. And oil research played a big part: in foods and vitamins, the clothes we wear, even the asphalt-shingled roof over our heads.



Find a better way. Thousands of Shell scientists live by this simple credo. Every day, in laboratories and plants throughout North America, they try out new ideas, new techniques to bring you more of the good things that come from oil.

Three latest examples: new "glues" that replace rivets in bonding metal to metal in jet bombers, a new resin to treat cotton fabrics that helps them hold their shape after washing, a heavy-duty motor oil with a "built-in thermostat" that makes it the perfect all-weather, all-season oil for your car. At Shell, one out of every 16 employees is engaged in research. A lot of people—a lot of reasons why Shell means the sign of a better future for you.

Sign of a better future for you
THE SHELL COMPANIES





STEPPES AND YAKS, shaggy animals in the foreground, characterize a land where grazing supports

THE DISTANT LAND OF GENGHIS KHAN

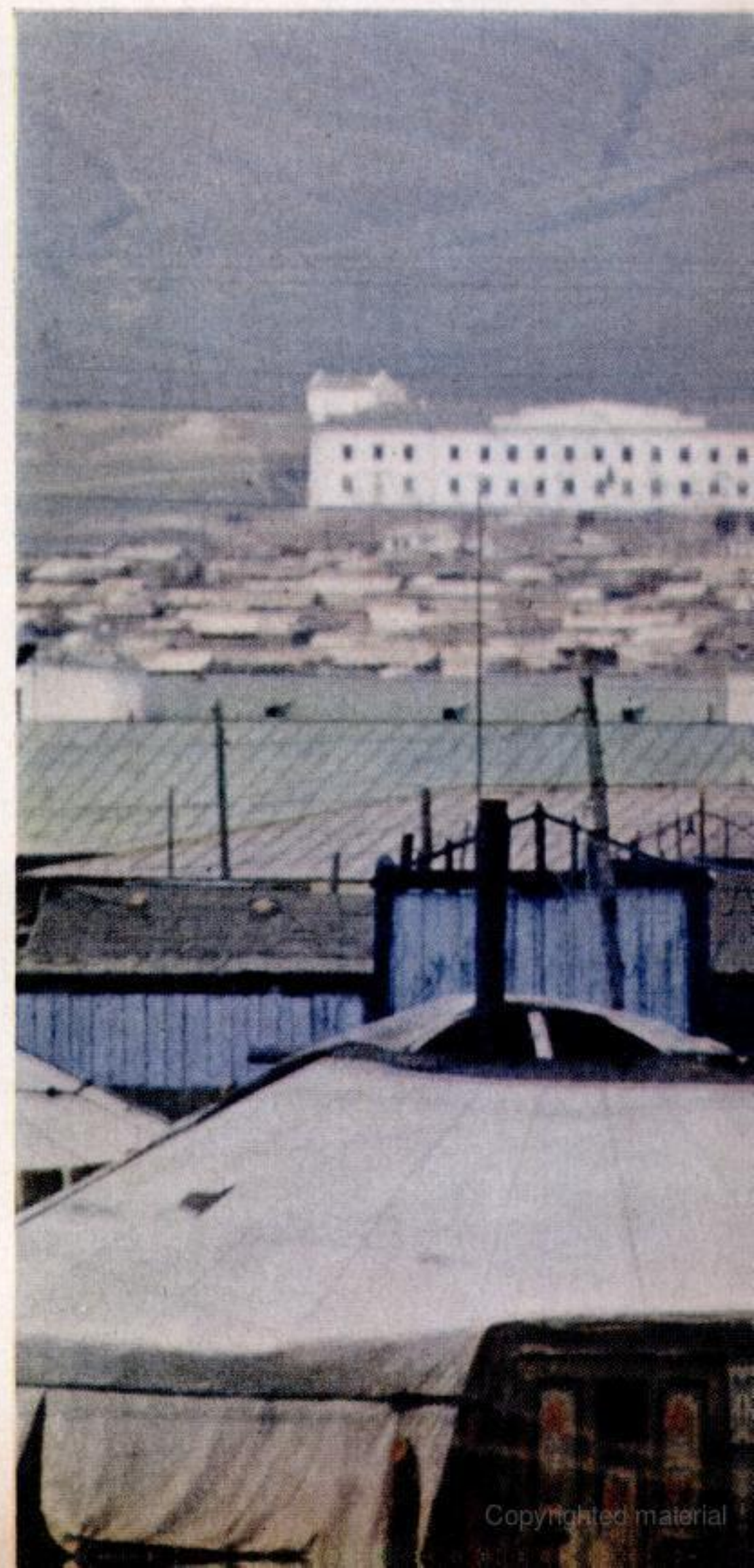
**Despite its modern trappings as first Red satellite
Outer Mongolia clings to the ways of a nomadic past**

In deepest Asia, touching on the Gobi Desert, lies a land so lost to the ken of Western man that only 11 Americans are known to have seen it in a dozen years. Last summer, meeting the ambassador of Outer Mongolia in Moscow, LIFE Photographer-Correspondent Lisa Larsen told him that she was fascinated by his remote nation. Within three weeks she was granted a visa. Two nights and days eastward across Siberia by Ilyushin airliner, she reached Outer Mongolia's capital, Ulan Bator (Red Hero).

She spent a fortnight in the land which, in 1921, became the world's second Communist nation and first Red satellite. Proud party officials led her on tours of new factories, party festivals, collective farms and ponderous new stone buildings in the Russian style. They boasted that they had made the jump from

feudalism to socialism without a pause of capitalism. Their new ways included lipstick and Western dancing.

But out on the vast steppes, Miss Larsen found a bizarre contrast. Here the Mongolians, exchanging the nomad's greeting, "Have you traveled well?" followed their herds as they have for centuries. Welcoming her into tents, they gave her *kumis* (fermented mare's milk) and offered a choice between the eye or ear of a roast sheep. Speaking of the outside world, they said that both the U.S. and Russia were "pretty big countries." The Mongolians were, Miss Larsen thought, little touched by the trappings of modern Communism. They seemed as "hardy, unspoiled and superbly independent" as they must have been over 700 years ago when they were the warriors of Genghis Khan.



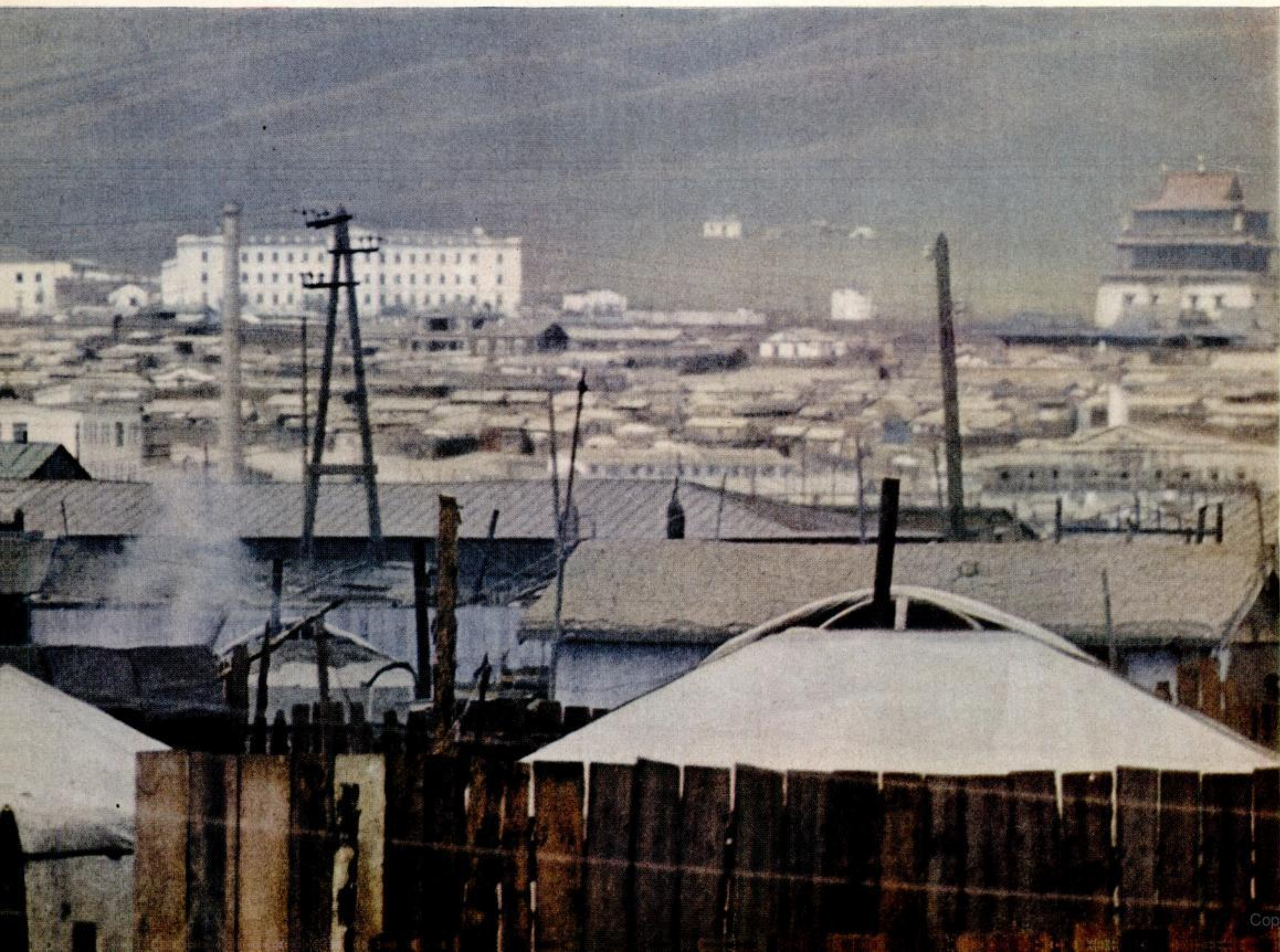
Photographed for LIFE by LISA LARSEN



75% of people and animals outnumber man 27 to one. Most roads are tracks like those shown here.

STONE AND YURTS, beehive-like tents, make contrast where Soviet influence brings monumental new

public buildings (*background*). Seventy-five percent still live in the canvas and felt yurts of forefathers.



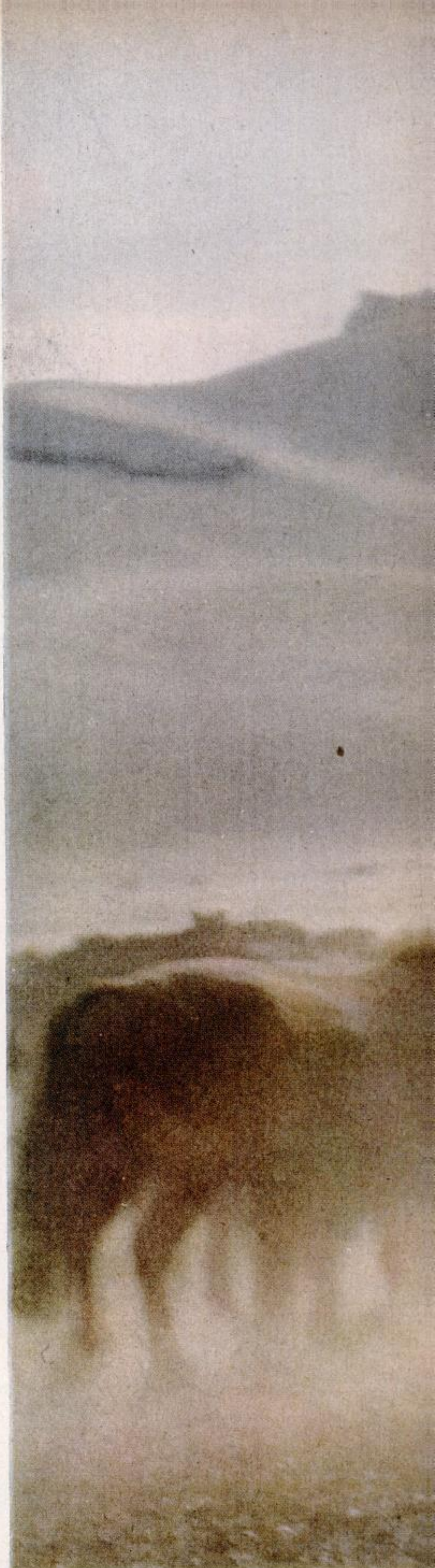


TRADITIONALIST, wandering herdsman, sets off for two months' summer grazing. He carries lasso on end of pole, leads two-humped camel loaded with family possessions. His wife follows astride pony.

MODERNIST, manager of a state farm, wearing a straw hat, proudly displays 7-foot corn raised in his second experimental crop. In the background stands a demountable yurt made of sticks and cloth.



RUSSIAN MACHINES, giant combines imported from Soviet Union, stand on grounds of state farm. New Russian aid program will include 550 such machines to help build up production of grain crops.



DRIVING HORSE HERD TO PASTURE, MONGOLIAN

RED MACHINES, ROVING PEOPLE



COWBOY CARRIES HIS LASSO LIKE A SPEAR. IT SERVES TWO PURPOSES, TO PROD RECALCITRANT ANIMALS AND TO CAPTURE THEM WITH THE LOOP AT THE END

Lying between the two Red giants, Russia and China, Outer Mongolia has become the beneficiary of an intramural Communist contest. Both vie for Mongolian favor with money and technicians. Since 1947 Russia has given over \$250 million (at inflated official rate) and has

now announced new aid of \$50 million. Last year China gave \$40 million and is seeking a foothold with more than 10,000 workers.

Outer Mongolia's Red leaders use the Russian machines—harvesters, trucks and tractors—to try to woo the nomads onto collective and

state farms. But although some told Miss Larsen they had joined the collectives "because we make more money that way," still more hold to the old ways. And even those who surrender to the temptations of a settled life go away in summer to wander with the herds.

CONTINUED



REVERENT LAMAS SIT cross-legged in facing rows praying for six hours daily in Ulan Bator's only functioning temple under strips of bunting donated by

worshippers. Discouraged and disinherited by Reds, these lamas are among only 300 survivors of a priestly class which once totaled one sixth of the population.

A RELIGION'S RELICS AND A RISING GENERATION



WORLDLY CHORISTERS, called to Ulan Bator theater for youth rally arranged by the Young Communist League, present a program of Mongolian folk music.

NEGLECTED BUDDHAS, some of 1,000 in an attic shrine of monastery near Genghis Khan's ruined capital of Karokorum, now are only museum curiosities.

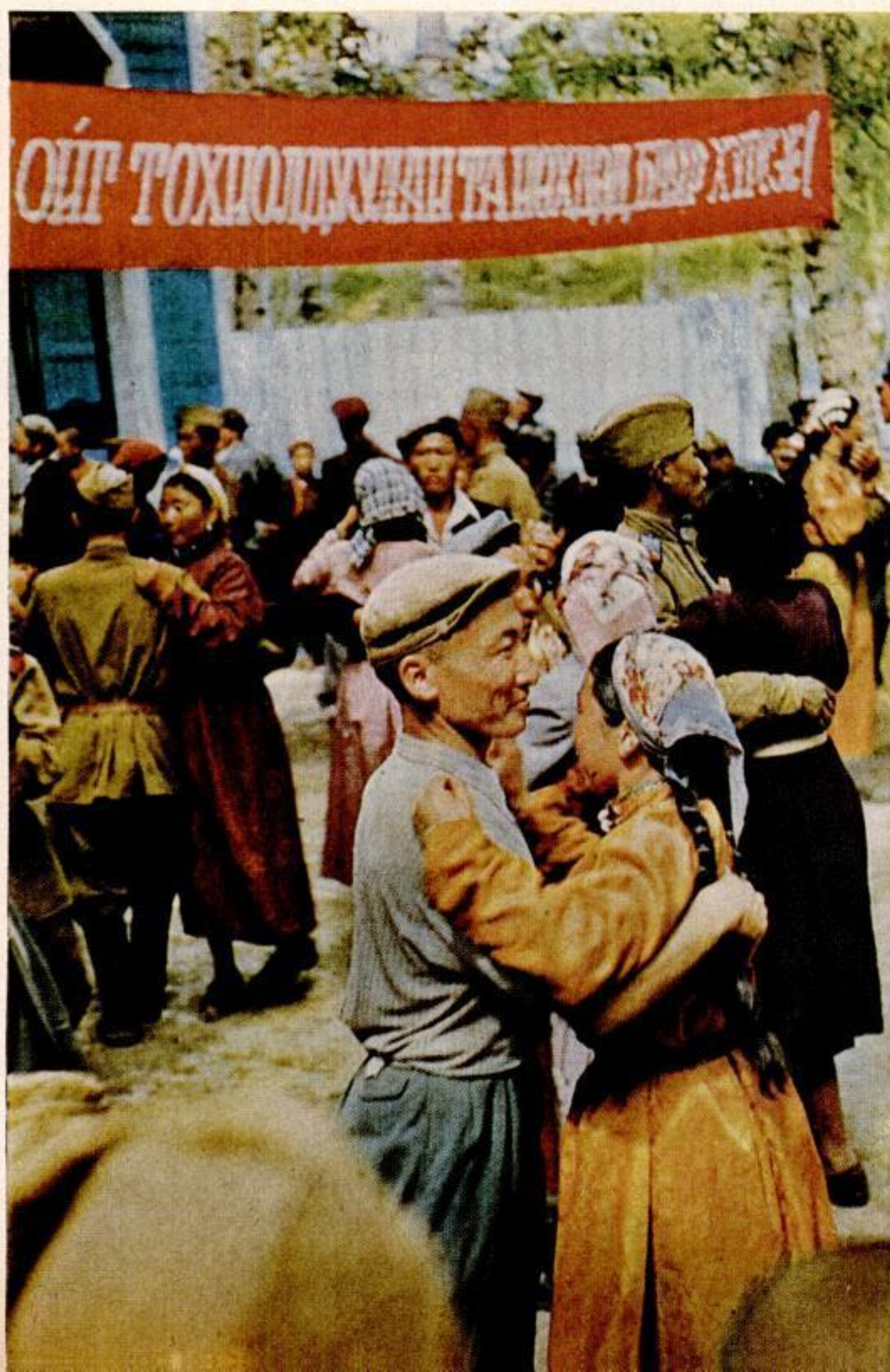


OUTER MONGOLIA CONTINUED

SPORT OF THE KHANS, DANCES OF TODAY



SONG FEST brings soldiers and girls together to chant party and union tunes from scrolls on trees. Song praises happiness, freedom and Red government.



← **DANCING PARTY** sees men and girls in each other's arms in Western style at a youth festival. A Slavic Cyrillic alphabet on the sign was adopted in 1946.



WRESTLING MATCH pits muscular amateur athletes in a contest with the object of throwing the opponent over shoulder to a landing on his knees. Here the

wrestler at left, wearing the traditional leather boots, shorts and sleeve jacket, maneuvers to get his opponent off balance by pulling his legs from under him.



No car "out-handles" the new kind of Ford

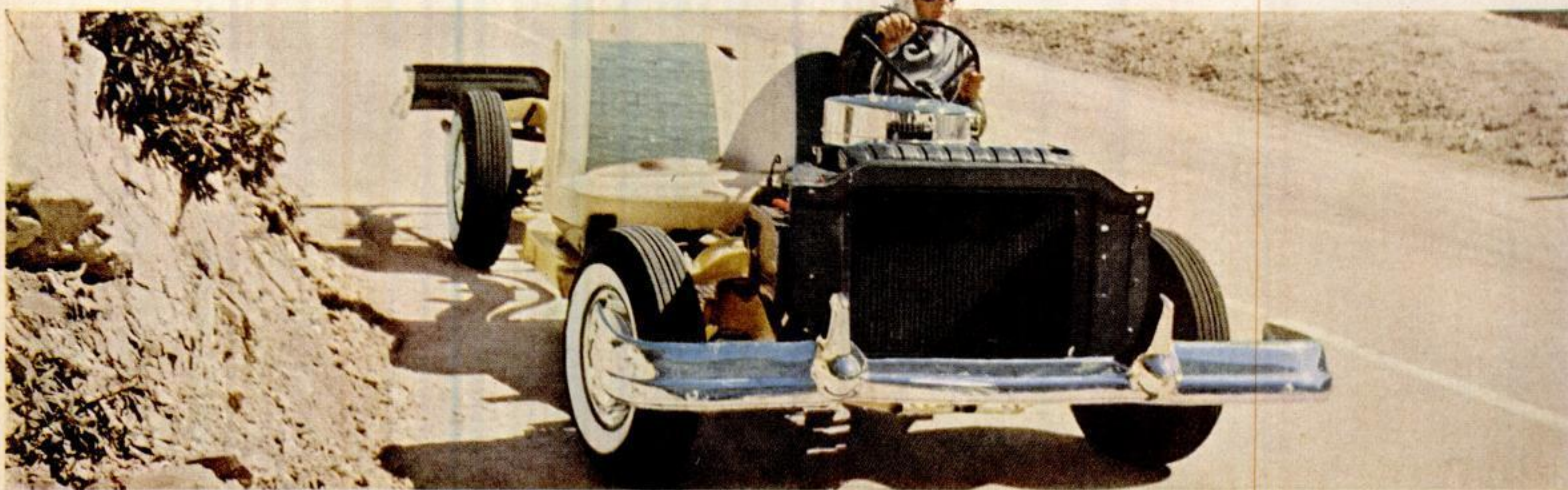
Strong claims demand strong proof. For proof of our claim—no car "out-handles" the new kind of Ford—take an Action Test in one of Ford's twenty-one action-packed models.

Start from a cramped parking space. Ford

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Turn to the highways. Ford sits the road rock-steady while you lounge in quiet, weather-snug

luxury. Now the byways. Curves are clear sailing for Ford . . . bumps are smothered beneath a magic carpet of comfort. Sit back and enjoy the scenery from the finest observation car on the road. The going's great . . . in *any* going!



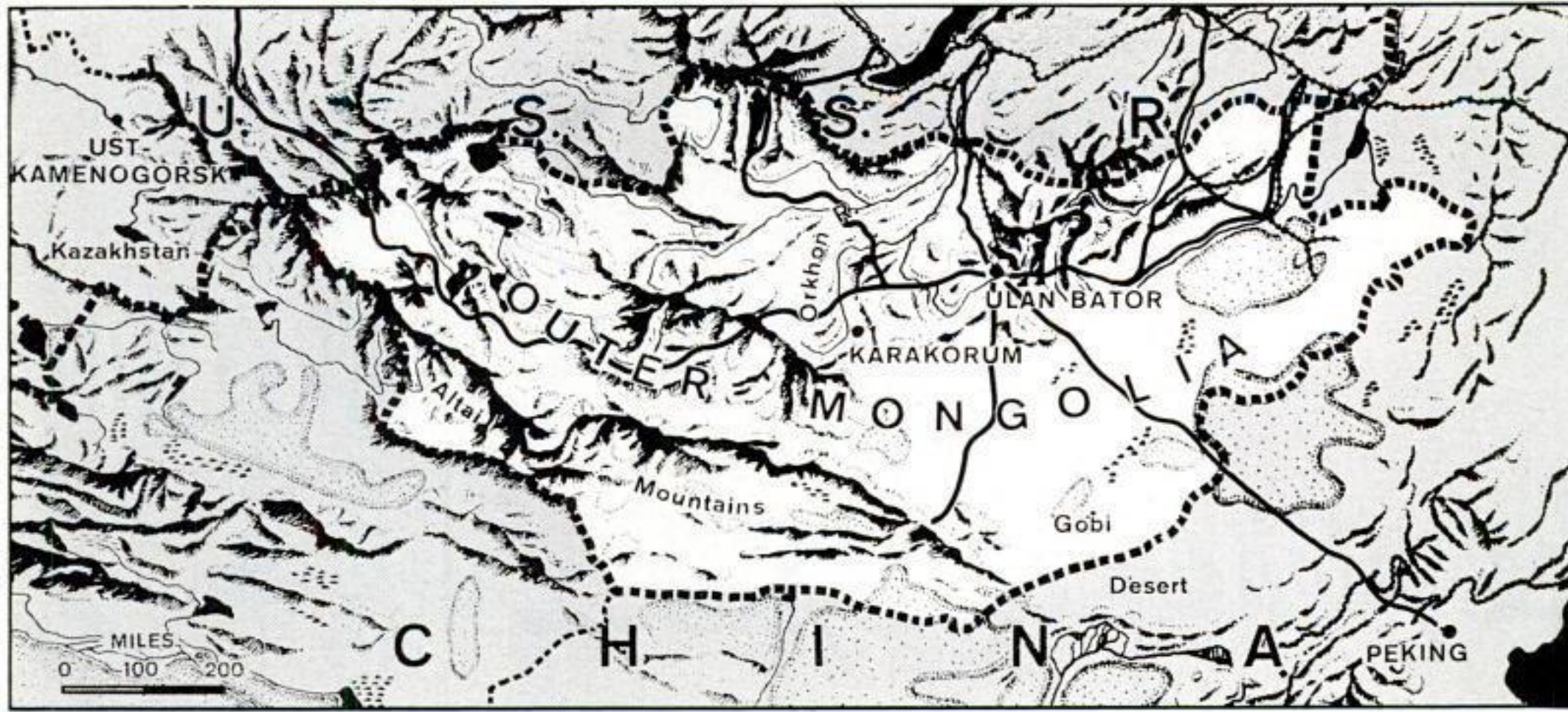
and the new "Inner Ford" is why!

Ford's delightful "road-ability" starts with a new full-cradle frame that lowers the center of gravity. New swept-back Ball-Joint front suspension rolls with the punch on bumps. New Level-Ride rear suspension keeps an even keel in the roughest going.

Power? Pick a Thunderbird V-8, available in all Ford models, or a Mileage-Maker Six . . . and you'll get one of the finest performing, most modern power plants going. See your Ford Dealer. Take an Action Test. Then ask the price. You'll love it!



gives you the fine car feeling
at half the fine car price



VAST SPACES, rising from Gobi to Altai and served by few roads or rails, are shown on map. Ulan Bator is present

capital and Karakorum was Genghis Khan's fortress. Ust-Kamenogorsk in Kazakhstan is Malenkov's place of exile.

BROAD AND EMPTY DOMAIN

Two years ago, when Outer Mongolia's Russian-sponsored application for United Nations membership was up for U.N. debate, a Western diplomat asked Russia's Ambassador Jacob Malik to name Outer Mongolia's capital. Malik, embarrassed, admitted he did not know it. The Westerner, who had looked it up in order to pull Malik's leg, triumphantly named it (Ulan Bator).

Only last week Russia's Nikita Khrushchev, looking for a place of exile sufficiently far away to keep ex-Premier Georgi Malenkov out of mischief, picked the environs of Outer Mongolia and assigned Malenkov to manage a power plant at Ust-Kamenogorsk in East Kazakhstan, which borders Outer Mongolia (see map). Like Malik's ignorance of an elementary fact about a Russian ward, this move admirably illustrated the most striking



GENGHIS KHAN

fact about Outer Mongolia: that to modern man hardly any spot on earth seems more unreal.

It was not always so. In the 13th Century Mongolia was a terrifying reality, made so by one of history's most ruthless conquerors, Genghis Khan. His hordes streamed out of his capital, Karakorum, to become a plague upon civilization. On one push they got as far as the Dnieper River in western Russia. At the great khan's peak, his sway held from the Caspian Sea of Russia to the Pacific shores of China. After his death in 1227 new Mongol conquests ebbed and flowed, at times ravaging Europe to the Danube, the Middle East, Turkey and even India and Burma. But the empire soon splintered into quarreling factions.

Later the Mongol lands fell under the Chinese Manchus and remained so—a buffer state peopled by nomadic vassal warriors loosely organized as "banners"—for two centuries until the Manchus fell in 1911. An interim period saw the Mongols ruled variously by their own "Living Buddha" of Urga or invaded by Chinese and White Russian armies. Finally in 1921 Marxist revolutionaries—with the help of the Red Army—defeated the White Russians of Baron Ungern-Sternberg. In 1924, under the leadership of its revolutionary

hero, Choibalsan, Outer Mongolia took formal status as the Mongolian People's Republic.

Outer Mongolia is a vast land (about 615,000 square miles), but it has only a million inhabitants, and Communism's effort to push these people bodily from the simplicity of a nomadic life to the complexity of a modern state has had both success and failure. Under first Russian and now Red Chinese aid programs, railroads and airlines have been introduced and textile, leather, meat processing, milling and furniture industries are developing. Primary education is compulsory and Ulan Bator has a university, a theater, taxis and a bus transport system. Nevertheless most people still live by herding cattle and are so stubbornly unregimented that when the Communists tried forced collectivization the herdsmen killed their livestock rather than submit.

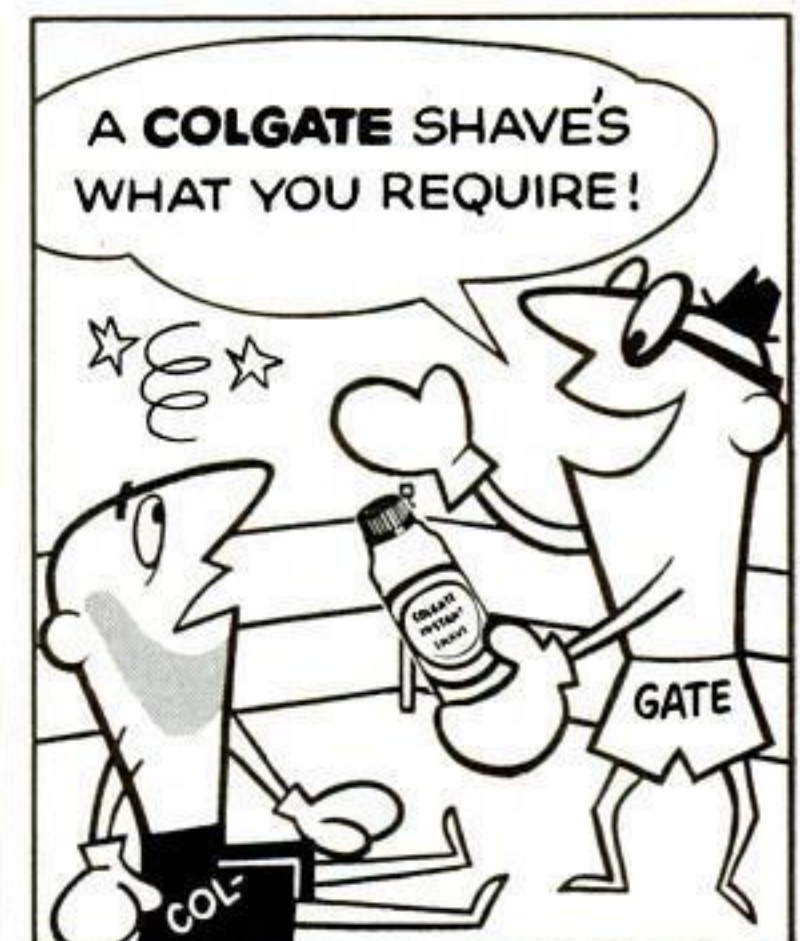
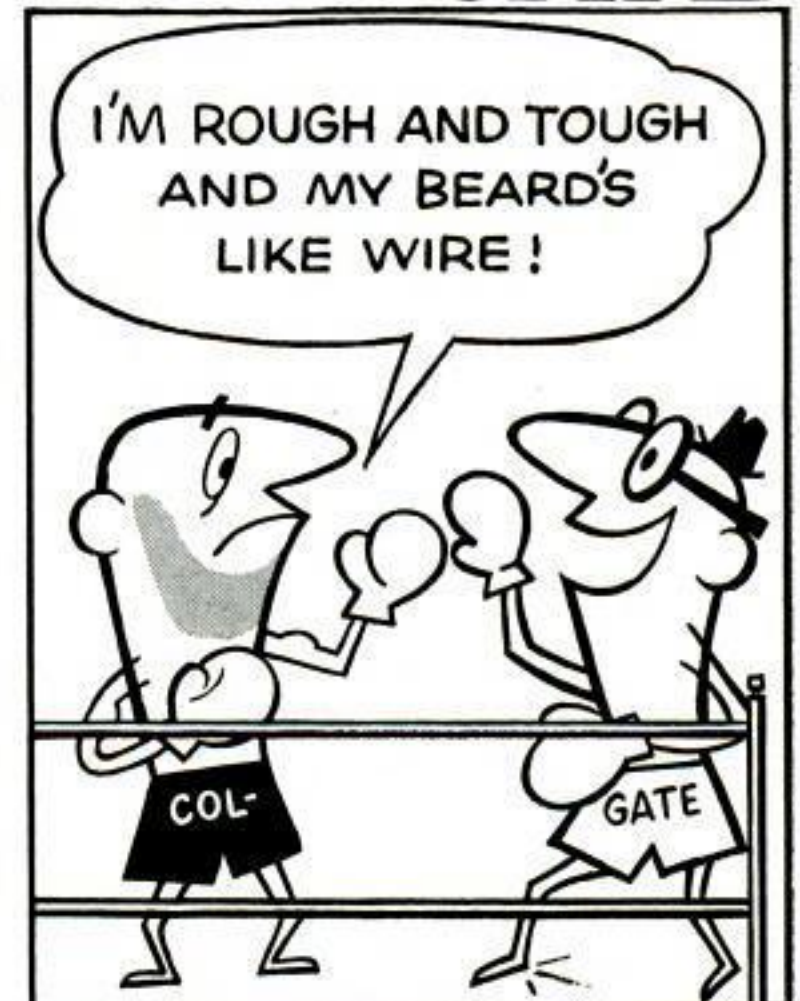
Although Outer Mongolia's Premier Yumzhagin Tsedenbal denies satellite status, his country enjoys the coddling of Communism. Not only the giants shower her with aid and advice, but so do the second stringers. North Korea has delivered one million square feet of window glass and East Germany plans to construct a color printing plant. On the surface at least this many-sided generosity comes in an atmosphere of friendly cooperation, and if a struggle for favored position is going on, the contest is well hidden.

There are suggestions, however, that all the fruitful and flattering attention is not without a sinister side. China has sent in 10,000 workers with an option of choosing Mongolian citizenship. This immigration has come in the guise of help, but it could imply—as it did in Inner Mongolia in the 19th Century—a foothold for colonization and eventual control by China. Moreover, Outer Mongolia contains such riches as oil and uranium. As these are exploited the remote nation will become more vulnerable to the outside world.



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**NEWSMEN 'WINCE' WHILE
SEEING 'SWEET SMELL'**

RACIAL FILM DRAMA TIDE RISES

**'Rain' 1st Pic on Dope
To Get Government OK**

South Wavering on 'Island In The Sun'

Hollywood's summer films tackle some sweaty topics with varying success

Only a few years back the standard summertime movie fare was the frivolous, lighthearted musical comedy, in which nothing much more unsettling happened than Esther Williams having an underwater love spat. But this summer Hollywood is hitting harder and using adult themes. Instead of girls and gags, the subjects presently being treated in a succession of dead-serious pictures are dope addiction, interracial

tensions and gossip-mongering (see headlines from *Variety*, above). Not only is this sweaty diet being served during the vacation season, but big audiences are eating it up.

These off-beat movies range in quality from top grade to rock bottom. Best of the lot is *A Hatful of Rain* (below), the first film on dope addiction to gain the approval of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Equally grim in subject

is *Sweet Smell of Success*, which makes Broadway columnists seem as loathsome as dope peddlers. The racial conflict in Kenya is treated unsparingly in *Something of Value*, and it paints a harrowing picture of the Mau Mau movement. *Island in the Sun* (p. 68), handles the explosive theme of miscegenation with amazing ineptness, but the lines at the box office have hardly stopped forming since it opened.



A DOPE ADDICT'S DOOM IN 'HATFUL OF RAIN'

By far the most successful in a continuing cycle of movies on dope addiction is this adaptation of Michael V. Gazzo's Broadway hit. Don Murray plays a young "junkie" who became addicted from being treated with drugs in the Korean war and who as a civilian is kept on "the stuff" by rapacious dope

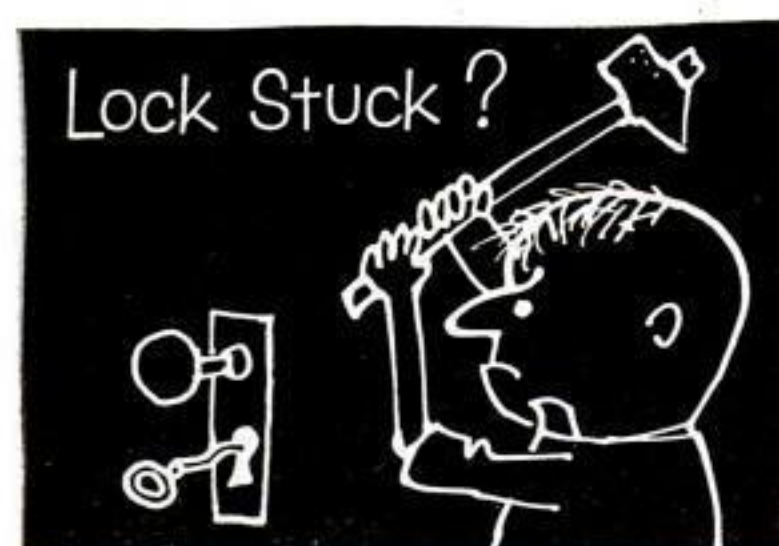
peddlers (above). His wife, father and brother look on helplessly as he sacrifices their savings and his job to the habit. Brilliantly directed in documentary style by Fred Zinnemann (*From Here to Eternity*), the film is superbly acted by Murray, Eva Marie Saint, Lloyd Nolan and a newcomer named Anthony Franciosa.

FIX-IT TIPS with "3-in-One" oil



Hinges Squeak?

Silence them fast with a few drops of "3-in-ONE" oil. It lasts and lasts.



Lock Stuck?

Put penetrating "3-in-ONE" in lock and on key. Work key in lock. It frees things fast.



Tools Rusty?

Keep shop, garden and automotive tools bright with a coating of "3-in-ONE." (Contains rust inhibitor.)



Swivel Squeal?

Just a few drops of clean-working "3-in-ONE" oil will quiet swivel chairs quickly.



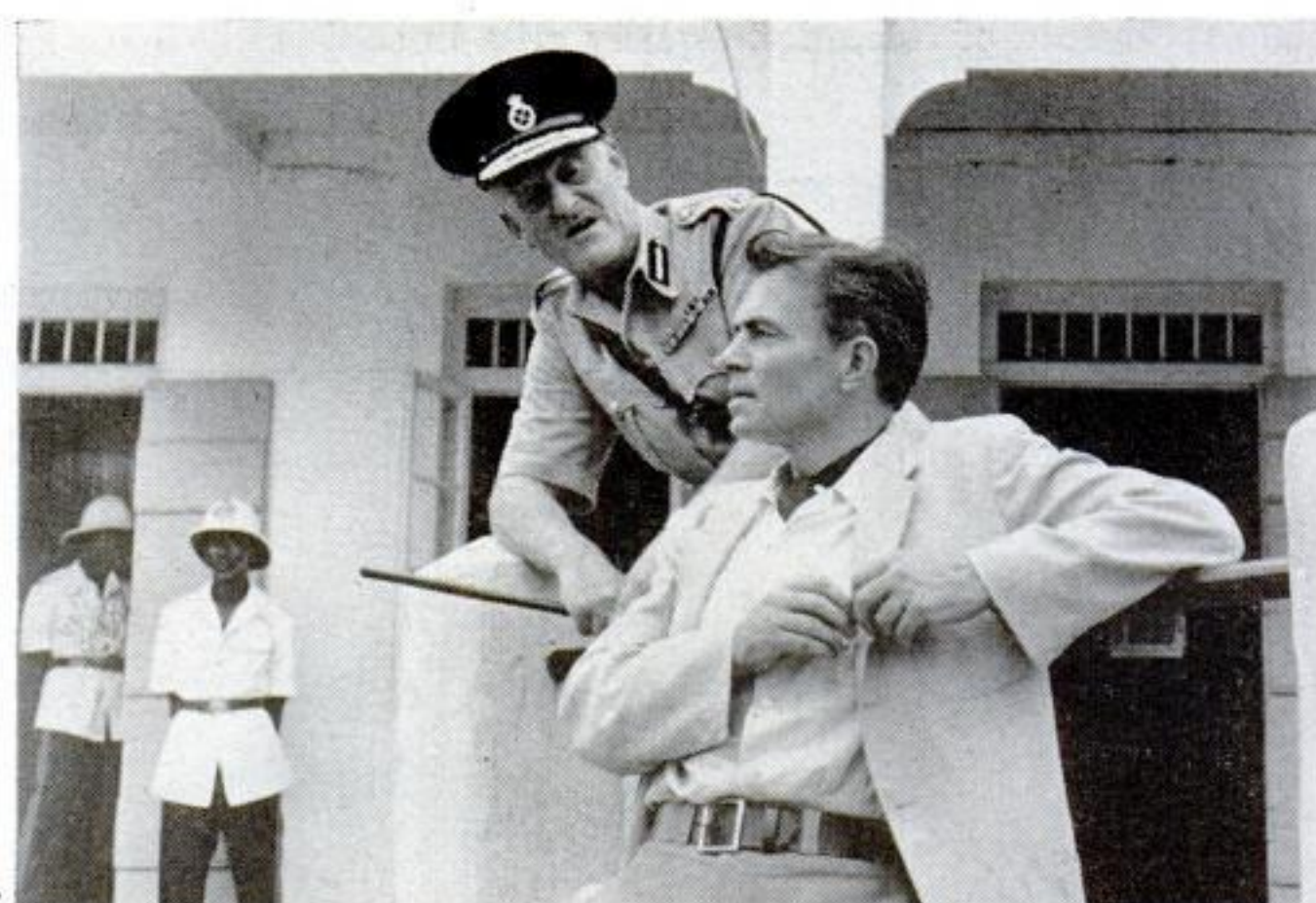
Keep things moving with
"3-IN-ONE" OIL

SUMMER FILMS CONTINUED

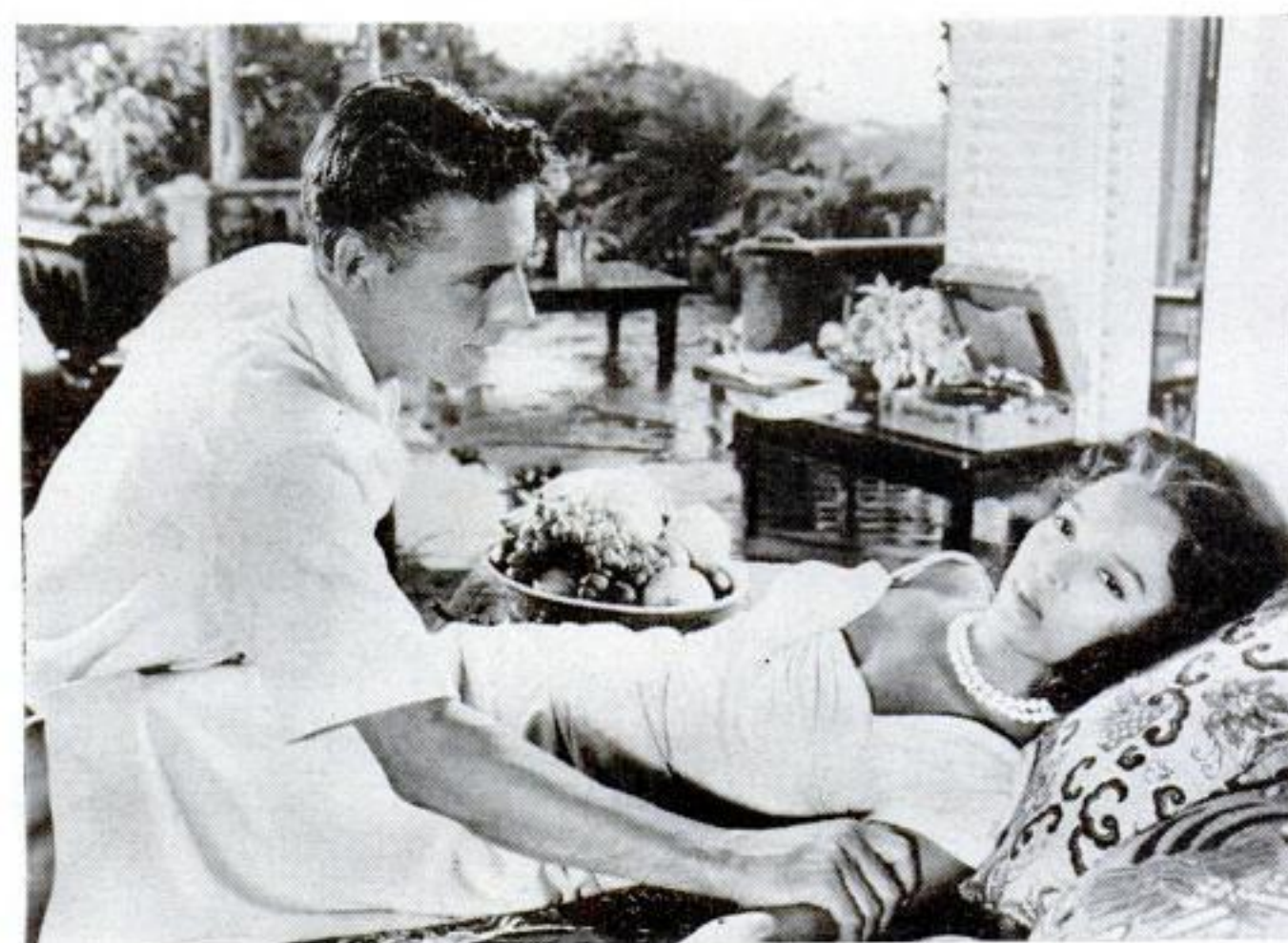
'ISLAND'S' MESSY MESSAGE



NATIVE LEADER (HARRY BELAFONTE) WOOS SOCIALITE JOAN FONTAINE



POLICE CHIEF (JOHN WILLIAMS) CLOSES IN ON MURDERER JAMES MASON



GOVERNOR'S YOUNG AIDE (JOHN JUSTIN) COURTS DOROTHY DANDRIDGE

'Sun' A 'Terrible Pic' Says Belafonte,

The worst of the summer's "adult" films is *Island in the Sun*. Based on Alec Waugh's best-selling novel, it pretends to be something it isn't—a hard look at racial tensions in the Caribbean. Instead, it is a lush Technicolored romance with so many interracial subplots that telling white from black becomes a guessing game. Its mixed-blood lovers, however, elaborately avoid on-screen kissing, and there is a murder which has little to do with race but provides the film's climax. Because of its exotic setting and titillating approach, *Island* is a box-office smash, but even costar Harry Belafonte has given it a panning.



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KAISER'S STRONGER "QUILTED" FOIL!

So strong—a single thickness is all you need in the coals or on the grill. And the "quilted" pattern in Kaiser Broiler Foil sears without sticking, prevents spatter—and provides self-basting when foods are completely foil-wrapped.

Juicy story on hamburgers!

Guard against overcooking and drying out, by placing a sheet of sturdy "quilted" foil between burgers and grill. Cook directly over coals. The "quilted" foil prevents flare-up from dripping fat.

Lend an ear to this corn secret!

Do not dry husked, washed corn-on-the-cob. Place each ear, still wet, on 9-inch length of "quilted" foil; brush with soft butter or margarine; add salt. Wrap ear completely in a snug blanket of foil.

Place on grill 3 inches from source of heat. Cook 20 to 25 minutes, turning every 5 minutes. (Or place on hot coals. Cook 15 minutes, turning every 5 minutes).

You'll barbecue
better with

KAISER BROILER FOIL "quilted" for extra strength

the only foil
made especially
for cooking!





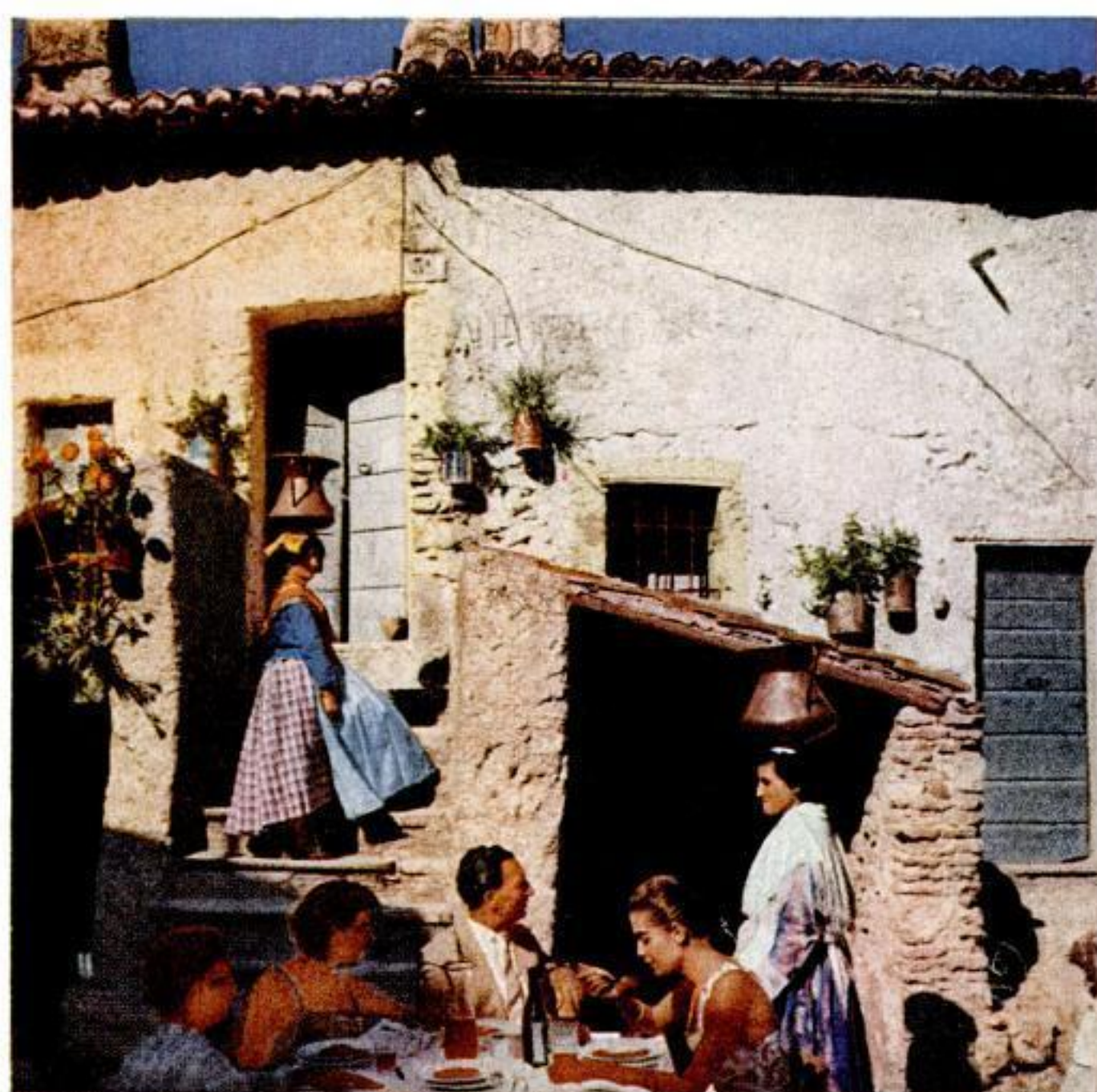
All flavor... no fuss...
with the only foil made
especially for cooking!



it's "quilted" • it's stronger • it's wider



Let a chef from Milan help you with dinner tonight



At a colorful cafe on the outskirts of Rome—or right at home—you can order up spaghetti made by a true Italian chef. At home—let Chef Boy-Ar-Dee do the cooking.



Complete
in one box with
Meat or Mushroom
Sauce



Imagine serving a meal that would do credit to the finest Italian restaurant—and *scarcely* lifting a finger to do it!

The secret: open a box of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner. Chef brings you all the makings for the true Italian dish . . . tells you how to combine them as he learned to do it in Milan, where he was born.

You get a box of thin Italian-style spaghetti . . . plus a big can of Chef's incomparable sauce (with meat or mushrooms), nicely spiced with Italian herbs . . . plus a can of nippy grated cheese for the crowning touch.

When Chef is in the kitchen, your meal is ready in just 12 minutes—a favorite all around the table!

Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Dinner serves 3—for about 15¢ a plateful.

Tonight, let Chef do the honors!

real Italian-style
CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®
Spaghetti Dinner



'SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS'

In another departure from his familiar swashbuckling roles, Burt Lancaster dons glasses and a mean scowl to play an unscrupulous Broadway columnist who makes and breaks careers with his vitriolic typewriter. He also very nearly breaks the jaw of his equally unscrupulous legman (Tony Curtis, *above, left*), whom he suspects of fooling around with his sister. Although the plot has holes, the movie is distinguished by crackling dialogue in the toughest Broadway vernacular.

'SOMETHING OF VALUE'

Photographed in part in Kenya, this violent melodrama of the Mau Mau uprising concerns a chief's young son, played by Sidney Poitier, who was brought up by British settlers but defiantly turns against them (*below*) to fight for Africa for the Africans. Starring Rock Hudson, the film is a good deal less gruesome than the Ruark novel but makes the same point that fault for blood-letting lies with both races, who failed to head off a clash between their opposing cultures.



Should your child be an Engineer?

by T. Keith Glennan

President of Case Institute of Technology,
Cleveland, Ohio

(As told to OSCAR SCHISGALL)

HUNDREDS OF THEM, all engineers, had gathered for their fifth annual alumni reunion. There was the usual exuberance of shoulder-thumping and hand-shaking, with everybody saying to everybody else, "You old so-and-so, what are you *doing* these days?"

I wandered from one cheerful group to another, and here are some of the answers I caught:

"I'm out on the desert. Missile testing outfit."

"I'm laying out a shoe factory in Binghamton."

"I'm down in Maracaibo. Drilling for oil under the sea."

"I'm in the research lab of an Ohio plastics plant."

"I'm with a dredging outfit. Widening a river channel."

"I'm with a TV company. Working on color."

"I'm in construction. We're putting up two Park Avenue skyscrapers in New York."

"I'm in air conditioning."

"I'm in ceramics. Developing new kinds of building materials."

So it went: never the same answer twice. And this was revealing.

Only a few years ago the question, "Should your child be an engineer?" would evoke the image of a young man signaling from a tripod in mid-street, or perhaps of an older man supervising the construction of a bridge. I suppose these visualizations are still valid. But if you plan to consider the work of an engineer in our time, you will have to picture him in hundreds of different roles. For the word "engineer" has come to mean almost as many different occupations as there are industries.

Certainly the engineer who works on aircraft design is hardly the same fellow who, as an industrial engineer, builds a vast new conveyor system into an automotive plant; nor has he much in common with the chemical engineer, the nuclear engineer, or any of the other scores upon scores of engineering specialists I could name.


Believe it or not, there are more than 150 different organizations of American engineers, each devoted to its own specialized interest!

So when we ask today, "Should your child be an engineer?" we are really asking whether he should be a trained expert in some aspect of modern technology.

The scientists and engineers have become key figures in our modern industrial society. And this is only the dawn of their heyday. Scientific progress is constantly opening up new horizons, bringing new needs, new opportunities. In this era of mass production there is virtually no industry which does not require the skills and services of engineers.

Food? The growth of the frozen food business, as an example, has created countless demands for engineering know-how. Better methods of refrigeration in transit, better ways of storing and freezing at home—these and other improvements all depend on the ingenuity of engineers.

Clothing? The development of synthetic fabrics has brought new challenges and new opportunities to chemical engineers. Chemistry has, in fact, become one of the most important factors in the giant textile industry, producing countless new plants and thousands of new jobs.



Against the backdrop of the NACA transonic wind tunnel at Langley Field, Virginia, stand two young engineers. The abstract patterns seem to symbolize the dramatic role played by today's engineer in the never-ending drive toward technological progress. It is he who translates dreaming into doing . . . he to whom the future promises its greatest challenge.

Homes? Modern techniques not only in building and in architecture, but in heating, in air conditioning, in every aspect of electrification—all these call for the skill of engineers.

Communications? Without engineers there would be no television, no radio, no telephones, no telegraph lines, no cables.

"In this era of technology," I have heard it said, "engineering furnishes the basic training for almost any industrial career you can mention." And that is emphatically true.

People often ask me what is included in an academic program leading to a degree in engineering. They ask, "Isn't an engineering course basically a narrow one?" The answer, of course, is that the modern engineering curricula are so constructed as to provide an excellent and quite broad preparation for an effective life in a technological society such as ours.

Mathematics, physics, and chemistry are still the bed-rock courses for the future engineer; without them he cannot go very far. The more of them he can get during his high school and college years, the better. But these must be regarded only as a beginning.

The fact that future engineers will enter every walk of life makes it necessary for these students to have, in addition to concentration in the natural sciences and the art and practice of engineering, a fine liberal education in the humanities. I am happy to say that most of our great institutes of technology and engineering colleges have recognized this. They have broadened their curricula to include substantial blocks of time for studies in the humanities and social sciences.

Naturally, what most young people want to know about engineering is this: Is it a good profession? Does it pay well? Does it offer wide opportunities for creative activity and for responsible leadership?

Frankly, I know of no profession that offers more today.

Look at the advertisements in our metropolitan newspapers. I do not mean only the classified help-wanted columns; I mean the big display ads inserted by countless firms that employ engineers. They plead with engineering students to come for interviews and conferences. They hang out the inducements of good pay (including such fringe benefits as retirement plans and group insurance), and good living conditions. Never before, as far back as I can remember, has industry competed so militantly for the services of young engineers.

As a result of this demand, no matter what branch of work the graduate of an engineering college may enter, he can count on earning at least \$5,000 a year to start. Some men who are trained in specialties or who are willing to travel will command even higher salaries.

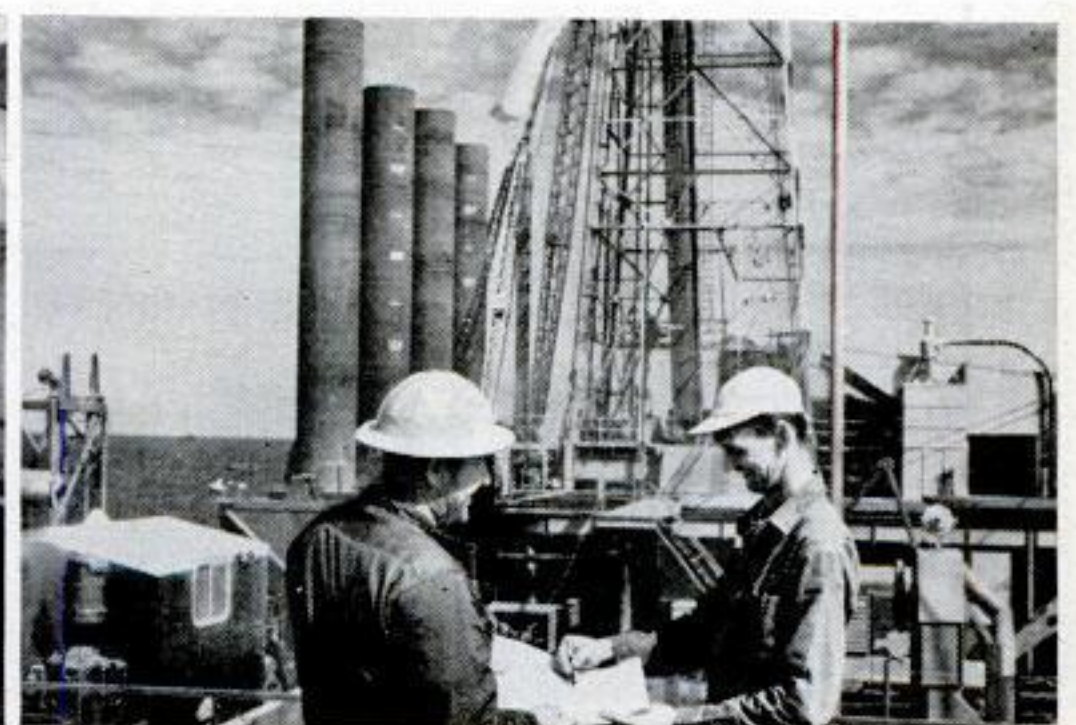
Moreover, the man with a master's degree can begin at \$7,500; and a Ph.D. can easily earn \$9,000.

And what is the limit on earnings? There is no limit except ability and willingness to accept responsibility. Increasingly, in this age of technology, the engineer is being called on to assume top supervisory and managerial jobs in his own and allied fields. When he reaches executive levels, the engineer can go to any figure—salaries of \$35,000 and more are no longer uncommon.

Another point to remember: Though I have no wish to be an alarmist, I must emphasize the fact that our country is competing against communist Russia for leadership, not only in such areas as aviation, atomic weapon development, and guided missiles, but also in almost every type of commercial production, including the peaceful use of the atom. So our national future may well depend on the quality and the number of our engineers. *And Russian schools are reported to be graduating approximately double the number of new engineers that ours are.*

This is a point to ponder soberly when thinking of a career. We in America need every engineer we can produce.

That brings up the question of women in the profession. Until now women have played a quiet role in engineering. For the most part they have served as laboratory technicians and research assistants. But I believe this is bound to change.



Probably no single field offers a broader choice of occupation than engineering. Every industry from steelmaking to paper-making, every locale from offshore drilling rig to city skyscraper can hold an assignment for the graduate engineer.

Recently the National Society of Professional Engineers queried several hundred leading firms on their attitude toward employing women engineers. The replies indicated that 65% of the firms would gladly hire women if they were available; and 23% of them already have women on their staffs.

Perhaps the future is brighter than women realize.

How long will the present demand for engineers continue? The need will go on, I believe, for generations. Our population is constantly increasing. By the end of the century we will probably be a nation of over 200,000,000. This growth, especially in a technological era which almost daily provides new ideas and new machines, will require more and more engineers. They are the most widely needed servants of such an age.

Also, our defense program seems destined to continue indefinitely. This means a great number of engineers must devote their time to research, planning, and development in connection with our military arsenal. As a result, there will continue to be a scarcity of engineering talent to meet the demands of private industry.

So when one asks, "Should my child be an engineer?" one can be sure that engineers are *needed* today and that their opportunities will be widespread and alluring.

What must be considered is not so much the attractions of the profession—these exist in abundance—but rather the skills, the aptitudes, the likes of the child.

If a youngster's great love is music, for example, one need hardly argue the point that he should follow a musical career; it would be worse than futile to reshape the child's temperament, forcing him into engineering or any other calling. The first criterion to consider is:

Does the child have a natural aptitude for the sciences?

Does he love to cope with the challenge that a scientific problem tosses at his imagination?

Is he skillful in mathematics, physics, chemistry?

Is the science department of his school the one to which he naturally gravitates?

Are his extra-curricular activities apt to lie with science clubs and similar experimental groups?

Does he love to read about scientific advances?

These are the considerations to be weighed. If a child meets the test of such questions with affirmatives on the side of science, then the chances are he will find engineering a satisfying, rewarding and always adventurous career.



HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interests, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Engineering is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy, Dentistry, Banking, Printing, Home Economics, the Mineral Industry, Personnel Work, Retailing, Atomic Science, Librarianship and the Armed Forces. Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:

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51 Madison Ave., Dept. 3LI, New York 10, N. Y.

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NERVOUS LOOKS mark trio of Farmingdale musicians as they sit below bandstand, waiting to go on.



EXPERT TOUCH is displayed by Andrew Marsala, 14, as he fingers his alto sax in *Ghost of a Chance*,

Marshall Brown conducting. Some critics have said Marsala is good enough to play in any band in U.S.

JUNIOR TALENT IN A JAZZ HIT

The critical audience at the Newport, R.I. Jazz Festival this month had finished listening to Armstrong and Kenton. But here was a cluster of mere high school amateurs. By the time Long Island's Farmingdale High School Jazz Band got through playing, however, the crowd was on its feet and yelling for more.

The prodigies who had rivaled the pros were

no hipsters but a healthy group of youngsters who prefer to tranquilize their preshow jitters on the beach (*below*). Their solid musicianship is largely the work of Bandmaster Marshall Brown, who trains his team with the devotion of a football coach. Their triumph at Newport has already earned them an invitation to a jazz festival next summer in Europe.

CLOWNING ON A NEWPORT BEACH BEFORE THE SHOW, TEEN-AGED FARMINGDALE JAZZ MUSICIANS APPLAUD AS VOCALIST MARY RODITES, 15, DOES HANDSTAND



easy!



new all-in-one
wax and cleaner
by Simoniz...
spreads on,
whisks off...yet
leaves a hard
paste wax finish
that stands up to
the weather as
long as 6 months!

reason: VISTA IS TURBO-WHIPPED

VISTA is tough paste wax, plus cleaner, *turbo-whipped* together. This exclusive mixing process by Simoniz whips hard wax into soft particles . . . makes it possible to clean and wax in one easy application. Designed for today's gay car colors, turbo-whipped VISTA is ideal for *all* car finishes. Try it!



Half the roof, '57 Pontiac Station Wagon, cleaned and waxed.

VISTA TIME: 5 minutes. Duration: up to 6 months.



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REAL

COOL

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WITH WONDERFUL
BIRDS EYE JUICES



SEVEN DELICIOUS COOLERS

Birds Eye Orange Juice
Birds Eye Grape Juice
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Birds Eye Orange-Grapefruit
Birds Eye Lemonade
Birds Eye Grapefruit



Cool Party Idea... **RAINBOW PUNCH**

Use two or more Birds Eye Juices of contrasting colors. Make up separately according to directions and then freeze in separate ice trays. Drop some cubes of each color in glasses of sparkling ginger ale.

FREE—Birds Eye Recipe Folder—"Cool Party Ideas." Write for it today—Birds Eye, P. O. Box 1200, Kankakee, Illinois.

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BETTER BUY BIRDS EYE Frozen Juices



IN SCHOOLYARD INTERVIEW IN TROY, N.Y., WPTR'S ROVING REPORTER JACK SPECTOR SOUNDS OUT GAIL LUNDY AND BARBARA KOHLER ON THEIR FINAL EXAMS

WHO'S AFRAID OF TELEVISION?

RADIO'S NEW RICHES

All over the U.S. the din was increasing. While talk persisted that television had turned radio into a relic, an unremitting staccato of persistent interviewers, strident newscasters and chuckling disk jockeys gave jarring evidence day and night to the contrary. Radio is having the best year in its history. Since 1948 the number of AM and FM stations in the country has doubled. Now there are 2,500. In the nation's homes there are 89 million receiving sets, in the nation's cars 37 million more—totaling three times the number of TV sets in the U.S.

The front runners in this rush back to prosperity are the independent stations. By stressing local music and news and by getting their growing

audiences into their acts (*above*), they have completely overshadowed the national radio networks. In gross revenue last year the independents cornered an estimated \$343 million and the networks only \$85 million, as compared to the \$135 million they counted in 1947. The boom they are sparking is caused partly by the networks' concentration on TV which, though financially successful (last year TV's gross was \$1.2 billion, or twice the revenue of radio), has slumped in quality and has created an increasingly disenchanted TV audience. But more than that it is radio's inventive young hustlers—as the pictures on the following pages show—who have given their industry a bright and giddy new lease on life.

ANY OPEN SPACE IS A STUDIO

In its Amos and Andy days radio was the work of paid professional performers in soundproof booths. The costs ran high. Today the stations have evolved a formula which keeps the costs low and the profits proportionately higher. By relying primarily on hit records and news, they can cut down on actors' and musicians' salaries. In addition, they have moved out of the soundproof booths to the wide open spaces where any poor soul who comes down the pike

is an unpaid actor. Voluble housewives, ferry-boat travelers, curious passers-by, beach idlers who want to hear on their portables their favorite popular tunes played for them on the spot—all take part happily for free. The most spectacular proof that the formula works is the case of New York's WNEW, the largest independent in the country. Three years ago it was sold for \$2 million. When it was repurchased last month, the price was \$7.5 million.



SEAGOING deejay, 6-foot 10-inch Carl Bailey, is surrounded by attractive—and free—talent as he conducts daily record shows for Hollywood KBIG on ferry steamer from San Pedro to Catalina Island.



SUNBATHERS' REQUESTS for favorite records are accepted by Mary Lou Newton at Swampscott,



CURB-SERVICE deejay (right) plays records in a lighted booth (background) outside Birmingham, Ala. drive-in restaurant. Teen-agers send requests via waiters, then gather around cars to hear them.



Massachusetts's Fisherman's Beach, then relayed to Boston station WHDH by mobile "request wagon"

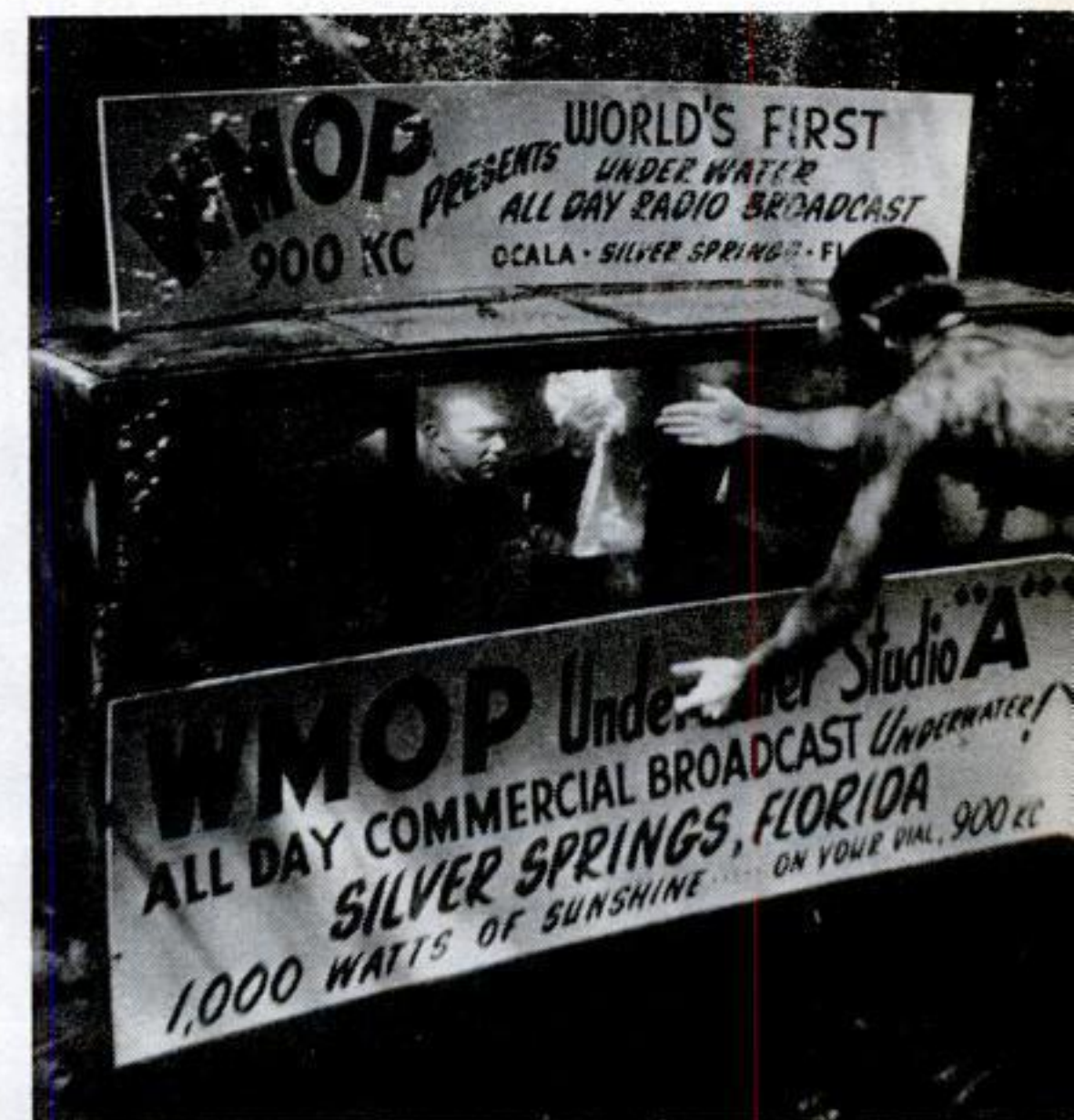
(left). Bathers hear the records played over their portable radios or over mobile unit's own speaker.



MIKE-SHAPED STUDIO in Columbia, S.C., an air-conditioned trailer unit with wall-to-wall carpets, is pulled to supermarket openings. The announcer in it frequently talks directly to passing motorists.



DANCING TO RADIO, Lida MacAuley and Al Lococo do rock 'n' roll on Troy, N.Y. school playground to record hits they requested from touring mobile unit equipped with a public address system.



UNDERWATER BROADCAST in Silver Springs, Fla. started with a day-long show from 15 feet down in resort lake. But the studio tank leaked and the announcer was waist deep in water at show's end.



TOURING ELEPHANT carries model through Troy, N.Y. during animal-based promotion drive by station in nearby Albany which rented animals for the day.



HARD-WORKING KANGAROO hops on its trainer's leash through Albany for same station. Teen-agers in town told small children that animal was TV's Lassie.



ICE CREAM EATING LION pauses during his hard day's promotion work to lap up a treat offered to him by 8-year-old Susan Carlson in Schenectady, N.Y.

RADIO'S RICHES CONTINUED

ANIMALS AND STUNTS

The new rule in radio is that it is both important and lucrative to be seen as well as heard. The kind of ballyhoo shown here is now common to broadcasting, and more ingenuity goes into program promotion than into actual program production. Some of the stunts involving wild life in the streets (*left*) and transmitter sitters in the air (*right*) would pass as better than average TV shows.

Smart manufacturers, eager to get in on the boom, have come to realize

AT SIAMESE DECOR PROMOTION PARTY THROWN BY ZENITH RADIO CO. IN



BALLYHOO THE WARES

that many homes are hearing two and three stations at once on extra sets in bedrooms, kitchens and basement workshops. In most cities the frequency band is jammed with stations. Houston, with a population close to 600,000, has eight, all thriving. Denver, smaller by 200,000, has 17 stations, six new, all doing as well as Houston's. Set manufacturers are out to accommodate everyone, and some are urging their customers that what every home needs more than a second TV set now is a fifth radio.

LOS ANGELES, MODELS PASS THROUGH ROOM WITH NEW LINE OF RADIO SETS



KILT CLIMBER, DeeJay Don Keyes, pledged to sit in KILT tower until station was first in Houston. Keyes's stand-in sitter descended victorious last week.



NASHVILLE'S EDDY HILL, hillbilly deejay at WSM, strums a song for fans who sent him a ham.

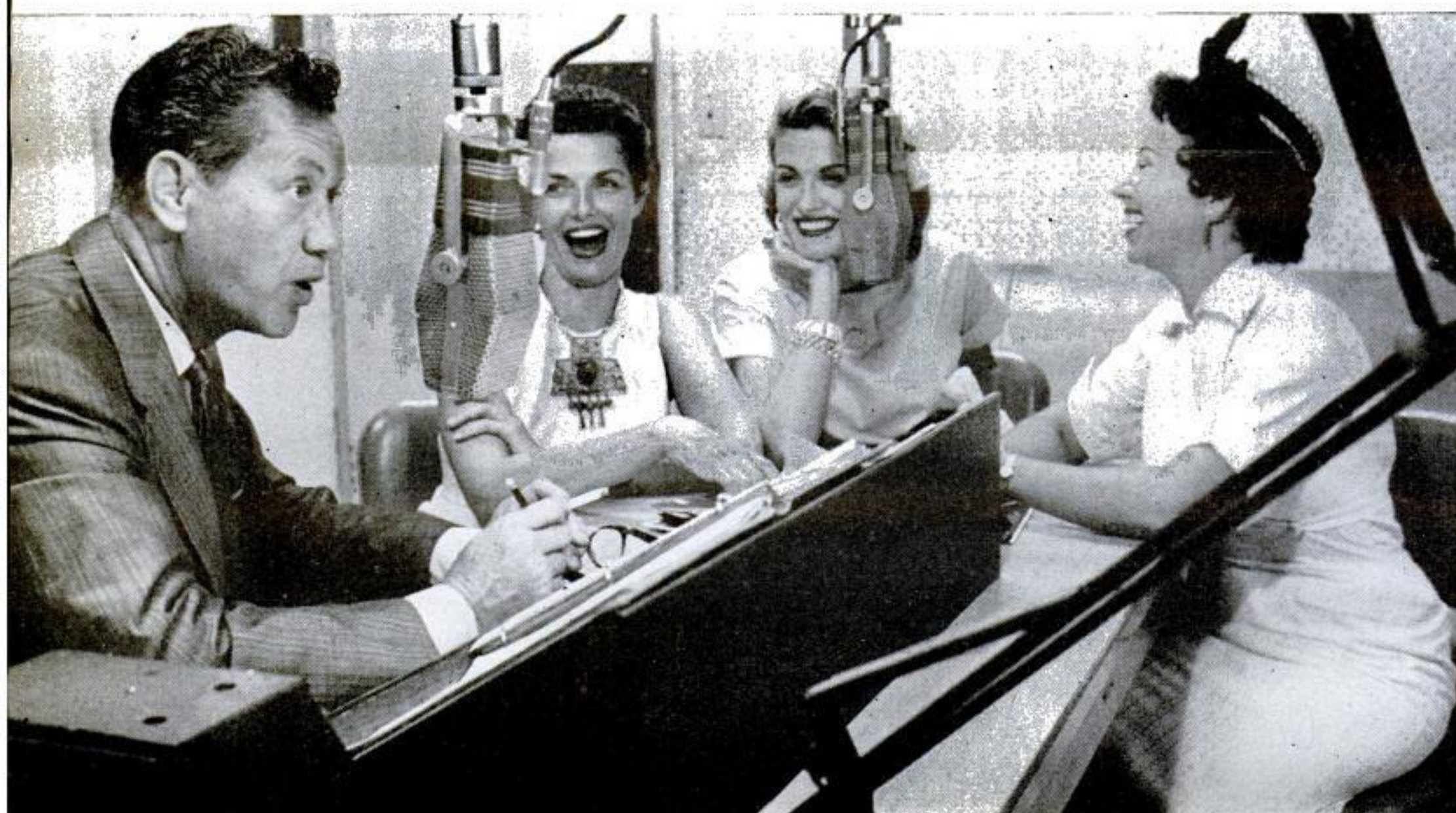
DISK JOCKEYS RIDE REVIVAL

The only highly paid performers left in broadcasting today are the handful of stars among its 5,000 disk jockeys. Those set on reaching that lofty status gladly endure any promotion stunt (*opposite page*) they think will enlarge their audience and influence. But the rewards are worth it. The four famous deejays on this page are all as powerful in the record business as they are in radio, and the busiest of them, Howard Miller (*bottom right*), earns \$350,000 a year though he gets to sleep only four hours a night. Plugging records between products, or products between records, they maintain a tight hold over thousands of loyal listeners who seem to buy almost anything they endorse and believe that any new disk they play twice will turn into a hit. And in the booming radio business, frequently enough, that happens.



NEW YORK'S ART FORD runs WNEW's *Make Believe Ballroom*. Program is the oldest continuous

record show in radio and station has now put a chandelier in studio to give it a ballroom elegance.



HOLLYWOOD'S PETER POTTER plays host to Jane Russell, Beryl Davis and Connie Haines at

KLAC. At one stage in his career Potter did 16 daily 15-minute shows on 12 different local stations.



CHICAGO'S HOWARD MILLER is one of network (CBS) deejays. Local station, WIND, also uses him.



ASPIRING TO THE BIGTIME, DeeJay Elliot Field of KILT in Houston cheerfully joins his station's wacky promotion campaigns. As part of a charity auction,

Field offered to swap a shoelace he had for anything of value and ended up with a 4-year-old tam-topped mare. Sale price of mare will go to children's hospital.

This is what we work for

... the better health and longer life
that come with better medicines

Whenever we see a picture like the one on the opposite page, it's a happy reminder of what we really work for at Parke-Davis.

Our business, of course, is the making of medicines. Our determination is to produce the finest medicines in the world—Parke-Davis products that your physician and your pharmacist can rely on completely. But there's more to this business than that.

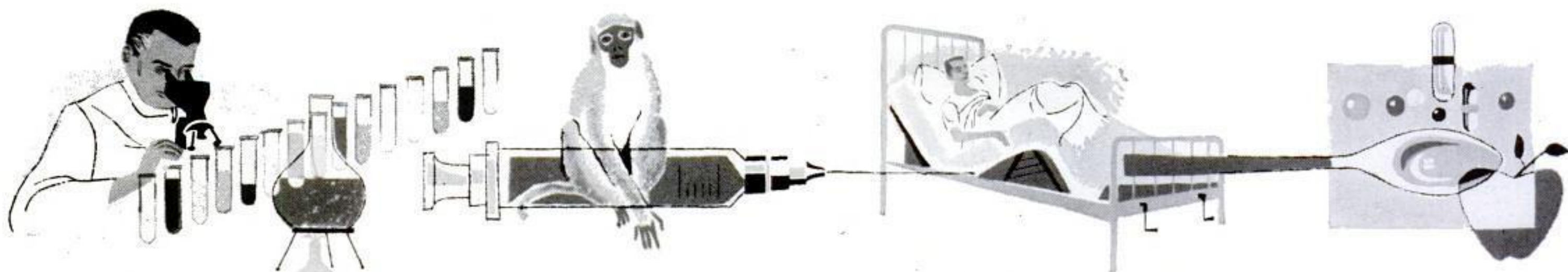
Every day, we're working with doctors, hospitals and medical centers all over the world—working untiringly to *develop* the specific medicines they need to fight every kind of disease and sickness. Their great objective, and ours at Parke-Davis, is better health and longer lives for all of us.

A baby born when your parents were growing up had the prospect of living to the age of 48. Today, thanks to medical progress, your boy babies can expect to reach 66 . . . and your girls can expect to see 72.

Just thirty years ago, the big "killers" were pneumonia, smallpox, tuberculosis and diphtheria. Today, they are virtually under control, and inquiring medical minds (including those at work in Parke-Davis laboratories) are constantly edging closer to the answers to heart attacks, cancer, nutritional diseases and many other vital problems.

All this, we feel, is what we really work for at Parke-Davis—the better health and longer life that come with better medicines.

TYPICAL STEPS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

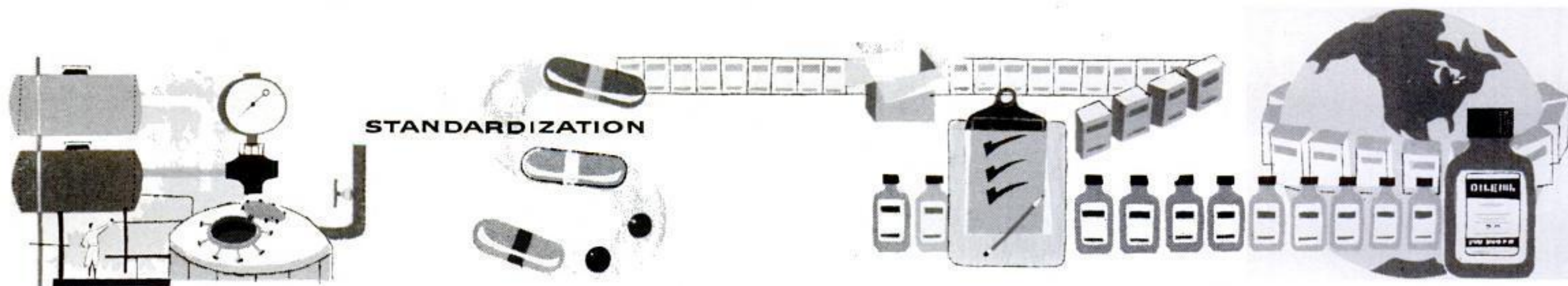


WORLD-WIDE RESEARCH—Parke-Davis often spends years developing a new medicine; 18 years, for example, on one of our epilepsy drugs.

LABORATORY TESTING—To make sure a new medicine is safe for you, it must pass a variety of tests, including animal studies.

CLINICAL TRIAL—Leading medical institutions, and physician-specialists, next determine therapeutic value, dosage, and efficacy in humans.

PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT—Here we determine what form this product should take (pill? capsule? bottled liquid?) and such things as taste.



PROCESS DEVELOPMENT—Careful studies of manufacturing procedures lead to most efficient production and consequently lower prices.

QUALITY CONTROL—Parke-Davis was the first to develop standardization in manufacturing—assuring uniform potency of P-D products.

THE FINISHED PRODUCT—Final checks for accurate labeling and protective packaging are made before a product leaves our laboratories.

DISTRIBUTION—Our world-wide distribution system has one purpose: to make our medicines available whenever and wherever needed.

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AUTO-LITE POWER TIP "fires up" winners in '57 Mobilgas Economy Run



IMPERIAL V-8 Sweepstakes Winner and First Place in High Price Class



PLYMOUTH V-8
First Place Winner,
Low Price Class



DODGE V-8
First Place Winner,
Low-Medium Price Class



CHRYSLER V-8
First Place Winner,
Upper-Medium Price Class



DE SOTO V-8
Second Place Winner
Upper-Medium Price Class

Victory sweep by Chrysler-built cars proves that Auto-Lite Spark Plugs with Power Tip deliver top performance and economy at all speeds

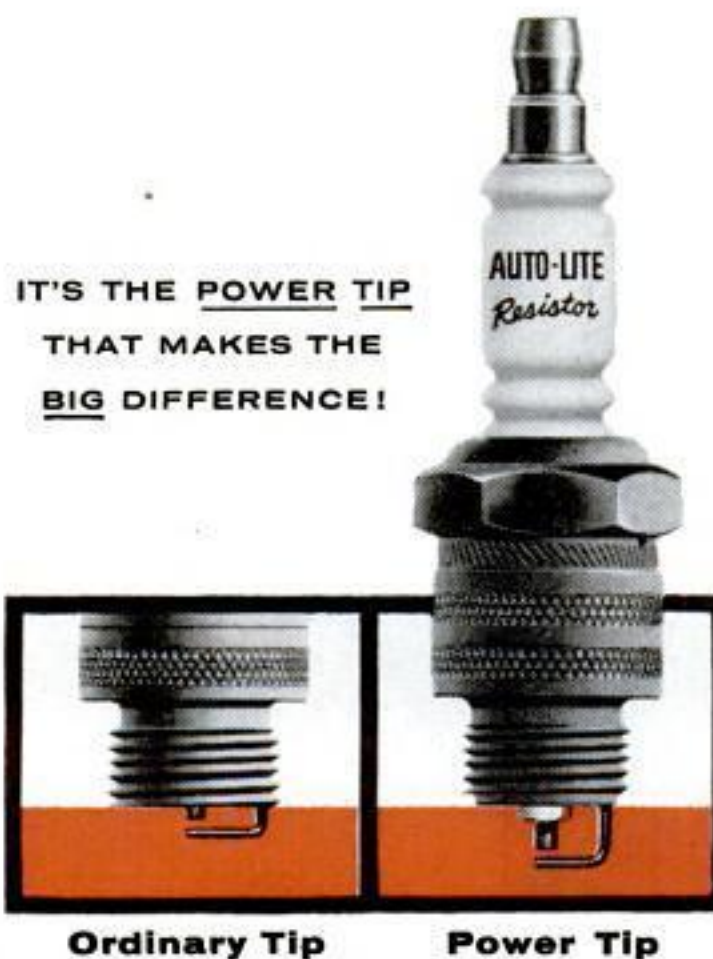
The 1957 Mobilgas Economy Run gives dramatic evidence of Power Tip's performance in all kinds of driving. For 1568 miles, in the mountains, on the highway, and in city traffic, Power Tip sparked the winners to victory. Here's how Power Tip operates . . .

At *low speeds* the projecting spark plug tip . . . the Power Tip . . . gets hot fast, operates hotter to burn away fouling deposits which impair engine performance in city driving. At *high speeds*, Power Tip is cooled by the air-fuel mixture to check power-wasting pre-ignition caused by overheated spark plugs.

Ask your dealer to install a set of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs with Power Tip in your car today!

Power Tip . . . first spark plug ignition-engineered for today's engines and today's driving . . . improves performance in overhead-valve V-8 engines and in most overhead-valve 6's in all these cars: Buick, Cadillac, Chevrolet, Chrysler, De Soto, Dodge, Plymouth, Ford, Hudson, Imperial, Lincoln, Mercury, Nash, Oldsmobile, Packard, Pontiac, Rambler, Studebaker.

Auto-Lite makes a complete line of spark plugs, including Standard, Resistor, Small-Engine, Transport, Aircraft, and Diesel-Starting.



AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS WITH POWER TIP

Auto-Lite manufactures over 400 products, including Spark Plugs, Batteries, Wire and Cable, and Automotive Electrical Systems . . . sold throughout the United States and Canada.



WORDY WALK brings together Russian-speaking Eugene Rabinowitch of U.S. and A. V. Topchiev, leading U.S.S.R. chemist.



PEACE PROPOSAL is topic of discussion in Masonic Temple led by C. F. Powell of England. Seated around table (from far left) are Marian Danysz of Poland; Hideki Yukawa, Shinichiro Tomonaga and Iwao Ogawa, Japan; Paul Doty and Walter Se- love, U.S.; Joseph Rothlat, Powell and E.H.S. Burhop, England; Eugene Rabinowitch, U.S.; A.M.B. Lacas- sagne, France; Chou Pei- yuan, China; H. J. Muller, U.S.; J. S. Foster, Canada; D. F. Cavers, U.S.; Mar- cus Oliphant, Australia.

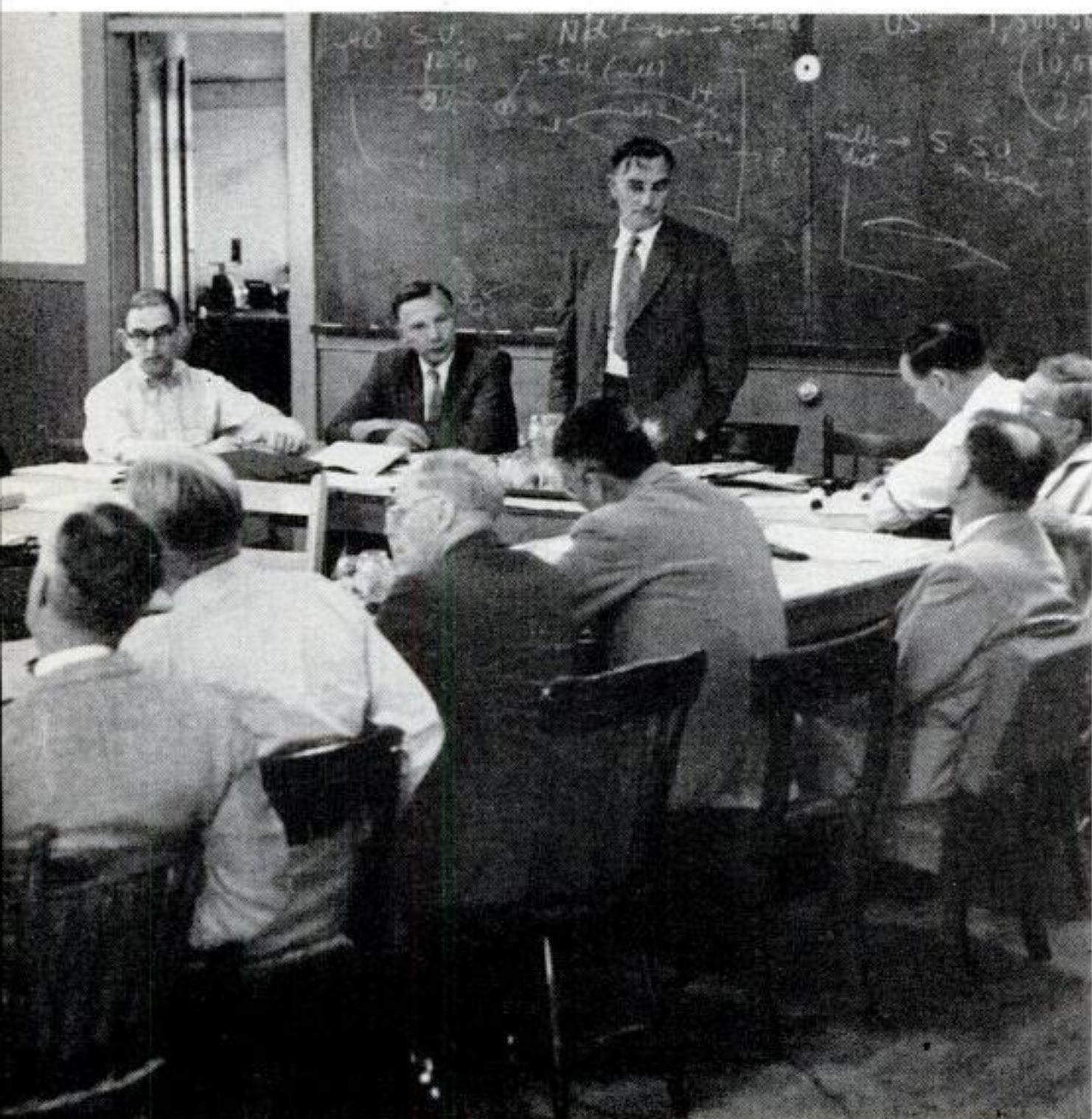
SCIENCE

Atomic Age Powwow in Pugwash

In informal strolls (*left*) and formal sessions (*below*) in the sleepy little fishing village of Pugwash, Nova Scotia, top-ranking scientists from the Soviet Union and Red China freely traded ideas last week with their opposite numbers from the universities of Australia, Vienna and Illinois. The unprecedented meeting brought together 21 outstanding physicists, chemists and geneticists—including three Nobel Prize winners—and a Harvard Law School dean. They were invited as individuals, representing not their nations but themselves, to discuss nuclear-age problems and the social responsibilities of scientists. Their host was Pugwash-born Cyrus Eaton, a Cleveland industrialist with philosophical inclinations, who has made his ancestral homesite available for international meetings of scholars, and who spent \$100,000 to make this one possible.

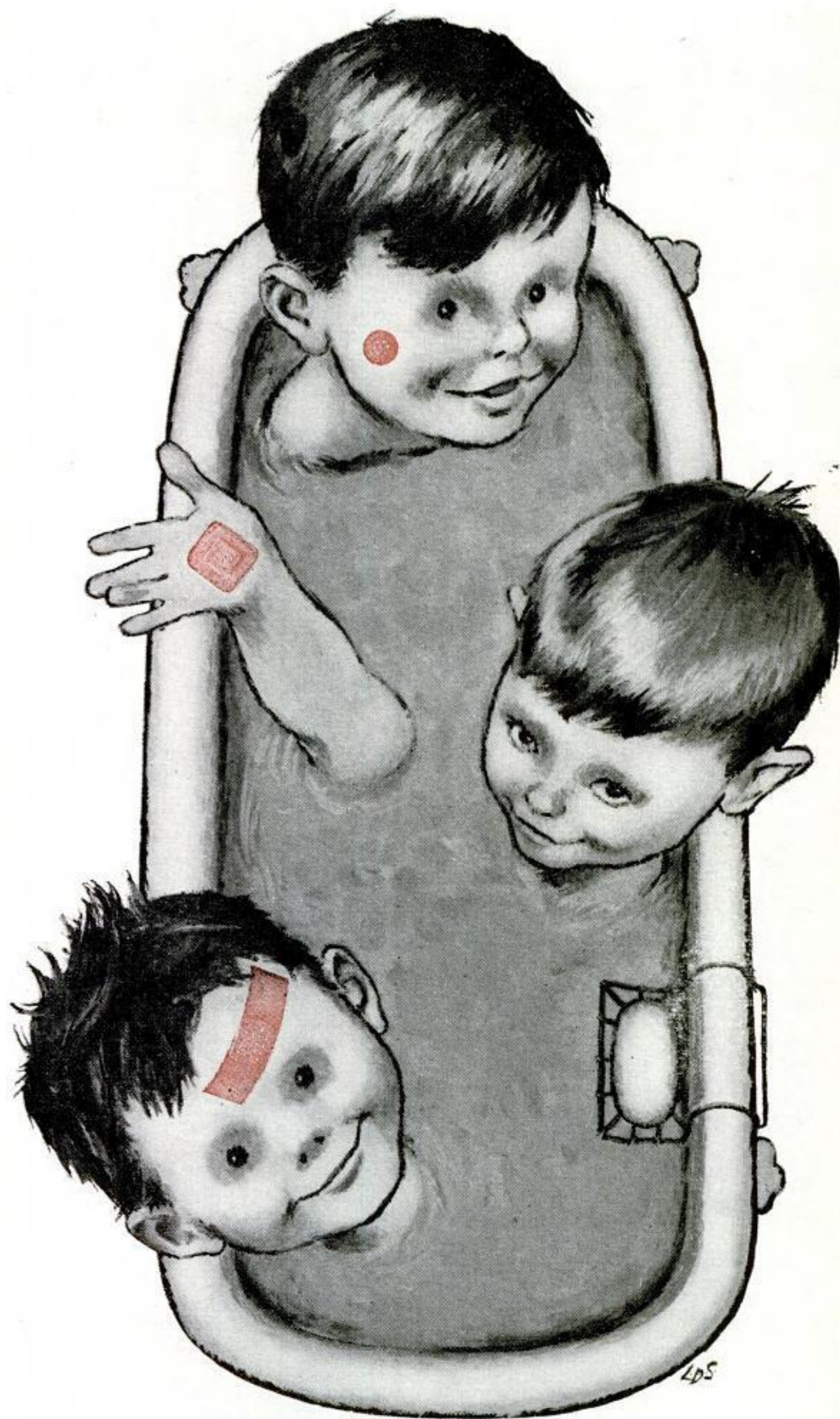
After four days of discussion and committee meetings the scientists drew up a list of 12 "common beliefs." It included an agreement to "do all in our power" to work for peace and a warning to governments of the world that unrestricted nuclear warfare could result in the annihilation of mankind.

The most hopeful outcome, however, was not scientific information, but the surprising unanimity of attitude, expressed by scientists on both sides of the Iron Curtain, toward atomic dangers. "Everything went even better than we dared hope," said Illinois Physicist Eugene Rabinowitch. "Everyone talked sense, and if anyone brought a soapbox he left it outside."



CONTINUED

3 new plastic bandages...
all with **SUPER-STICK**

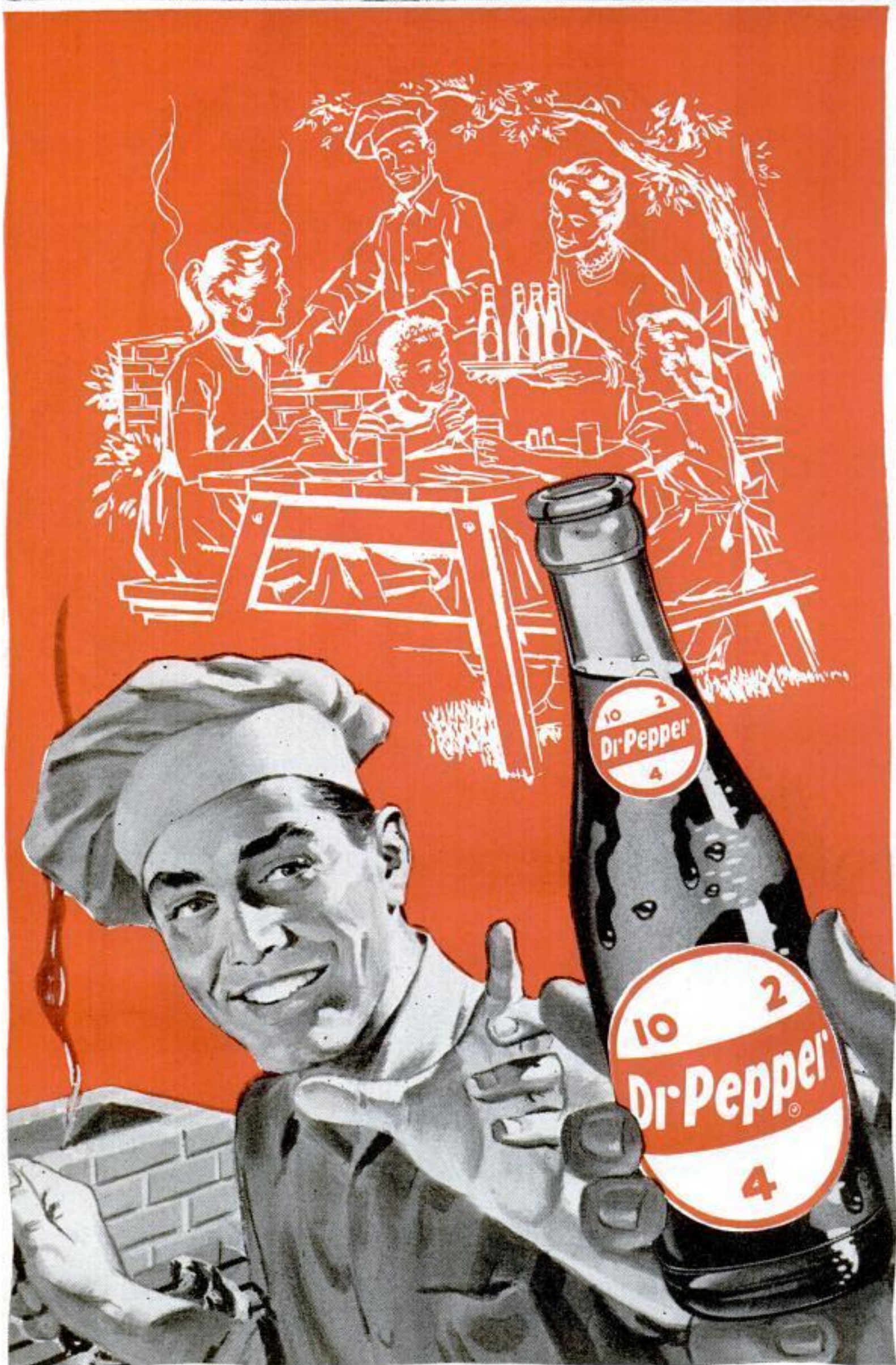


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Dr Pepper gets a rousing welcome at any picnic or outing. That cool, cool distinctive goodness and lively sparkle combine to pep you up with a friendly lift. Pick a pack of Dr Pepper. Serve it frosty-cold.

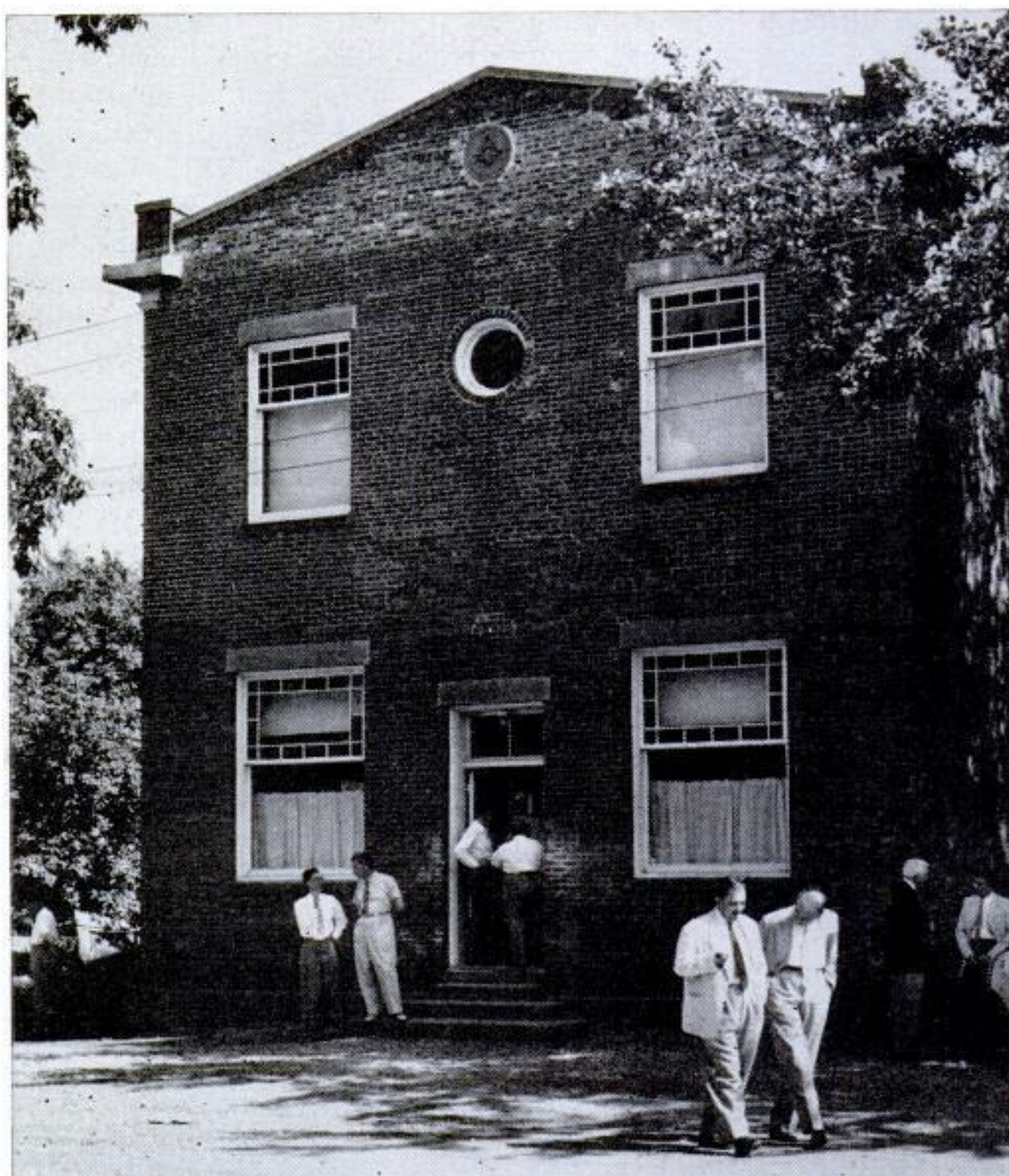
It's the friendly
"Pepper-Upper"
that never lets
you down!

Dr Pepper
.....frosty, man, frosty!

ATOMIC POWWOW CONTINUED



COFFEE-BREAK CHAT between Iwao Ogawa of Japan and Chou Pei-yuan of Red China reveals agreement on fallout hazard despite ideological conflicts.



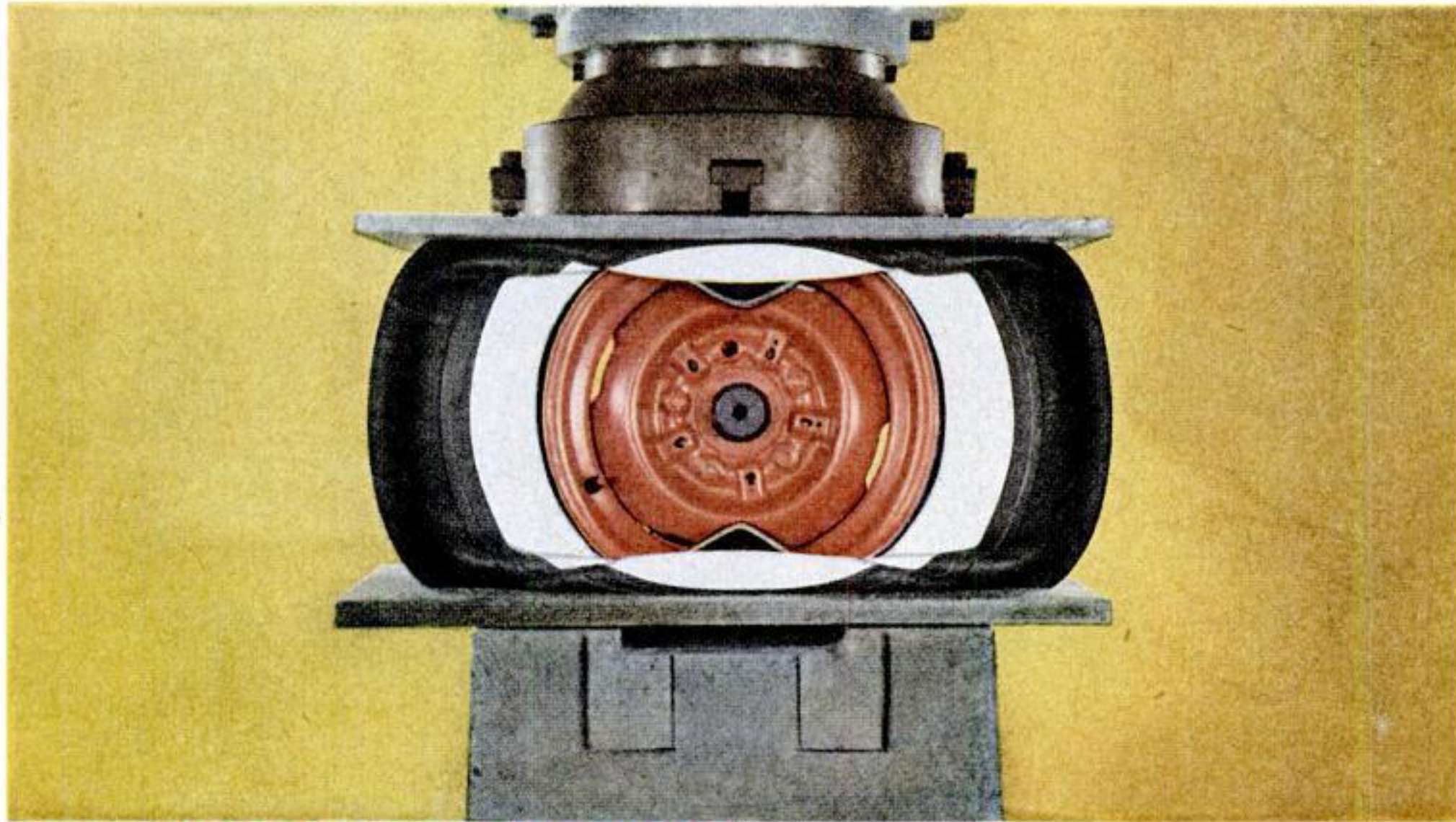
CENTER OF CEREBRATION was an old Masonic Temple, but scientists slept in private homes, in three lushly appointed rail cars brought in by host.



BOAT RIDE BANTER by Chicago Physicist Leo Szilard brings grins to faces of host Eaton (seated) and Indiana Geneticist H. J. Muller (top, left).

They've taken more punishment than you'll ever give 'em

GOODYEAR'S NEW 3-T NYLON CORD TIRES!



STRONGER ON THE INSIDE!

More than 32,000 crushing pounds of pressure bear down relentlessly on this Goodyear 3-T Nylon tire. The steel wheel buckles—yet not one single 3-T

Nylon Cord is broken. The miracle strength of Goodyear's famed 3-T Nylon Cord means longer, safer tire life—greater protection against blowouts . . . more miles of safe driving.



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These two cars hit this oil-slicked road at 50 miles an hour—then both cars braked at the same instant. The car on the right, riding on ordinary-type tires,

slipped and fishtailed dangerously. The other car, on Goodyear nylon tires with the new Twin-Grip tread, came to a safe stop 38 feet quicker! Dramatic proof of Goodyear's extra margin of safety.

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But, unless properly pre-conditioned, nylon stretches under tension. To control the stretch of nylon, Goodyear developed an exclusive process involving precisely controlled Tension, Temperature and Time. The result: a nylon cord fully controlled at its point of maximum strength and resiliency.

Triple-tempered, triple-tough 3-T Nylon Cord withstands flexing better than any other tire fabric—"high-flex" strength makes it more durable and blowout resistant.

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GOODYEAR

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PETER LIND HAYES and MARY HEALY tell...

How to BARBECUE chicken

"Barbecued chicken! Man, that's my meat," says Peter Lind Hayes. "C'mon, Mary lamb, move over . . . I'm the chef out here."

"Typical woman, always wants in on the act. And just because *she* buys the Acronized chicken."

"Well, maybe she's right. Since Mary's been buying Acronized chicken not one of *my* barbecues has laid an egg. Acronized chicken *does* make a difference! It's the freshest, juiciest chicken we've ever eaten. Our guests all agree, too."

Whether you're a backyard bon vivant or, simply, a genius in the kitchen, you can taste the difference in Acronized chicken.

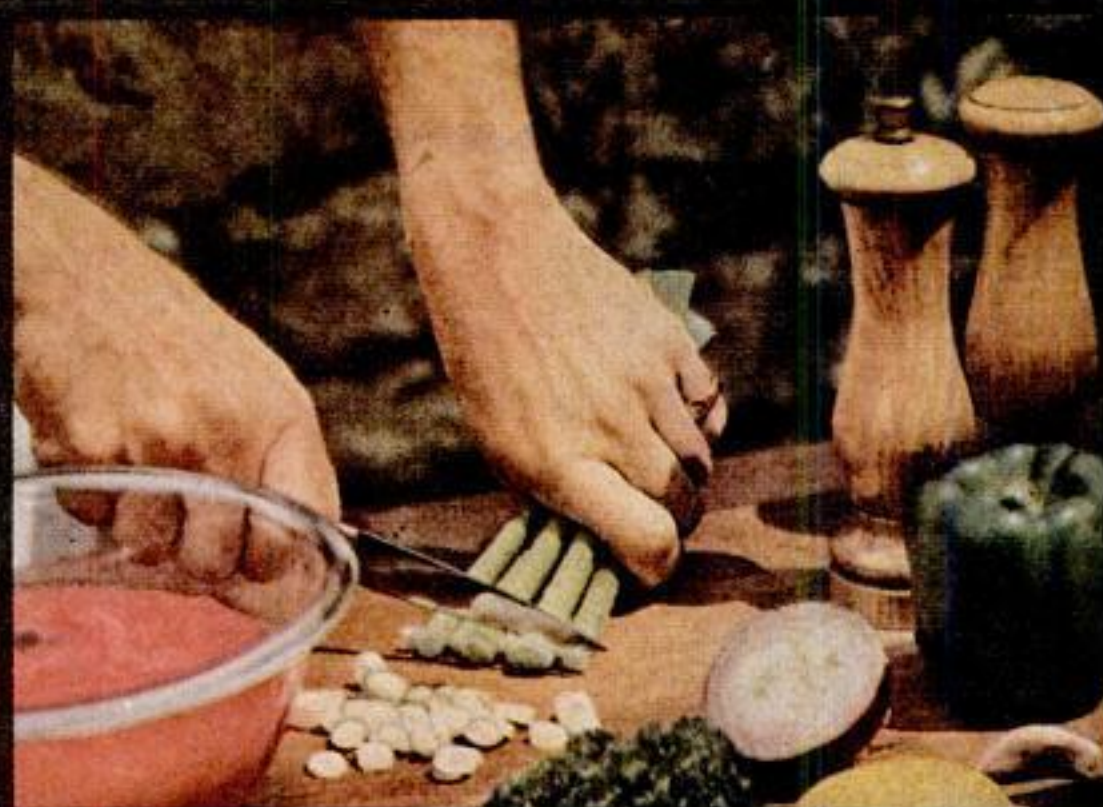
Acronized chicken is fresher-tasting than just ordinary chicken. Far more flavory, far more savory. It's kept that way, not by freezing or pre-cooking, but by a new processing agent that retards the growth of bacteria which cause spoilage and loss of freshness and flavor. This amazing advance retains real chicken goodness, to a degree never before possible.

Next time you're set to look-up a chicken barbecue — or any chicken dish — be sure the bird you use is Acronized. Look for the famous Acronized seal on your favorite brand of poultry. Make it your guide to chicken that's *always* extra good.

look for this seal of freshness



AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY
FARM AND HOME DIVISION, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.



1 Peter Lind Hayes always starts with Acronized chickens; says, "The seal's my guide to fresh flavor."

2 Here he prepares his own special barbecue sauce. You'll find the complete ingredients listed below.

3 Peter's marinating the chicken. Leave chicken in the sauce for at least two hours...longer if possible.



4 The chicken goes on the grill...always start 'em skin-side up. Broil, turning and basting frequently.

5 To turn the chicken use tongs, not a fork. That way you won't break the skin and let the juices escape.

6 Baste lightly before you serve. Tip: keep your grid at least 5" above the greying coals, to prevent burning.

...and why it should be **ACRONIZED**



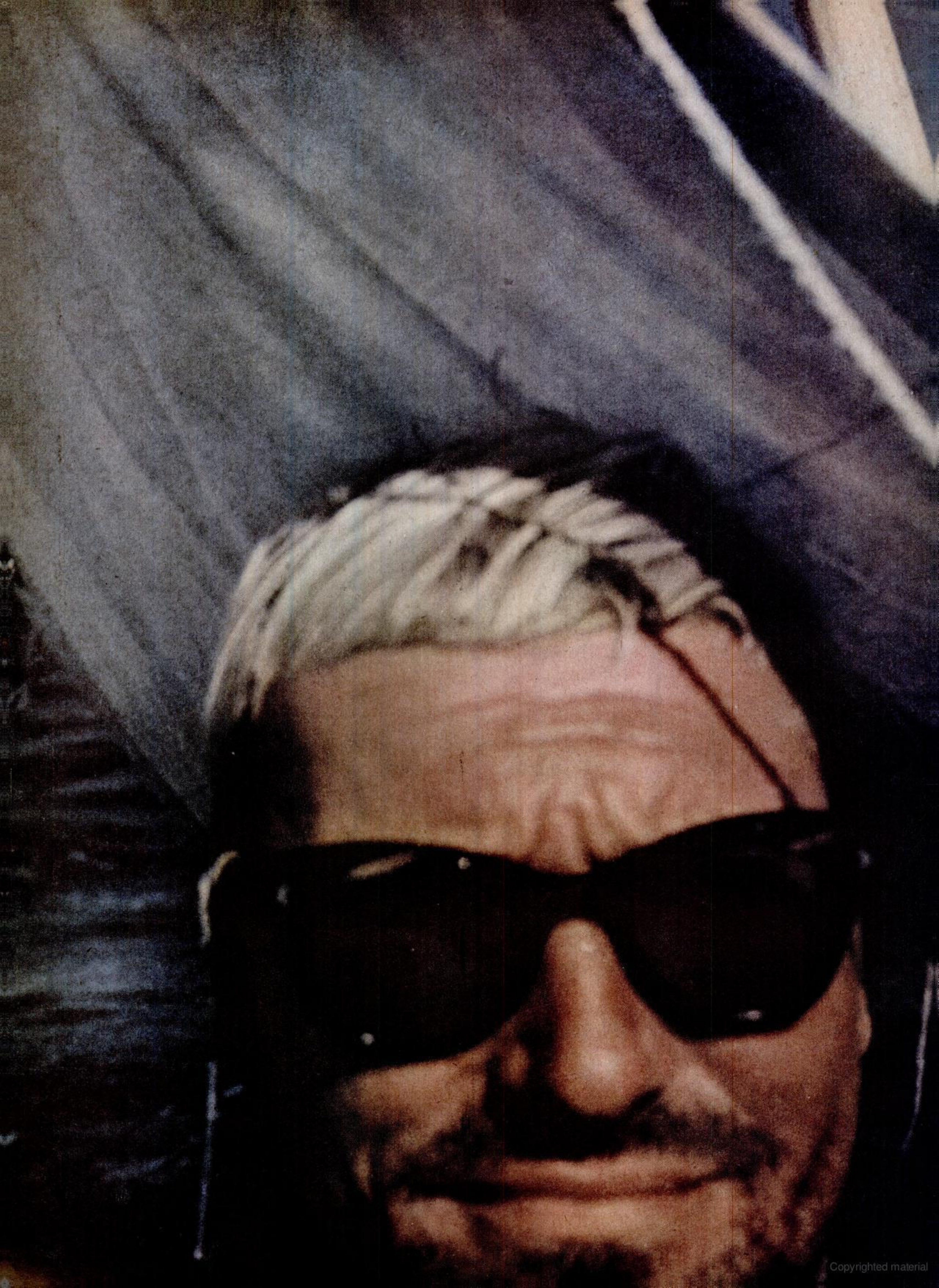
7 About an hour and you're ready to eat! P.S.: Leftover sauce keeps in the refrigerator at least two weeks.

8 Looks luscious! Tastes terrific! If you're like Peter Lind Hayes you'll treat your guests to Acronized chicken every time. Acronized chicken is consistently fresher-tasting than ordinary chicken. Try some today!

Here's Peter Lind Hayes' recipe for barbecue sauce:

Combine 1 cup of canned tomatoes	1/4 cup each chopped onions, chopped green peppers, vinegar and olive oil
1 bottle of catsup	1/2 teaspoon of sugar
1/4 teaspoon Tabasco	1 1/2 teaspoons of salt
1 tablespoon each horseradish and Worcestershire sauce	1/8 teaspoon of black pepper
1/2 cup chopped green onions (scallions)	and 2 cloves of garlic (either minced or put through press).

Makes approximately one quart of barbecue sauce, enough for about 5 chickens.



FIFTH IN A LIFE SERIES: 'GREAT ADVENTURES'

ALONE AT SEA FOR 72 DAYS



HUGE WAVES THREATEN TO ENGULF LINDEMANN AND BOAT AS THEY SAIL WEST. DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR SHILSTONE ARE BASED ON EVENTS IN DIARY

German doctor sails and paddles a 17-foot craft across the Atlantic

Last fall a German doctor, Hannes Lindemann, set out on a unique test of human endurance: he would attempt to sail the Atlantic in a 17-foot canoelike foldboat, a craft designed for

inland waters. Never before had the ocean been crossed in so small a craft with no outside help of any kind. The following is an abridgment of Lindemann's diary based on his log.

by HANNES LINDEMANN

1ST DAY, OCT. 20, 1956. "Hey, Hannes." My friend Ruth's hushed voice wakes me. I have been sleeping in the double canoe *Tangaroa* the night before sailing. The Canary Island harbor town of Las Palmas is still fast asleep.

Now Ruth is preparing breakfast for me. Fried eggs, sunny side up, on an ocean of fat, to give me more energy before taking off. Meanwhile the sun comes up. All seems to be taken care

of, although I know I could spend another two days right here making improvements. Somewhere one has to draw the line.

I get into my foldboat and push off from the *Tangaroa*. As I begin paddling a few curious people watch me. My friends Jim, Ruth and Jutta are among them. I can well imagine what is going on in their hearts and minds. I do not feel too cheerful either.

Out in the harbor I hoist my mainsail. The clouds above are

ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

floating southwest. It is around 9 a.m. and I can hear the honking of cars from land. I am proceeding very slowly and so I start paddling again. As I leave the closed harbor the first gusts of wind sweep across my boat and spray begins to wet the sail.

2ND DAY, OCT. 21. Several butterflies are flying over the ripples. I pull a grasshopper from the water. Will I be pulled out of the water this way one day? My splash cover begins to worry me. I waterproofed it myself but it still leaks a bit. Water, washing over the boat continuously, has leaked through to my knees, and they are wet under my oilskin pants.

At 9 a.m. the torture starts. My skin must be oversensitive to waterproofing ingredients. My body feels as if hot tar had been poured over it. But I banish all thoughts of turning back. I must make it and I will.

Finally I have some time to fix a quiet meal. Yesterday I didn't eat anything except the hearty breakfast, when I also drank twice the amount of liquid my stomach will ordinarily hold. The body is a better water tank than most people know. So for 36 hours I have eaten and drunk nothing because I want to dull my senses by fasting.

The second night is approaching. I am trying very hard to reduce all mental activity so that I can doze and renew my strength for the coming day. This is an art which I have to get used to. To doze while sitting—that anyone can do; but at the same time to keep the compass course—that is difficult. I have a hard time staying on course by working the rudder controls with my feet. I fall a bit deeper into sleep and dream for fractions of seconds.

3RD DAY, OCT. 22. Yesterday I lost sight of land. Now I am really alone. How long will my trip take? I am counting on 70 days.

After continuously handling wet articles and bailing out the boat, my fingertips are swollen and the skin very sensitive. By doing heavy work before my departure, I toughened the skin on my palms but I had forgotten the fingertips.

4TH DAY, OCT. 23. The weather is better. I hope to be able to dry my drenched clothes in the sun. At noon I begin my "hygiene hour" [see picture, p. 98]. I put a paddle across the cockpit and force myself out of the opening in the splash cover. I take off my paddling jacket, the oilskin pants, the short pants, the thick pull-over and an undershirt. Everything is drenched. With a few clothespins I fasten these articles on the shroud of the mizzenmast. What

a superb feeling to have the sun warm my skin. I bail the water from the boat, let my seat cushion dry in the sun and then fix myself a good place to sit. After all my dry clothes are dusted with talcum powder I put them back on.

5TH DAY, OCT. 24. The night was agonizing, and I know the ones to follow won't be much better. Today it is cold. During the day

I dream a lot. On land I am used to praying regularly, and here too I pray for alertness. Also prayers are a sort of sinking away in which the outside world is forgotten and man is strengthened.

6TH DAY, OCT. 25. In the morning I discover a bottle of orange juice which Jim had hidden in my boat. Later while making prick marks on a chart to log my course I find in the nautical almanac a picture of my three *Tangaroa* friends, with a cordial inscription: "Dear Hannes, keep going west. Your friendship meant a lot to us. Jim."

A little later I look at the top of the mizzenmast and discover a grasshopper clinging to it. I worry about it: how can I feed it?

7TH DAY, OCT. 26. This first week I have lived exclusively from canned foods in order to lighten the boat. The only uncanned food I have is garlic and a few oranges. This morning I

take a ration of evaporated milk and late at night a ration of beer with a tin of peas, adding to this a few slices of garlic. Milk and beer are foods as well as liquids and minimize the psychological effects of starvation.

8TH DAY, OCT. 27. The sun is beating against my aftsail relentlessly. I sprinkle the canvas with salt water and afterward feel better in its shade.

Today for the first time I see some small fish underneath my boat. The underwater part of the boat is painted red. Small fish are attracted by shadows and I don't know yet whether large fish, especially sharks, will avoid the red color.

9TH DAY, OCT. 28. The trade wind increases in strength. Too much spray and too many breakers come over the splash cover but I can no more avoid these in a foldboat than a motorcycle driver can avoid dust.

The noon sighting shows that I am on the 26th degree of latitude, almost 150 miles south of Las Palmas. While I am putting the sextant back into its waterproof bag a dolphin bites on the



A PASSENGER is discovered by Lindemann who looks up suddenly on the sixth day and discovers a grasshopper atop the paddle which serves as the mizzenmast. The grasshopper stayed overnight and then disappeared.

CONTINU D

THE AUTHOR AND WHY HE MADE THE TRIP

Hannes Lindemann, born in Sandesneben, Germany in 1922, graduated from the University of Hamburg's medical school and in 1953 became a staff physician for a firm in Liberia. Developing an interest in the problems of survival at sea, he began experimenting on himself and in 1955 crossed the Atlantic in a 24-foot dugout canoe. To observe more rigorous conditions, he set out last fall in the 17-foot foldboat, a craft

made of rubberized canvas on a collapsible wooden frame. Popular in Europe for scooting down mountain streams, the foldboat has inflated tubes along its sides for stability. Lindemann added an outrigger made from a truck's inner tube.

Lindemann emerged from his ordeal with one major conclusion: a man can surmount the most fearful hardships if he maintains his morale and refuses to let panic overtake him.



I thought that he'd forgotten

Our tenth anniversary . . . and this morning Phil kissed me good-by as if it had been *any* day.

For some funny reason, I didn't want to tell him. Maybe he'll remember during the day, I thought. But how could I have overlooked the twinkle in his eye at breakfast?

For later, when Phil came home . . . well, I might have *known*. First, roses. Then, something I missed out on when we got married, something I'd wanted for years—a complete service of International Sterling!

Phil hadn't forgotten *that*, either. How I used to look at other people's sterling ("like a little girl at a candy counter," he said). How we'd agreed to get along with any old thing till we could have the best.

And now . . . we have it! Our own "family silver," in the lovely International pattern we picked out so long ago.

When you choose *your* family silver, be sure to see *Rhapsody* in International Sterling.

A new way of handling silver gives this lovely pattern a rich, sweeping beauty and brings to life far more of the natural color and brilliance of the precious metal.

There are many famous International patterns—patterns that can never be duplicated in a lesser metal. See them soon.

You can buy a place setting at a time, or get the "Family Living Set"—a 42-piece service for 8 in a handsome chest. Pay for it later, if you wish. Just a few dollars a week.

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and JOHN FANTE • Story by DANIEL FUCHS • Produced and Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY

ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

fishing line which I have hung from the outrigger paddle. I kill it with a knife. First I consume the blood, then the liver and the roe. Then I eat part of the meat and save the rest for tomorrow. I have saved a whole day's ration.

The waves have become bigger. The wooden frame of the foldboat bends with each wave.

10TH DAY, OCT. 29. The wind grew stronger last night and now it is blowing from the northeast at 30 knots. My outrigger—a paddle with half an inner tube fastened to it—slipped a little last night and in the early morning hours a breaker moved it completely out of place. With sails down I force myself out of the splash cover, readjust my course and then lie down flat over the outrigger. Suddenly an enormous wall rears up right in front of me. Then it crashes over me. I gasp for air several times but then the giant wave has disappeared. By lying on top of the outrigger I have avoided capsizing but the boat is full of water. I get a pot and bail, then use a sponge to take care of the rest.

In the evening I hit some rain squalls and collect about three quarts in the splash cover. I drink one quart immediately and pour the rest into an aluminum container.

13TH DAY, NOV. 1. I have an adverse wind. For some unknown reason I cannot wind my watch any more. However my chronometer is still in good order. Then a bad squall comes out of the southwest and breaks my boom. I can repair it easily but the sail no longer fits well. Why do I call it a boom? It's such a simple stick, no thicker than a finger!

14TH DAY, NOV. 2. I have used the sea anchor—an open canvas sack that drags below the surface—steadily since yesterday to keep the boat on course. But using the sea anchor makes the larger breakers run pitilessly over the boat even when it isn't storming.

Around noon the wind becomes calmer. While I take my hygiene hour a small iridescent dolphin tries to find some protection in the boat's shadow. It is being chased by three larger brothers, each about one and a half yards long. They must have had some fun in this chase because they suddenly start to beat my boat with their tails.

18TH DAY, NOV. 6. Finally the wind abates and the first trade wind clouds appear in the sky. I take out all wet things and put them on the deck to dry. After this work I sit down again comfortably and feel my pulse: in the sun and after this exertion my pulse beats 48 per minute; in the last two nights it was 34.

I am optimistic. I am making plans for a new sea voyage or dreaming about my pet idea of starting a farm in the tropics. During the first two weeks I felt I would need a woman in that farmhouse. But now I don't think any more about marriage. I even want to do my baking myself, alone. Ah, the baking—I think a lot about food, mostly about sweets and, like all North Germans, about cake with whipped cream.

22ND DAY, NOV. 10. Now I am in the tropics, for I crossed the Tropic of Cancer last night. The big gusts of wind are still fierce. They ruffle the surface of each wave, blast it, hit it again, turn it upside down and finally turn the whole sea into an inferno. Showers repeatedly race over the water and create whirlpools of all sizes. It's just as if I were running barefoot over cobblestones, and I feel sorry for my rubber boat.

23RD DAY, NOV. 11. It's a Sunday. I'm thinking of the coffee and cake they are having now at home. In my ears the church bells from the village where I was born are ringing.

Suddenly a school of filefish appears. With a quick scoop I catch one by the head. While eating the raw fish I notice blood has started to ooze from my gums—a warning to begin



Photograph by Harold Halma

Troubled Lady... There's a tear on her pretty cheek but it will soon be gone. For troubles are forgotten quickly when one is very young.... Many a grown-up trouble also has a way of disappearing when there are friendly voices to help and reassure.... Just reaching for the telephone and talking to someone can bring sunshine into a dark or worried day.... For whatever the need or the hour, you are never alone with a telephone.

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ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

taking vitamin tablets. An abscess has formed on my thigh from a boil which had been there. To get relief I give myself an injection of penicillin.

26TH DAY, NOV. 14. I put some fresh bait on my fishing line. A little later a dolphin bites and begins to struggle. But what is this? I notice some other dolphins nearby getting uneasy. They huddle together near the port side. Only three yards ahead—a shark. It doesn't dare approach the boat. I quickly pull the dolphin in and kill it with my knife. The shark must have noticed the struggling fish and nosily come to see what it was all about. Now the shark is lolling behind my boat. It is about four yards long and quite a grown-up specimen. Its weight probably is double my boat, including provisions and myself. But when I notice that the shark seems more timid than I, I feel safe.

27TH DAY, NOV. 15. A lone whale wallows nearby but I cannot see him clearly because of the high waves. Then I hear some loud noises. I look around and see a big spray of water like a fountain. After this the whale takes a deep breath and dives straight down into the depths, its tail flapping high in the air.

Suddenly I meet a second shark, approaching the foldboat from aft. I estimate its length as only three yards. It lifts its little pig eyes up to me. Not being too keen on its presence, I watch closely until its head is within about two feet of my seat, and with all my strength I hit it on the head with my paddle. Surprisingly, this doesn't seem to affect it in the least. After a while it swims away.

30TH DAY, NOV. 18. Ever-growing darkness with thunder and lightning and cold spray. The night around me seems very cruel. Every few minutes I have to use my flashlight to look at my compass. I feel worn out and empty.

My knee has been bothering me. I am afraid it may be infected. Just below the kneecap it is becoming quite swollen. I take a ready-filled syringe and inject some penicillin into it.

At last the storm is over. This afternoon a bottle comes floating toward me. Covered with barnacles and crabs, it must have been in the water for weeks. I eat the crabs immediately, chewing them very well so that the hard shell won't injure my mucous membrane.

This afternoon I spot a "sea serpent." It snorts quietly to stern. First I think the noise is caused by the rushing waves, but then I distinctly see the monster gliding up and down through the waves. Its body is black. Then I notice its fins. It is four small whales, or maybe porpoises, swimming one after another.

I must get some sleep tonight. I know that without sleep I cannot get through another storm. But there is great danger of capsizing when I fall asleep.

31ST DAY, NOV. 19. It seemed as if the day would never begin. All through the night there were showers, gusts of wind, thunder and lightning, and I had to scoop the water out of the boat. Then, just as I had feared, I lost the rudder! I had become so accustomed to steering with my feet that I barely noticed, in my drowsy state,

that the steering cable was working stiffly. Suddenly it went slack, and I immediately awoke.

At last daylight comes. My boat is floating in a very bad position with the sea anchor out. It is leaning too much, which means more water over the deck. And my hands are really in bad shape.

The canvas cover seems to be speaking to me: "Now come, be sensible and lie down. Leave that and let the others do something—you don't need to do everything alone." My senses have changed in a peculiar way. It isn't only that I speak to myself—to the sails or to the outrigger—but also I hear sounds around me which seem to come from human beings.

32ND DAY, NOV. 20. I wait for the storm to abate before I put on the extra rudder I have with me.

Holding a new rudder pin between my toes and with the spare rudder blade fastened to my right wrist, I get into the water fully clothed. The water is lukewarm and the waves swell up to five

yards high. I cling to the stern with my left arm and begin to change the rudder blade to my left hand. Suddenly a big wave tears it from me. Like lightning I dive after it and luckily catch hold of the long string attached to the blade. A narrow squeak!

On my next try I have better results. With my right hand I insert the rudder pin and fasten it.

36TH DAY, NOV. 24. All the birds are around again. It's a very tired wind and the sails are almost still so I take the aft sail down. Then I see a big black box about half a sea mile away. It must be a ship.

I wave with my hand that I am all right. Perhaps they do not see me—I am too far away from them. Then they make a turn around my boat, and after a while I can distinguish faces on the bridge. The crew looks down curiously. A young blond officer springs onto the main deck and asks me through a megaphone,

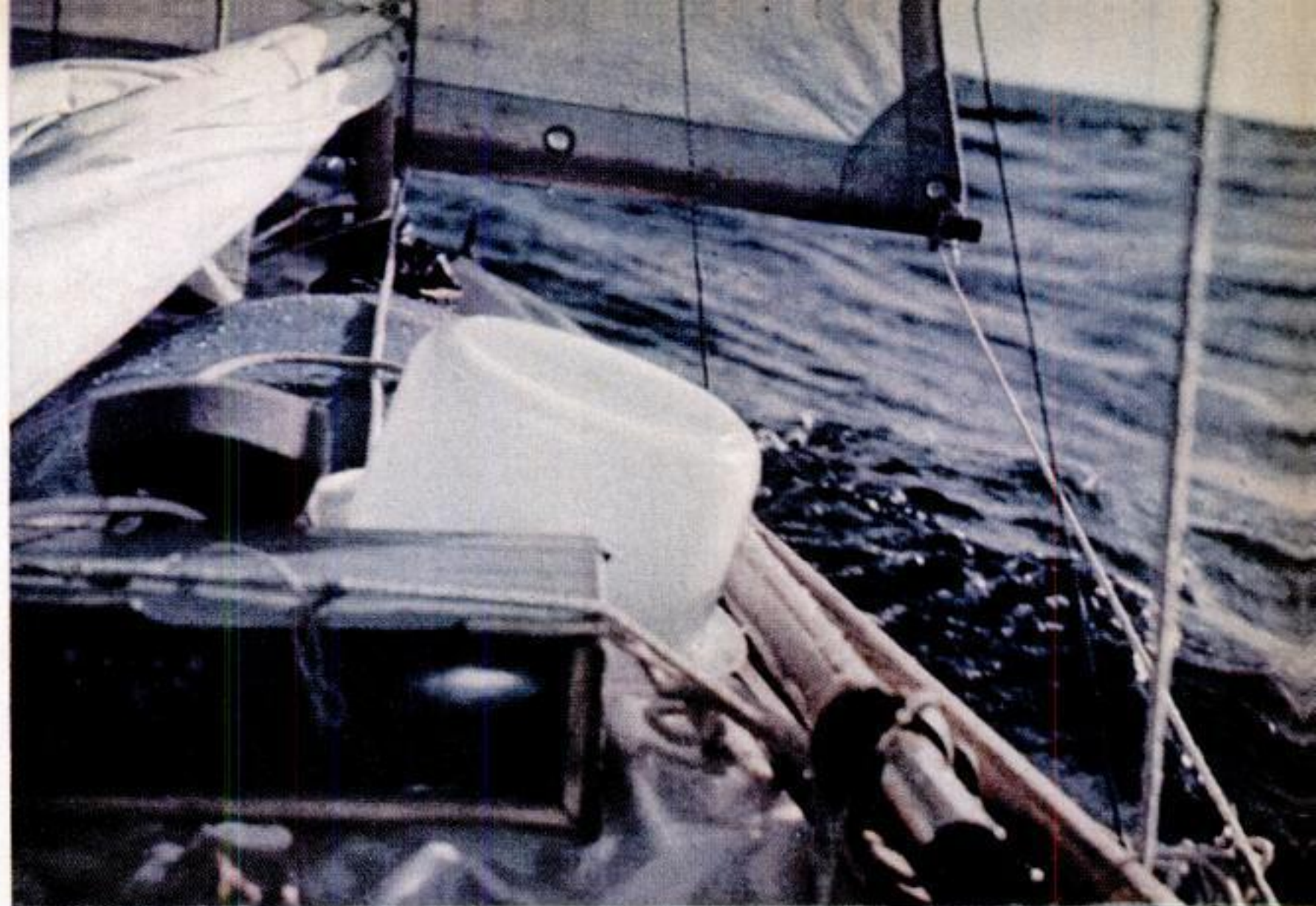
"Won't you come alongside?" Before I even think it over I answer, "No, thank you." "Do you need anything to eat?" "No, thank you very much." "What is your name?" I tell him my name and ask for my exact position. He gives orders to the bridge to reckon it and asks me more questions: "Where are you from?" "From Las Palmas, 36 days at sea with course for St. Thomas." "Would you like us to tell the yacht club in St. Thomas to expect you?" "That would be very kind of you."

He gives me the position: 36°28' longitude and 20°16' latitude. This checks with my reckoning and I am now about halfway across. Then, incredulously, he asks again if I really don't want anything to eat? "No, thank you." The freighter then goes on its way, the captain shouting down from the bridge, "Good luck." I thank him. He starts up the ship very carefully so as not to endanger my boat. At the stern I see the Dutch flag. It is the *Blitar* from Rotterdam.

48TH DAY, DEC. 6. Stiff breezes have blown from all sides for five days. I notice it by the reactions of my body, which is constantly wet. Every joint of my body, my knees, elbows and shoulders, not to mention my behind, is aching with pain—a perfect barometer.



HYGIENE HOUR begins as Lindemann, seated on a paddle, doffs his wet clothing and hangs it on the boat's shroud to dry. Cushions are also aired and boat bailed. Sun helped clear up boils which kept appearing on author's thighs from dampness and sensitivity to chemicals in his clothing.

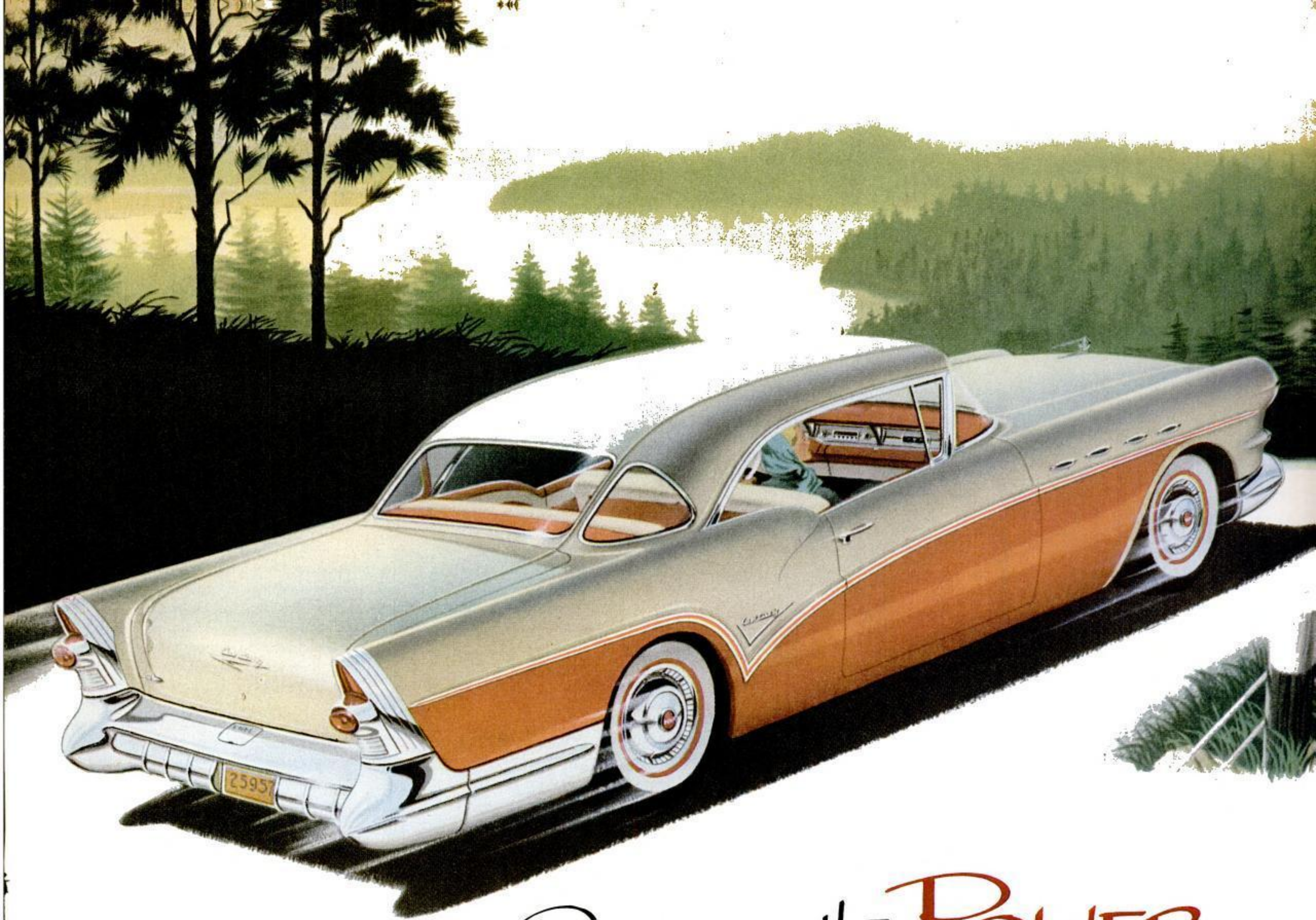


THIS WAS LINDEMANN'S VIEW FORWARD AS HE SAT IN THE FOLDBOAT

BEFORE he left Las Palmas, Dr. Lindemann lined up his equipment (*left*) and weighed it. His boat weighed only 55 pounds. His supplies, including 17 pounds of cameras and film and 18 pounds of extra clothing, totaled more than 200 pounds. He also had almost 200 pounds of food and liquids and he himself weighed 198. To the boat's normal mainsail he added two square sails. But his folding boat stood the strain so well that when it reached the West Indies its hull, though barnacle encrusted (*below*), was almost good as new.

ON BEACH AT ST. MARTIN DAY AFTER ARRIVAL, LINDEMANN STANDS BY BEDRAGGLED CRAFT WHOSE SAILS ARE WORN, LASHINGS LOOSE OR BROKEN





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ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

49TH DAY, DEC. 7. I wanted to sail all night long but couldn't, I was so tired. Again I heard voices, so I answered and spoke to everything as if to friends: "Where is the knife?" "Not here." "Come on, here is some work for you." Or, to the outrigger when it kept the sea from shoving us off balance: "Bravo, you managed it."

51ST DAY, DEC. 9. A few days ago one of the filefish bit me on the right hand as I was removing the arrow from my speargun from it. The wound has not healed, and today a small abscess has broken out.

I keep thinking of food. When I pass Philipsburg [Netherlands West Indies] I will stop at a quiet place and do some shopping: white bread, butter, Swiss cheese and ham, and



ANNOYED at a large shark which has been hovering near the boat, Lindemann grasps his paddle and brusquely strikes the creature's head. The blow had no effect on the shark but after a while it swam away.

for dessert applesauce, biscuits and chocolate. I prefer cream cakes but you don't find such things in the tropics.

53RD DAY, DEC. 11. A large patch of sargasso weed floats past me. At this latitude it could only have come from the Antilles. But I mustn't build false hopes. My longitude measurements are rather rough but I think they are reliable.

55TH DAY, DEC. 13. The rudder again is worn out so I have to devote all my attention to keeping on course in this strong wind. Here is a big breaker coming from aft—I am almost drowned, gasping for air. I am pushed ahead 10, 15 yards, and then with a hard bump I sit down.

With a sponge I slowly soak the water up. Toward dusk I see a red light, a little later a green, then both together. At first I cannot make out what it could be, but now I see: it's a ship. She is making a straight line for me. It looks as if she wants to run me down. I have my paddle and flashlight ready. But she passes about 50 yards away.

CONTINUED

What? Gin'n Nothing?



Yes, when it's
FLEISCHMANN'S GIN,
it's so smooth you'll like it straight
*...and gin that smooth makes
perfect mixed drinks every time!*

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN • DISTILLED DRY GIN • 90 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

New!

"One-Minute Miracle"

for Iced Tea Drinkers



The best iced tea you ever tasted—ready in a minute or less

**Pure tea crystals do away with
brewing and drippy tea bags**



**Never anything
like it before!**

Dissolve a spoonful in a little boiling water—instantly you release the flavor of finest tea. The only 100% pure tea in instant form!



**All the flavor with
none of the fuss!**

Fill up the glass with ice and tap water—and that's all. No brewing, no drippy tea bags with Instant Tender Leaf Brand Tea.



**In seconds enjoy
sparkling iced tea!**

Tastes like real tea because it is real tea. No added dextrose and maltose to dilute the flavor. Quick, slick, delicious!

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

56TH DAY, DEC. 14. I sailed the night through. I don't remember when I last slept. All I know is that today I am very tired, very, very tired.

Then a tropical bird greets me and I shout "Hurrah!" He is surely the first American I've seen on the trip. I just needed something like this to cheer me up.

Suddenly on my portside I see a huge tanker. Like the first one I met, it comes from behind—unnoticed. What do they want? I wave to them, as much as to say, "Go away, everything is all right here." Then I see a man with a megaphone calling to me and I think I hear him saying, "My dear Lindemann, don't be so obstinate!" But the sea is so high and rough I cannot understand anything more he says. It must have been my imagination again playing tricks.

The tanker circles me and comes alongside again. A young officer makes a despairing gesture—is there nothing he can do to help? With a laugh I wave a "No." The ship slips past me, the backwash swirling and splashing over my boat.

Now I must make sure that my little boat does not get swamped by the tanker's undertow. It was the *Eaglesdale* from London. Meeting them cheered me up. After all, it's nice to know that there is somebody near to help even when I didn't accept help. Now I ask myself, "Should I have accepted help?" Give up after 55 days at sea? Under no circumstances!

57TH DAY, DEC. 15. Last night was like being in hell!

I begin to sing but something inside me stops me. One thing I know: I must put the boat into a boathouse—I must get it in somewhere. And then get out of it! And then lie down beside it—to sleep. Sleep, nothing but sleep. . . .

Am I swimming—what? The shock wakes me up. Before I know what is happening the breakers are over me.

I must bail, I will bail—then why don't I do it? I am invited to a hunting party—a black servant calls for me and I sit comfortably in a sort of a ricksha. [To Lindemann's mind, fuzzy after weeks alone, the boat's black rubber outrigger turns into a little African boy and he and the "boy" have long conversations.]

"Boy, where are we going?" I ask him anxiously. "Take it easy, we have to go through the surf," the boy answers and, as we hurtle along, everything is full of water. "Boy, where are your employers living?" "In the West," he answers. Something is working in me. "West?" This word I know. Ah, I have it, the compass. I look at the compass. I am far off course. I look at the boy to the left. No, he went off. This time a black horse is there and it carries the boat.

At dawn quite a storm develops. Towering waves shoot to such a height that I say in disbelief, "No, such waves simply do not exist!" But immediately I add, "I'll make it yet—I'm bound to succeed!"

As if to prove my conviction, I look into the sky and see a frigate bird. It must be from America. By my figuring I am still about 400 sea miles east of the Caribbean islands. But as these dark frigate birds rarely fly that far from their nests, I must be mistaken. It might mean land in four days!

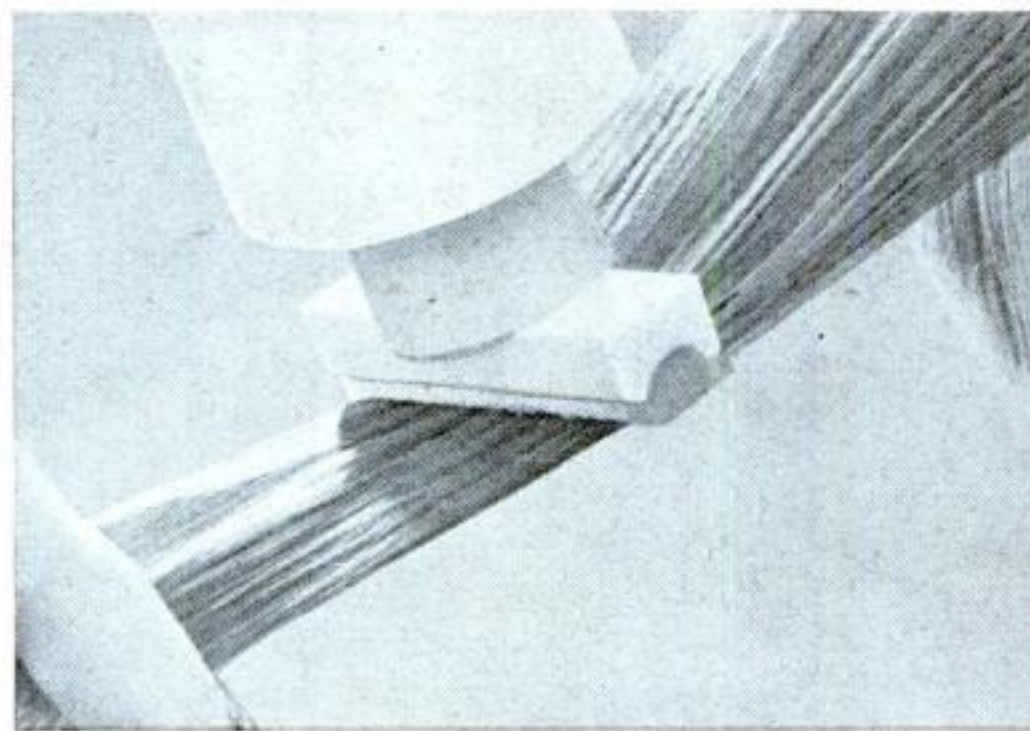
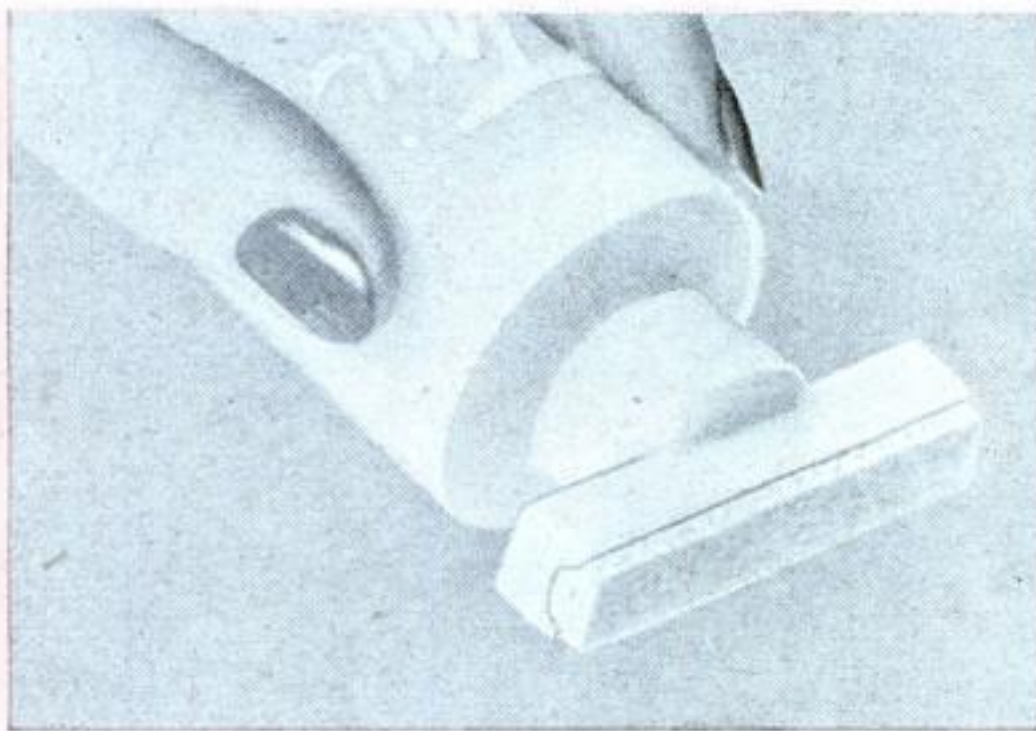
Feeling more comfortable in the twilight hours, I throw out my sea anchor. I am slumped over, the splash cover is over my head and my rubber yachting shoes are unlaced so that I can quickly kick them off in case the craft is overturned.

The stars tell me it must be about 9 p.m. Suddenly a huge wall rises on my right and I know nothing more. Am I dead? No, I am gasping for breath. I am capsized in the water. I beat the sea with my hands. The overturned hull is high over the water. It is slippery. My mouth tastes salty. Finally I grasp the outrigger. The storm does not subside. The waves are the same, rumbling, roaring and thundering as before, merciless. In the sea my body feels bitter cold. Then I am on top of the hull, my right hand grasping the paddle to the outrigger, the left

*The most even wave ever!
No stragglers — no frizz!*
You just can't miss getting the most even wave of your life—because New Way Toni waves more evenly, more thoroughly—without mess or guess!

A new way to wave! Even-Waving Toni!

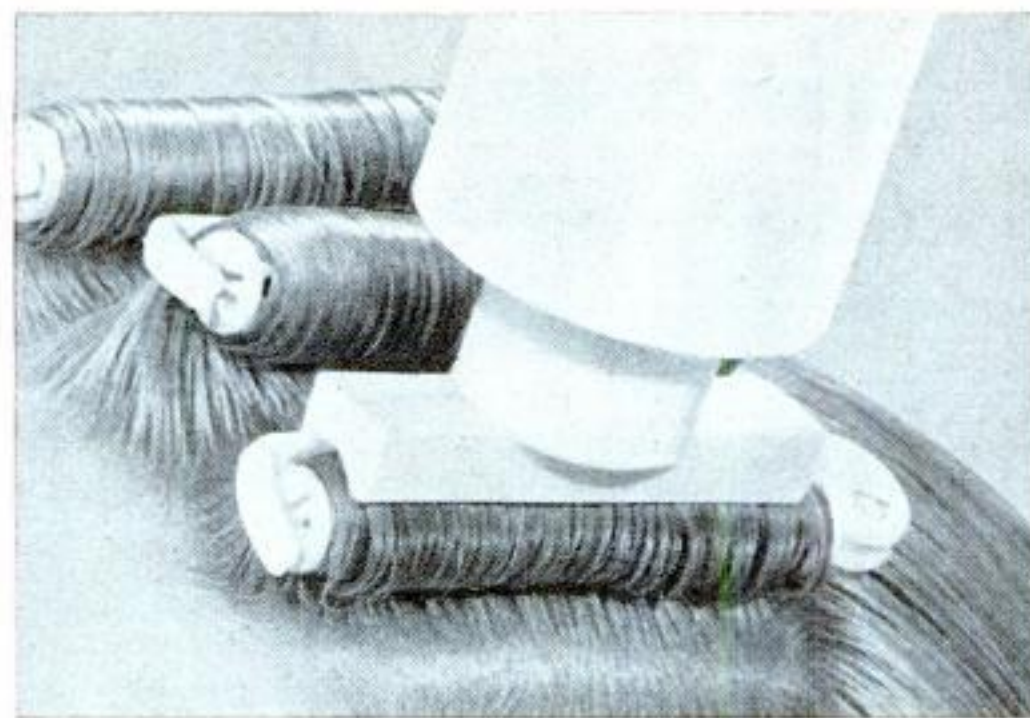
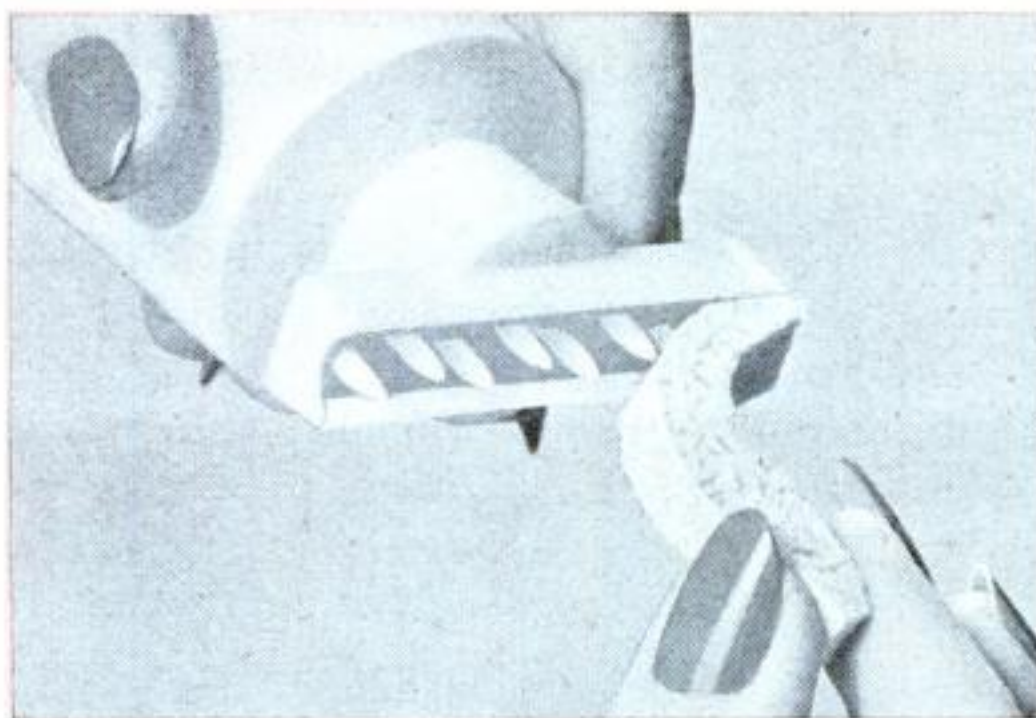
SIMPLIFIED ... NO MESS ... NO GUESS!



1. WAVE right from the applicator!

Applicator holds all the lotion! Sponge top is wide as a curl. New *Even-Waving* Lotion spreads smoothly. Won't splash or drip!

One easy stroke wets every strand—clear thru. No combing needed. Never too much lotion—never too little. Most *even* waving ever!



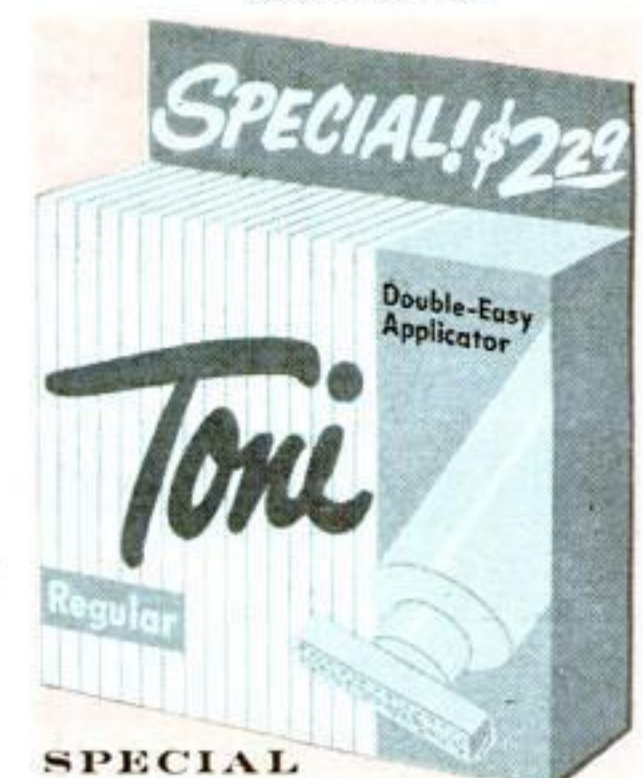
2. NEUTRALIZE right from the applicator!

Sponge comes off. See those eight spray-tips? They spray neutralizer *inside* each curl—where hands can't reach. No mess! No miss!

Now, the spray-tips are inside the curl. Press! Neutralizer flows in. *All* waving action stops. Can't under-wave! Can't over-wave!



*...first double-easy applicator
...first even-waving lotion*



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\$2.00 value New Way Toni . . . plus
\$1.00 value Double-Easy Applicator
\$3.00 value Now . . . only **\$2.29**

Also available in Canada.

Get after Athlete's Foot **FAST!**

BEFORE THIS—



Raw, red cracks between the toes are one of the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act immediately!

Kills 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

Famous laboratory cultivates millions of Athlete's Foot fungi of every known type in test tubes and reports every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.!

That stinging sensation you feel as you apply Absorbine Jr. tells you it is busy in those cracks where Athlete's Foot germs lurk, killing all the fungi it reaches. For in carefully controlled clinical tests on patients, Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief to the great majority of sufferers. Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot organisms burrow beneath the skin—may even get into your bloodstream. Cases, like the above, may need a doctor's care.



Athlete's Foot germs killed fast! Absorbine Jr. totally destroyed Athlete's Foot germs in test tube cultures in less than 5 minutes!

Absorbine Jr.

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ATHLETE'S FOOT RELIEF



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Worm him at home in ten seconds this easy way with

Sergeant's[®] WORM-AWAY

Large roundworms rob your puppy of the nourishment he needs for a healthy, happy life.

Now, with Sergeant's New Worm-Away, you can worm your pup right at home—easily, safely, without any messy after-effects. **JUST MIX IT WITH HIS REGULAR FOOD!**

Sergeant's New Worm-Away, like any other Sergeant's product, has been clinically tested by consulting veterinarians. It's safe! It's effective! **ONLY 98¢**

After your puppy is safely through the first 6 months, worm him with Sergeant's Sure Shot (for dogs over 10 pounds) or Sergeant's Puppy Caps (for dogs under 10 pounds). These protect him against both the large roundworms which steal his food and the common hookworms which suck his blood. **ONLY 75¢**

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ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

clinging to the gunwale of the boat. The wind is hurling over the hull. It is terribly cold.

It is just about midnight. I realize that I must wait until day-break before attempting to right my boat. The stiff wind chills me to the bone. I slide back into the warm water.

58TH DAY, DEC. 16. Now after midnight the cold is even more bitter. I must think back to the church of my village where I was born. Why? I don't know. Then I kick against something hard with my feet. This frightens me and I scramble frantically up onto the hull.

At last I see the dawn. I cannot wait any longer and must turn the boat over. I fasten a long rope to the outrigger and am able to manage it.

The bottom part of the mizzenmast is broken. The sea anchor is lost. I climb into the boat, sit down in water and take stock of what is left.

All the canned food which I had saved up so carefully has gone except for 11 tins of milk in a bag tied to the mast. Out comes the waterproof flashlight. It still works. Two photobags and my two Leica cameras are gone, even though they were tied to the boat. Water has gotten into the other photobags and the sextant is damaged. All spare parts for the boat, my night glasses, all my toilet articles—all these things are now at the bottom of the ocean or floating away somewhere.

The sails are all tangled up. I can't possibly see how I will



HALLUCINATIONS afflict Lindemann in the last weeks. He thinks he is accompanied by a Negro helper with whom he converses. When delirium goes, Lindemann sees "boy" is black inner tube which serves as outrigger.

ever set them again. . . . What's happened to the chronometer? It's full of water, impossible to use. My good knife is gone; only a blunt curved one remains. But I am alive and well. So what more do I want?

59TH DAY, DEC. 17. The storm howls, the sea roars, I am dead tired. During the night my whole body shook.

Air—air—at last! Again I have capsized. I am up to my neck in water. My hands slip off the hull. I grab hold and right the boat. Now I am back in it again, sitting in the water. It's not cold except when I move, and then the cold water penetrates my body.

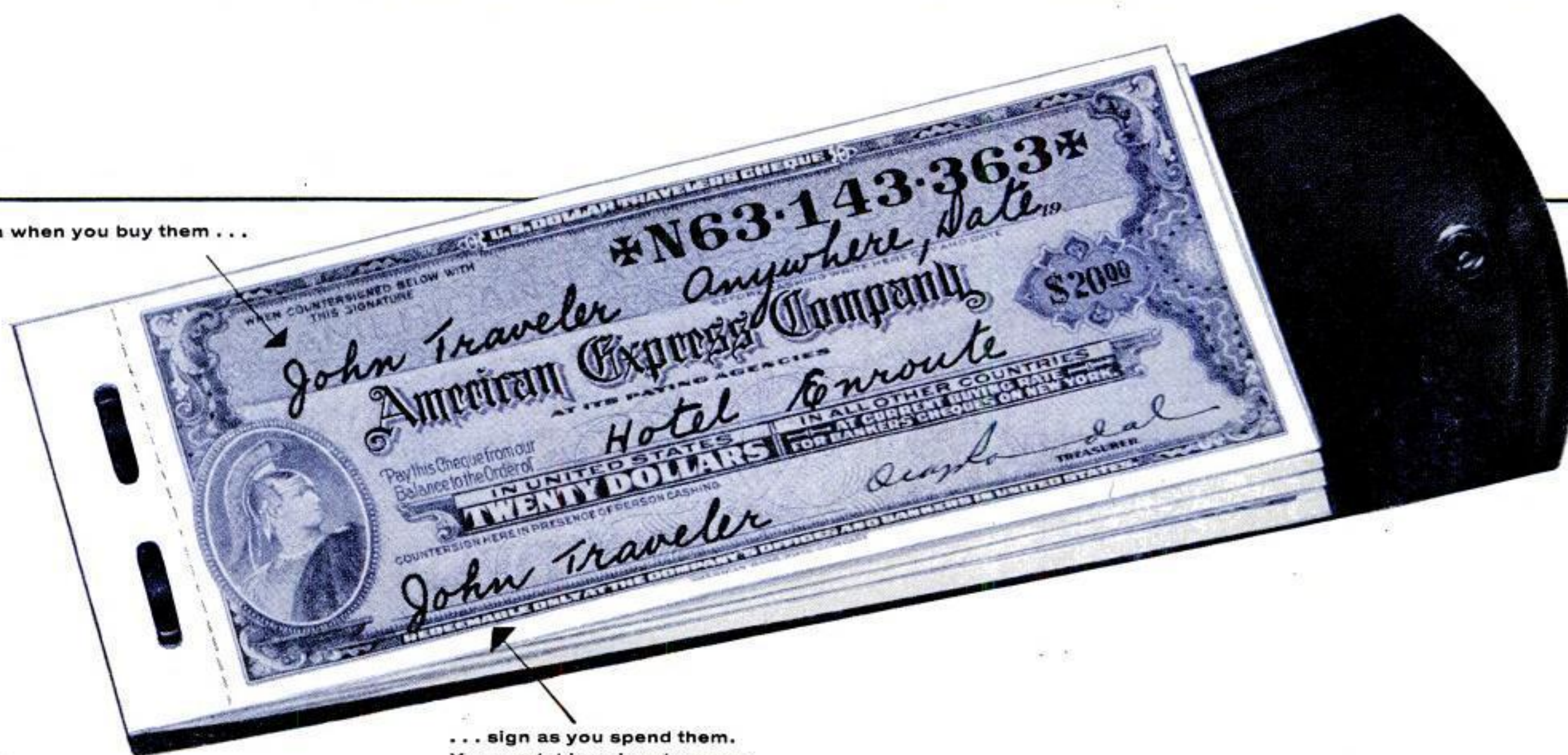
63RD DAY, DEC. 21. At times I feel half dead. There is simply nothing more here—no thoughts, only this infinite stillness in the hellish storm. It's unbelievable but I know my boat will

CONTINUED

Never carry more cash than you can afford to lose...

*For business or pleasure
trips, long weekends
or extended vacations...*

Sign when you buy them...



... sign as you spend them.
Your matching signatures are
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play safe—insist on...

- Prompt refund if lost or stolen.
- Accepted everywhere—easy to spend as cash.
- Good until used—keep unused cheques for emergencies.
- Buy them at your BANK... and at Railway Express and Western Union offices. Charges—only a penny a dollar!

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*All set...come hill
or high water!*

What a pleasure to know your car engine is rarin' to go! Pennzoil with Z-7 — 100% Pennsylvania motor oil blended with permanently active Z-7 — keeps your engine clean, smooth-running and powerful for keeps. Wherever you live, ask your dealer for Pennzoil with Z-7, The Tough-Film® oil, by name.

IN EVERY STATE, AT DEALERS WHO **care** FOR YOUR CAR
AND IN CANADA AT **B/A** DEALERS



Sound your Z . . . insist on Pennzoil

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**Martinis on-the-rocks
straight
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ERNIE KOVACS, AUTHOR OF "ZOOMAR"

Now it's as easy to serve expertly mixed cocktails as it is to pour straight whiskey. Get Heublein's Martinis—made with choicest pot-stilled gin and vermouth—perfectly proportioned. Then simply pour over ice—right from the bottle.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., HARTFORD, CONN.

**HEUBLEIN
COCKTAILS** full-strength
ready-to-serve

EXTRA DRY MARTINIS, 75 PROOF • MANHATTANS, 65 PROOF • AND 8 OTHER POPULAR KINDS

ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

not fail me. This foldboat is now the strongest part of me, stronger than the breakers; it degrades the sea, and the sea knows it.

Why don't I treat myself to a tin of milk? I would still have nine left. On a sudden impulse I grab a tin, dig at it with the curved knife and suck the milk out. After I have emptied it I feel ashamed of my weakness.

66TH DAY, DEC. 24. How long have I sailed without sleeping? It's many days and God knows how many nights. Or is it already weeks?

It must be Christmas Eve! And here flying to me is my Christmas present: land swallows, real land swallows! They are squealing and quarreling, just as they always do. Now I will sing a Christmas carol! "*O du froehliche, o du selige. . .*"

My feet feel no more resistance against the rudder lines. The rudder is broken off! So I must paddle and steer with the paddle. And *that* on Christmas Eve!

I have rheumatism in my upper arm so I keep changing the paddle every few seconds. Dusk has now set in. Finally, a streak of light in the sky. At last, these may be the lights of Saint



CLINGING desperately to the hull of his capsized craft, Lindemann waits through agonizing and chilling hours until dawn comes and he can right the boat. Water is warmer than the air but he is afraid of sharks.

John's in Antigua. If true, then I should be there by the morning. I will eat toffee, nothing else, all day long.

Suddenly the African is there again: "Where are we going this time?" "To the West," he says.

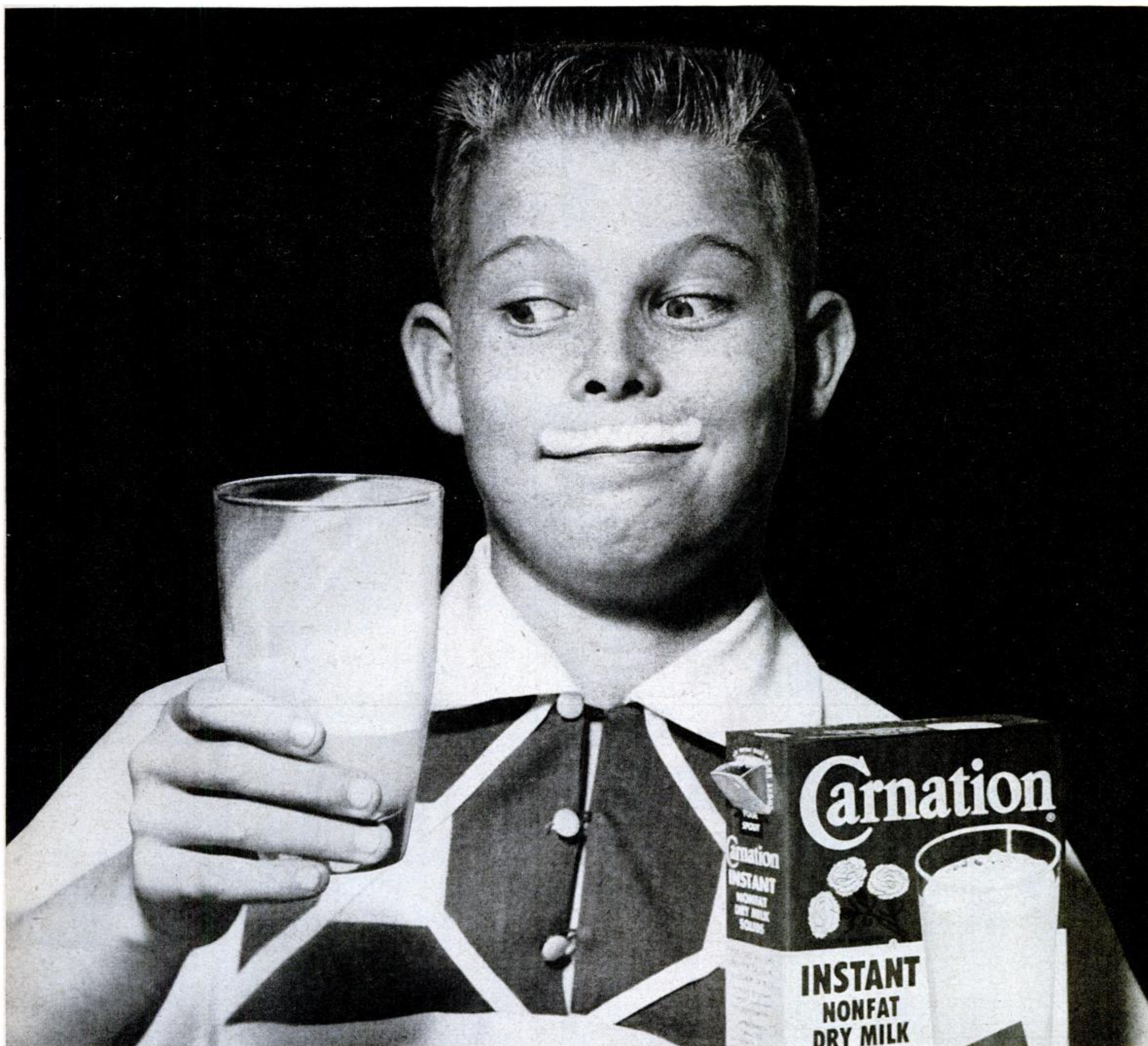
68TH DAY, DEC. 26. I still do not see any land. A dismal feeling oppresses me: is it possible I have passed the Antilles without noticing them? I wouldn't be the first who has missed them. Lord help me, there must be land somewhere near.

70TH DAY, DEC. 28. Today is my birthday. But why should I think about it? All I can think about is cake.

71ST DAY, DEC. 29. For three weeks I have sat in wet clothes and 21 nights I have sat in water. About noon I see a shadow of a cloud before me on the horizon. Hurrah! It's an island. But three hours later my little island has disappeared behind a bank of clouds.

72ND DAY, DEC. 30. Finally the island emerges, bare and rocky, with yet another larger island in the north. I see another

CONTINUED



This is the Instant that's delicious for drinking!

Carnation Instant "**Magic Crystals**"—secret of fresh flavor nonfat milk instantly!



Carnation Instant is the new *pure crystal form* of freshest nonfat milk. New *Magic Crystals* that burst into refreshingly delicate flavor, even in ice-cold water! Ready to drink, with *all* the natural protein, calcium and B-vitamins of fresh *whole* milk! Ready instantly for cereals,

cooking, baking — no special recipes needed! **DISCOVER "MAGIC CRYSTALS" TODAY!** Look for Carnation, the *only* "Magic Crystals" Instant, today. The new way to *fresh* flavor always handy for drinking, cooking — at such low cost! Convenient 3-qt. and economical 8-qt. packages, with easy-pour spout.

FOR DRINKING, COOKING, BAKING—AND WHIPPING—NOW SAVE ALL 4 WAYS!



MIXES INSTANTLY! Magic Crystals mix instantly and completely in ice-cold water with a light stir. You unlock fresh flavor each time, ready to drink at once!



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You may need the
SUMMER NERVE NUTRITION
you get from RYBUTOL's
high-potency vitamin
and mineral formula

Are hot, restless nights making your nerves "scream"? Are lack of appetite and that worn-out-with-summer feeling keeping you on edge? You may simply need the *nerve nutrition* provided by RYBUTOL—the high-potency Vitamin B₁ and B₂ formula containing 11 important vitamins and 9 minerals in every Gelucap.

Nutritionists now believe a critical shortage of certain B-complex vitamins, particularly Vitamin B₁, can result in poor *nerve nutrition*.

One daily Gelucap of RYBUTOL gives you 15 times the minimum daily requirement of Vitamin B₁ and 3 times the re-



quirement of B₂—enough not only to maintain daily needs but to help correct definite deficiencies. And look what else this *multiple* vitamin and mineral formula gives you: 100% of your minimum daily requirement of Vitamin C and iodine plus iron and B₁₂.

Relax and enjoy summer! Don't let jumpy nerves from vitamin lack spoil your fun. Take high-potency Vitamin B₁ and B₂ RYBUTOL—you're guaranteed to feel better in 7 days or money back.

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**SAVE
\$3.55**

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Antiseptic 'Chap Stick' offers soothing comfort when the sun shines hot. Carry it with you always. Brings quick relief to sun-burned, parched, sore lips.

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EVERY-
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POWER MOWERS

23" 2 1/2 H.P. 4 cycle	\$139.95
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Enough to Kill
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Pres-It-On® Fly Killer is death to flies. They feed on it, drop dead in minutes. A coated tape which self-sticks to any surface, out of sight. Use around windows, doors, wherever flies gather. Lasts a full season. Saves time, mess and money. Now at better stores everywhere.

INSECTOTAPE DIVISION of Associated
Tape & Label Co., Omaha, Nebraska

ALONE AT SEA CONTINUED

shadow looming in the background. From the configuration of land I know now that I am heading for the Philipsburg harbor in St. Martin.

A shower and then some heavy rainfalls. At last I sail into the harbor of Philipsburg. What a sight! Such complete peace! Such quiet! All about me I see the vivid green of the tropics, with red roofs and colored houses in between.

It is late afternoon. I paddle my craft near the pier. A few fugitives from the shower are huddled together there. I have arrived! I must get out. My knees are weak and trembling, as I have not stood up for 72 days. I pull the stern out of the water, again stumbling, then falling down. Finally I succeed in pulling the bow farther inland.

I try to go toward the stern to push the boat, but I cannot walk straight. I fall again. By then a few goodhearted onlookers have come over from the pier and they carry the boat inland.

It is still raining. The men ask me where I come from. "From Las Palmas," is my taut reply. A voice calls over from the pier. I stumble there. It is a police officer, asking for my papers. I show him my passport and give him a brief explanation.

I stagger back to the boat and roll up the sails. Then I go with several of the natives to the hotel, taking along the most necessary things—movie camera, log book, personal documents and fresh underwear. Already I feel safer on my feet.

After a shower I get coffee and cake. It is coconut cake, and I eat three hand-sized pieces. It tastes excellent. Then the manager brings a steak. Too bad it is not a big American-sized one, but it tastes wonderful.

I lie on the bed in my room and try to sleep. The terrific tension of the past weeks shows its effects now. I just cannot fall asleep. At midnight I give up and leave the silence of my hotel room and go down to the beach. I sit down near the boat for a while. There I can hear the ocean waves. After all these weeks the sound is strangely comforting to my ears.



SLEEPING fitfully during a thunderstorm, Lindemann hunches down and pulls splash cover over his head. Even on calmest nights he rarely slept for longer than half hour at a time and often naps lasted only few seconds.



ENAMEL LINING on **BALL DOME LIDS** protects all your home-canned foods best!

Fruits, vegetables, pickles, jams and jellies get extra protection with famous Ball Dome Lids! These finer lids keep taste-pleasing flavors at the peak of perfection . . . right up to serving time! And the reason is easy to see!

The wonderful *cream-white enamel* lining on each Ball Dome Lid means extra flavor protection. Won't rust or corrode . . . clean and sanitary when removed months later. And Ball Dome Lid's *live red rubber* gives a positive vacuum seal—easy to test . . . Dome down, jar sealed.

Get the best protection for *your* home canning—use Ball Dome Lids.



Ball Jars come
complete with Dome Lids.
Buy replacement Ball Dome Lids
in this blue and gold box.

No Paraffin Needed with BALL "HALF-PINTS"

Simply pour hot jelly or jam into the Ball "Half-Pint" Jar and seal it—airtight—with a Ball Dome Lid. Advantages:

- No paraffin mess or danger!
- Leakproof, airtight seal.
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- Tapered sides—jelly slides out!
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Ball Brothers Company—"Hygeia" Nursers, Commercial Glass Containers and Metal Closures, Decorative Plastics, Rubber Products, Zinc Products



THIS IS A WHAT KEPT YOU

He's a vacationer that always gets where he's going (and gets there first). His car is in peak condition because he always has it travelized before he goes!

There's nothing to keep this fellow from having a carefree vacation. No secret how he does it, either. Before starting out, he had them give his Ford a Summer Travelize Check-up where they display the FoMoCo sign.

The Travelize Check-up showed new brake linings would save trouble on that long trip ahead. So Genuine Ford Brake Linings were installed. They're the brake linings with the "iron grip." Like all Genuine Ford Parts, they're made right, to fit right and last longer in any Ford.

Have your Ford serviced regularly at Ford Dealers and selected independent garages where you see the FoMoCo sign.

Have your Ford travelized now



Safeguard your Ford where you see this ^{new} sign



1937

GRAND MARCH in 1937 was held in the school gym but in 1957 it was rerun at Antigo's Elks Club. Both marches were headed by the class king and queen who are now Mr. and Mrs. Bill Neary. Bill is an accountant in Milwaukee. The first man

in the second row of both pictures is Ralph Strandberg, an electrical contractor who has two children. Strandberg promoted the class reunion. At his left is Peggy Melgard, a housewife, and to her left is Lloyd McCann, a sheet metal worker.



1957

A 1937 Grand March Reassembled

The junior class prom at Antigo, Wisconsin's high school in 1937 was an especially exciting affair. A photographer was present, taking pictures for the new *LIFE* magazine, then just six months old. This month the class of 1938 held a reunion in Antigo to commemorate its 1937 prom, and *LIFE* was again happy to be there. After a nostalgic tour of old classrooms (*next page*) and a dinner at the Antigo Elks Club some 70 classmates, wives and husbands stepped through a 20-years-later grand march.

Aside from broadened waistlines on both men and women and receding hairlines on some of the men, the class has done quite well for itself in 20 years. Its members are working at jobs ranging from fireman to city manager. The 188 students in the class produced 169 marriages—four of them interclass affairs—and 455 children. Most fitting of all, the class king, Bill Neary, and his queen, Marjorie Byrne, who headed the grand march in 1937, married eight years later and now have four regal children.



"INTERMISSION STROLLERS" in 1937 and 1957 are the same except for Betty Steffen (*extreme left in 1937 picture*) who is replaced in 1957 by



Strandberg's wife Lorraine. Betty is now a doctor in Racine, Wis., could not attend because her cases for the weekend included 15 expectant mothers. Others

are (*left to right*) Ralph Strandberg, Peggy Melgard and Lloyd McCann. Said Strandberg, "I just hope we'll all be this lively in another 20 years."



GIANT SNIFTER of fruit juice was penalty for Edna Bula (*left*) for saying drinks at Elks Club were too small. Here Marjorie Spreng helps her down it.



HAPPY LISTENER Ray Reed, who is Antigo's Chevrolet dealer, laughed so hard at the toastmaster during after-dinner speeches he fell off his chair.

EX-BAND PLAYER Earl Mattefs puffed at sousaphone during school tour. After a couple of tries he said, "I think I'll ask the principal for an excuse."





Captain Peterson of Eastern Air Lines learned to fly with the U. S. Marines in 1930. While on leave from Eastern during World War II he returned to fly with the 2nd Marine Air Wing in the Pacific... and today is a Colonel in the U. S. Marine Corps Reserve. Captain Peterson figures he flies over a quarter of a million miles a year for Eastern Air Lines with Sinclair Oil... not to mention the miles he drives with Sinclair Oil in his own car. Altogether, Eastern Air Lines pilots fly a distance equal to 4000 times around the world every year using Sinclair Aircraft Oils *exclusively*.

CAPT. VERNON PETERSON FLIES A QUARTER OF A MILLION MILES A YEAR WITH SINCLAIR OIL

Do as the Airlines do—choose Sinclair...the best oil for your car

Did you know that nearly half the aircraft oil used by major scheduled airlines in the U.S. comes from *one* company...Sinclair!

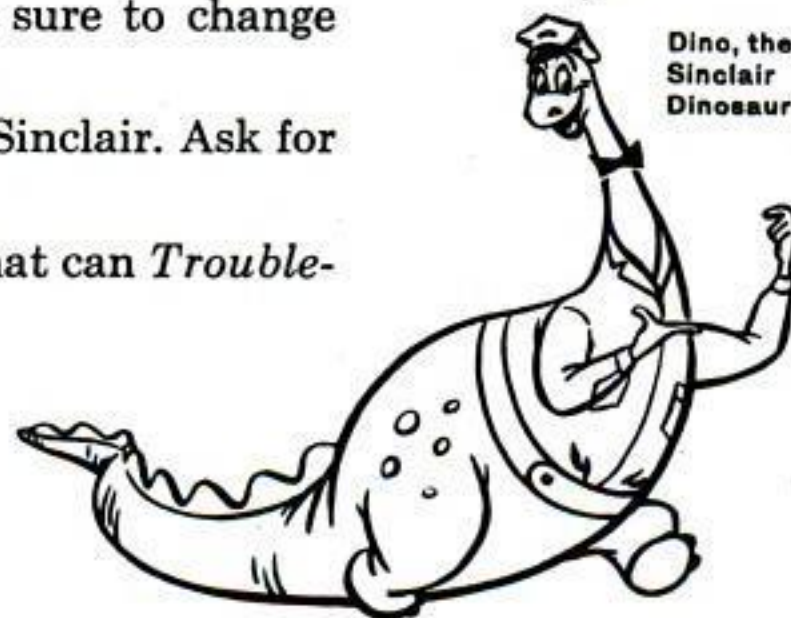
Today, the same Sinclair Research that developed top-quality aircraft oil now brings you a revolutionary new motor oil for your car...an oil that lubricates so well, it can *trouble-proof an engine for 100,000 miles!* Just be sure to change the oil regularly at safe intervals.

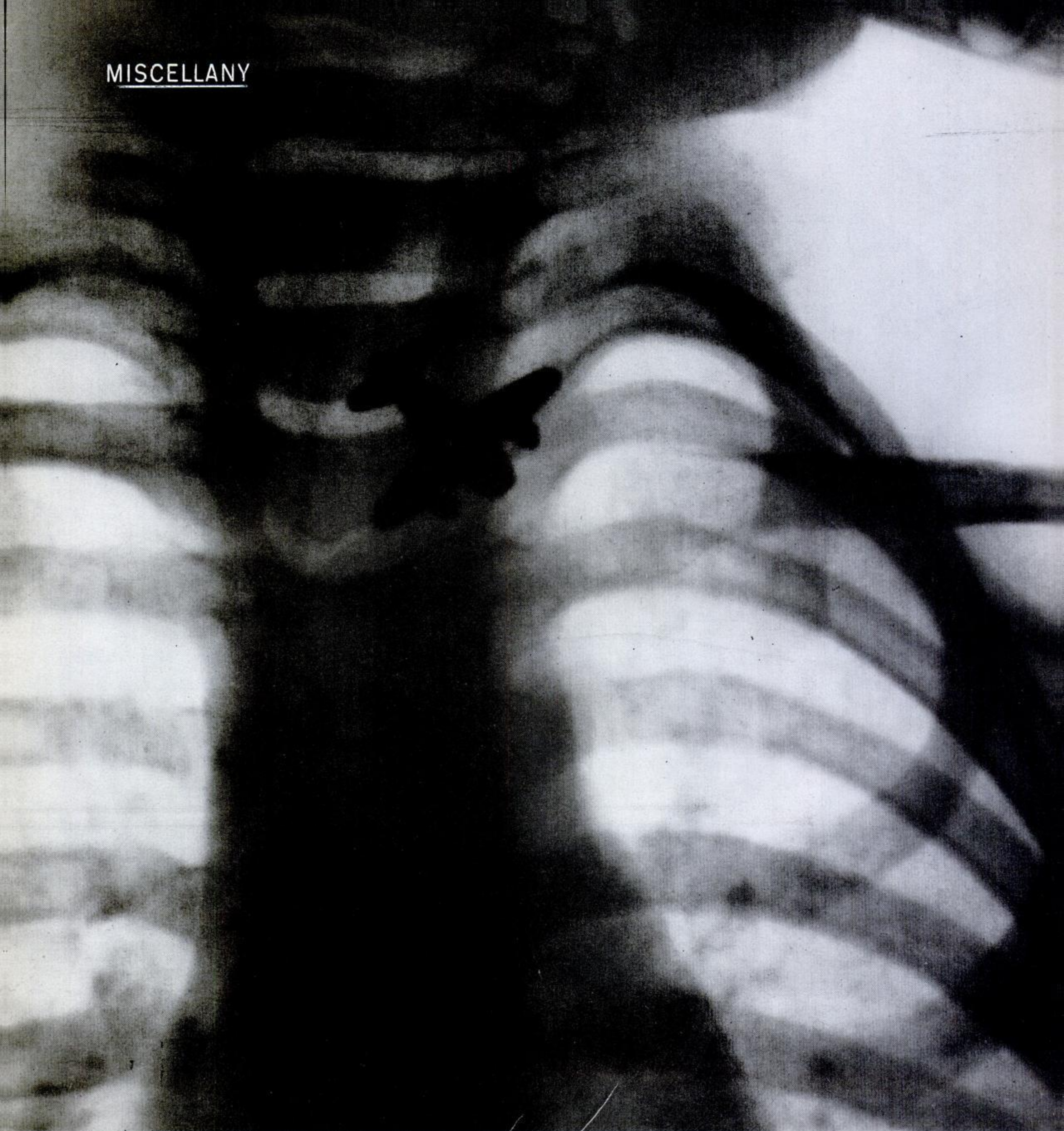
To take the best care of your car, do as the airlines do — choose Sinclair. Ask for Sinclair Extra Duty Triple X Multi-Grade.

25,000 Sinclair Dealers in 36 states offer you the new motor oil that can *Trouble-Proof An Engine for 100,000 Miles.*

DRIVE WITH CARE
AND BUY SINCLAIR

Dino, the
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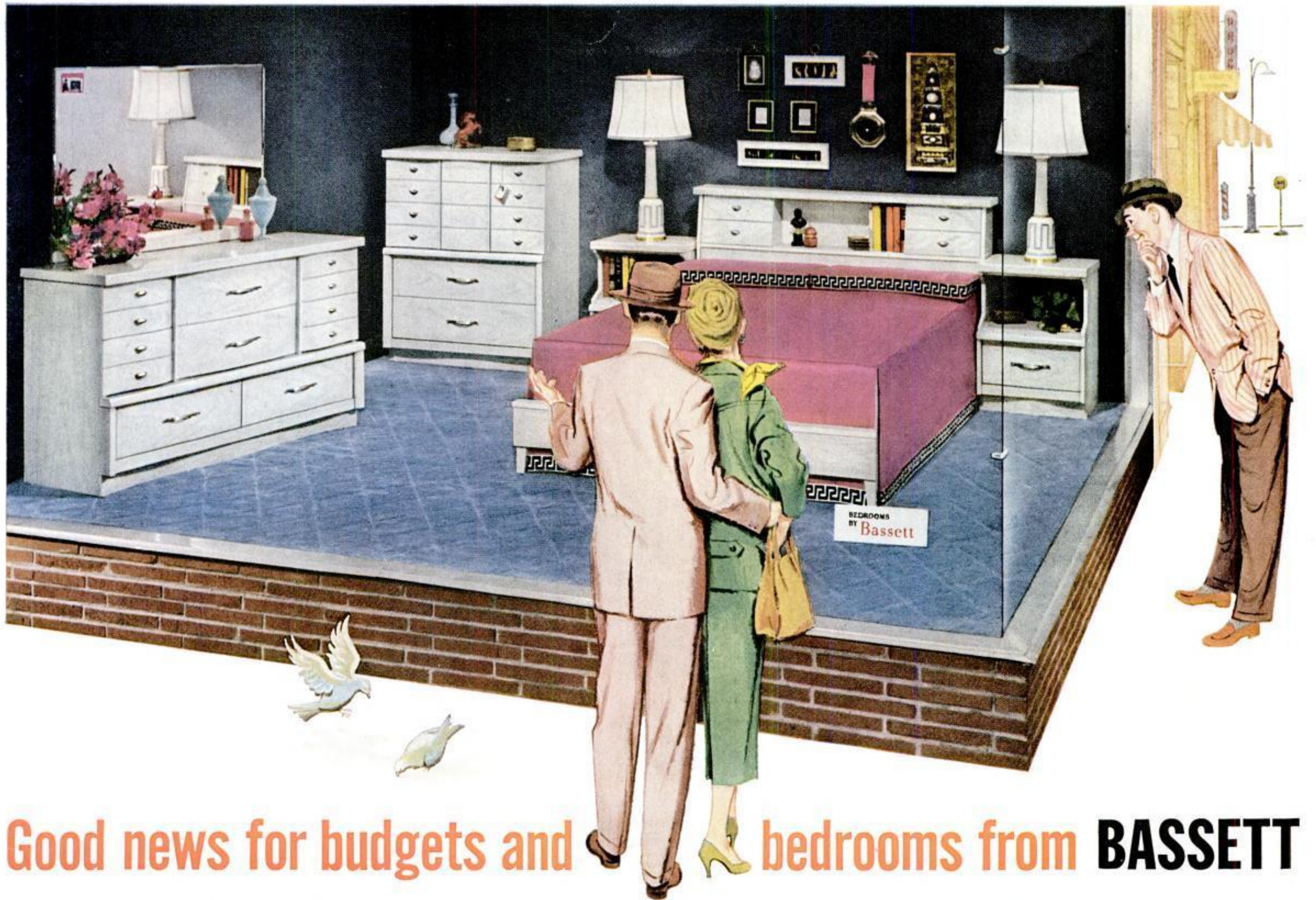




A LOW-FLYING SWALLOW

Matias Coll Benegas' nurse in Buenos Aires knew that a 3-year-old will swallow almost anything he can get his hands on. But when Matias asked her for a drink of water one afternoon because "I just swallowed an airplane," she could hardly believe her ears. The boy was rushed to a hospital, where an X-ray (*above*)

showed that he wasn't fooling. A surgeon operated quickly and removed the plane from Matias' esophagus, but he was unable to relieve Matias of his greatest worry. Coming out from under the anesthetic the boy turned to his mother. "Don't tell Eduardo," he said, referring to his older brother. "It was his plane."



Good news for budgets and bedrooms from **BASSETT**

**LESS THAN \$250
FOR EITHER OF THESE
LOVELY BEDROOM SUITES!**

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to \$399 for basic suite:
double dresser with mir-
ror, chest, and bed.

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edge mirror of
crystal-clear,
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Tough, carefully-
rubbed, high-gloss
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Drawers center-
guided to slide
smoothly. Waxed
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Look inside left-
hand dresser
drawer for Bassett
seal—your guar-
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fifty Modern, Traditional and Provincial designs—and still keep prices within easy reach of everyone! But—see for yourself. Bassett furniture is on display now, in fine furniture or department stores near you.

Above: Gently curving drawer fronts, gleaming brass pulls, on a modern suite in fine-grained African Mahogany. Two finishes: a pale yet warm Pastel (shown), and Limed Oak.

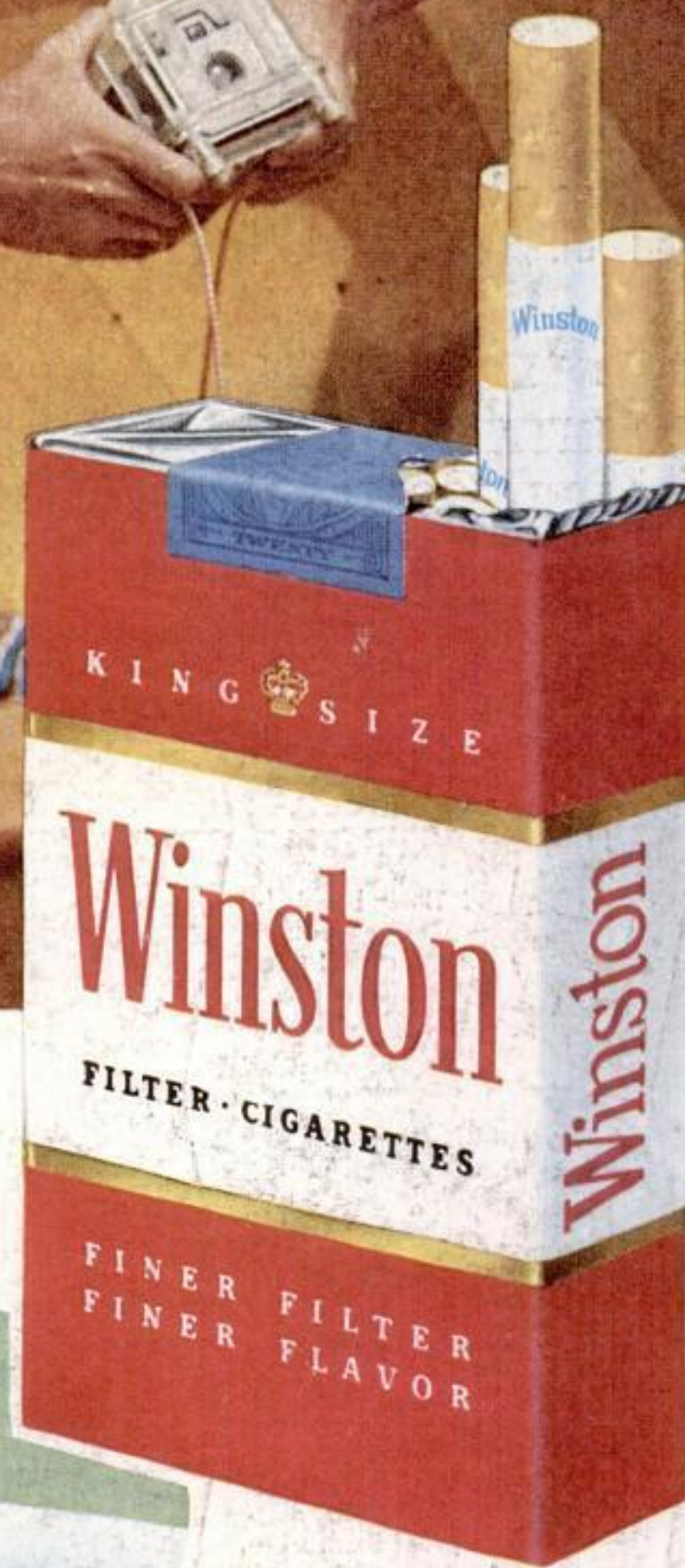


Another clean-lined modern suite. Top drawers curve across dresser front in a single dramatic sweep. The wood is rich African Mahogany. Finishes available are: Pastel (shown), Limed Oak, Walnut, Cordovan.



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WINSTON fills the bill!

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